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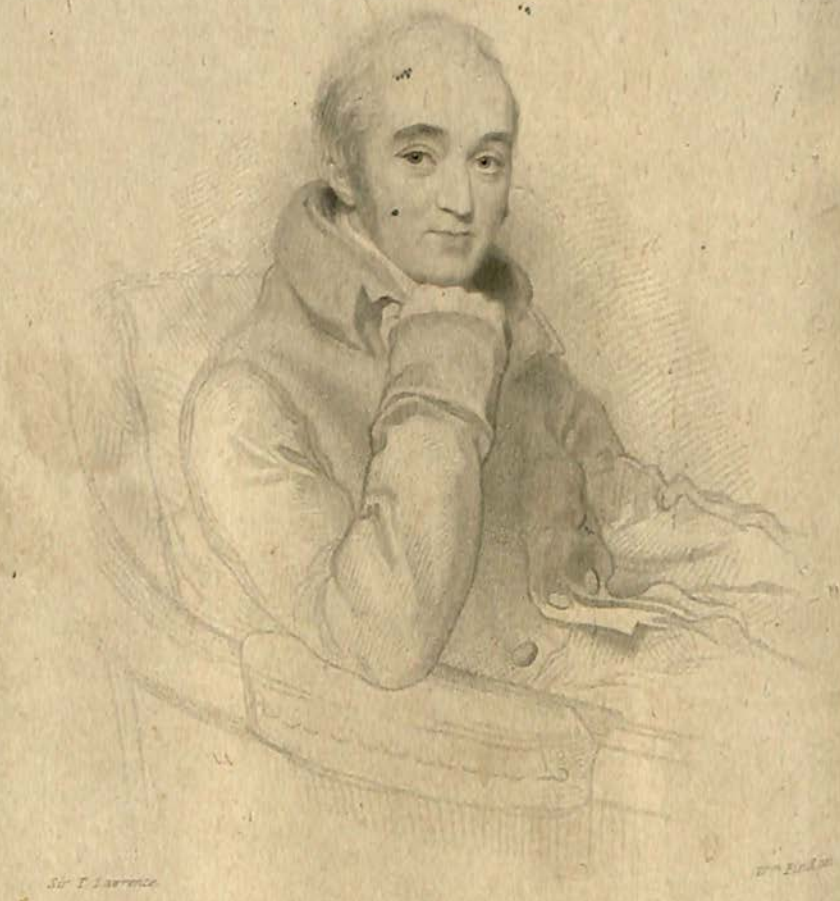
A CENTURY OF ANECDOTE.



Sir T. Lawrence

SAMUEL ROGERS.

London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1853.

A

CENTURY OF ANECDOTE

FROM 1760 TO 1860.

BY JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF

"ANECDOTE BIOGRAPHY," "LIVES OF WITS AND HUMOURISTS,"

ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS.

MEN OF LETTERS.

	PAGE
THOMSON'S "SEASONS"	1
THOMSON AND HIS HAIR-DRESSER	2
WAS DEAN SWIFT MAD?	5
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—SWIFT AND BOSWELL	6
"NABOTH'S VINEYARD"	7
DEAN SWIFT'S HOUSEKEEPING	7
DEATH OF SWIFT AND POPE	8
AN INEXPLICABLE CLAIM	9
A SINCERE WISH	9
BLIND GENIUS	9
CHURCHILL'S SAMARITANISM	10
THREE POETS—CHURCHILL, LLOYD, AND BYRON	11
FIELDING'S "AMELIA"	14
DR. YOUNG'S POETRY	14
RICHARDSON'S NOVELS	15
"THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO"	17
PROGRESS OF METHODISM	18
MISS SEWARD AND MR. HAYLEY	18
GRAY'S "ELEGY"	18
THE CURSE IN "TRISTRAM SHANDY."—STERNE'S DEATH	19
DAVID HUME, "THE ATHEIST"	20
ORIGIN OF DARWIN'S "BOTANIC GARDEN"	22
THOMAS DAY'S MODEL WIVES	24
SELWYN'S PENCHANT	26
"HARE AND MANY FRIENDS"	26
VIRTUE OF KISSES	27
THE THREE RUNAWAYS	27
COWPER'S "JOHN GILPIN"	28
COWPER'S POEMS	28
DR. JOHNSON AT OXFORD	29
EARTHQUAKE EXAGGERATION	30
PREVISION OF GAS-LIGHTING	31

PAGE

JOHNSON'S RAMBLE IN LONDON 31
DR. JOHNSON AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE 32
HUMMUMS GHOST-STORY 33
ART OF TALKING 34
DR. JOHNSON'S AUTHORSHIP 34
SECOND SIGHT 35
A NIGHT'S FESTIVITY 35
BABY-TALK 36
PROPER PLACES 36
LAST MOMENTS OF DR. JOHNSON 37
COMMENTATORS AT FAULT 37
HOW WALTER SCOTT ROSE IN HIS CLASS 38
HUMANITY TO ANIMALS 39
SMOLLET'S HUGH STRAP 39
FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER 40
DR. FRANKLIN'S ONLY SON 41
GOLDSMITH'S "BEE" 42
GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE" 43
GOLDSMITH'S "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD" 44
GOLDSMITH'S "NATURAL HISTORY" 44
WORTH OF THE SERIOUS 45
GIBBON IN LOVE 45
GIBBON AND WALPOLE QUARREL 47
MARRYING FOR MONEY 47
DEATH OF DR. HENRY, THE HISTORIAN 48
THEORIZING 49
UNCOMPLIMENTARY GUESS 49
A CHILD OF NATURE 49
A FEMALE ADMINISTRATION 51
A HORRID BLUE-STOCKING 52
ON A POETESS WHO SQUINTED 52
QUID PRO QUO 53
ROUSSEAU AND GARRICK 53
LAUGHTER 53
THE WITTINAGEMOT AT THE CHAPTER COFFEE-HOUSE . . 53
GEORGE III. AND JOSEPH LANCASTER 58
A MISDELIVERED LETTER 59
USE AND ORNAMENT 60
MADAME DE STAEL'S FENCING 60
LADY HESTER STANHOPE'S EXTRAVAGANCES 60
MRS. PIOZZI'S GOSSIP 62
SYDNEY SMITH, AND HIS EDINBURGH FRIENDS 64
FREE AND EASY 65
ERROR CORRECTED 65
"THE GREAT SIR SUDNEY" 65

PAGE

VENDIBLE CRITICISM 66
THEODORE HOOK AT OXFORD 66
WINTER AND SUMMER 68
HOAXES BY THEODORE HOOK 68
DR. MAGINN 70
DUEL OF MOORE WITH JEFFREY 72
WHO KILLED JOHN KEATS? 73
WORDSWORTH'S "PETER BELL" 74
PUBLISHER'S LIBERALITY 75
ORIGIN OF THE LITERARY FUND 76
LORD CARLISLE AND LORD BYRON 76
POETRY OF CAMPBELL AND BYRON 77
LORD BYRON'S FIRST RHYME 79
LORD BYRON 79
THOMAS CAMPBELL—UNIVERSITY SPREE 81
LAST HOURS OF CAMPBELL 82
LETTERS OF SOUTHEY 83
PHILOSOPHICAL MADMEN 84
EASE IN MONEY-MATTERS 86
ILLEGIBLE HANDWRITING 86
CHARLES LAMB AND THE COMPTROLLER OF STAMPS . . . 87
ROAST PIG 89
A NIGHT WITH CHARLES LAMB 90
BLACK-LETTER 91
LITERARY BORROWING 91
SHOOTING GAME 91
UNLUCKY REFLECTION 92
THE WAVERLEY NOVELS' SECRET 92
POETRY AND PROSE 94
SCOTT'S DIVISION OF HIS TIME 94
MISS EDGEWORTH AND SIR WALTER SCOTT 95
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S EMBARRASSMENTS 95
SCOTT'S POWER OF OBSERVATION 96
"SAY SOMETHING CLEVER" 97
SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT 98
AN INCOMPLETE CHARM 98
INDIFFERENCE TO MONEY 98
IMPROVIDENCE OF MEN OF GENIUS 99
TALFOURD AT THE THEATRE 100
A WORDSWORTHIAN DISPUTE 101
"WE ARE SEVEN" 101
"TOM CRINGLE'S LOG" 102
COLERIDGE, A LIGHT DRAGOON 102
THE POETS IN A PUZZLE 105
MEMORABILIA OF COLERIDGE 105

PAGE
COLERIDGE "DONE UP" 108
COLERIDGE AND HIS SON HARTLEY 109
THE AMBASSADOR FLOORED 109
RICHARD HEBER'S LIBRARY 110
PORSONIANA 112
THE GOUTY SHOE 113
A CLOSE ESCAPE 113
A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—NICE SCRUPLES 114
PRAYING BY ROTE 116
A POET'S INVITATION TO DINNER 117
MEANING IT 117
A SHARK STORY 118
DELICATE CONTRADICTION 118
BOOKSELLERS, AUTHORS, AND CRITICS 119
WILLIAM COBBETT. BY HIMSELF 122
COBBETT UPON BACON 125
LATE HOURS 125
GOOD ADVICE 125
VERY LIKE 125
FAMILY FAILINGS 126
BROKEN ENGLISH 126
PUNS AND FANCIES BY THOMAS HOOD 126
ORIGIN OF THE "PICKWICK PAPERS" 127
JOHN BLACK, THE MORNING CHRONICLE, AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS 129
TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS 133
DOUGLAS JERROLD, A MIDSHIPMAN 145
LORD COCHRANE AND DOUGLAS JERROLD 146
TABLE-WIT OF DOUGLAS JERROLD 146
ABSENCE OF MIND 150
NICE EVASION 150
MACAULAY'S BOYHOOD 150
ELECTION BALLAD, BY MACAULAY 151
MR. MACAULAY AND THE BALLAD BOY 154
A GOOD TALKER.—MR. BUCKLE 155
DIDEROT AND THE BLIND 156

CLERICAL LIFE.

SHORT PRAYERS 157
AN OLD STUDENT 157
VIRTUES OF TAR-WATER 158
A PUNNING ARCHBISHOP 158
AN INTRIGUING BISHOP 159
A BISHOP'S HUMOUR 159

PAGE

BISHOP WARBURTON'S MARRIAGE 159
WORLDLY DISTINCTION 160
WARBURTON AND LOWTH 160
WARBURTON AND QUIN 161
WARBURTONIANA 161
"WITH THE STREAM" 163
HEATHENISH TALK 163
A RHYMING CANON 164
SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIANISM 164
RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCE 165
WEATHER PRAYER 165
WEEPING FOR WANT OF WORDS 166
SCOTTISH MINISTERS 166
A CUNNING ELDER 167
A DOUBLE-CURE 167
A PIOUS JOKE 167
A BORDER MINISTER 168
"THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE" 169
SCOTTISH SABBATH 169
A POPULAR CHAPLAIN 169
PARENTHESIS 170
A DILIGENT BISHOP 171
A GHOST STORY 171
SLEEPING IN CHURCH 172
LET WELL ALONE 173
A CLEAR CASE 173
A THIRD WIFE 174
BAPTISMAL BLUNDER 174
LADY HUNTINGDON'S CONNEXION 174
HAT AND HEAD 175
WESLEY AND THE MORAVIANS 175
WESLEY'S RECLAMATIONS 176
OPPOSITION TO METHODISM 177
BURIAL OF JOHN WESLEY 178
ECCENTRICITIES OF THE REV. ROWLAND HILL 179
A SURFEIT OF SALMON 183
CATECHISM 183
A READY ANSWER 183
AGREEABLE VALEDICTION 184
BISHOP BLOMFIELD'S RISE 184
SAVING RIGHTEOUSNESS 185
THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND BISHOP BLOMFIELD 186
THE BISHOPS' SATURDAY NIGHT 187
A SMALL CHARGE 187
KEEN YET KINDLY SATIRE 188

PAGE
WHAT IS AN ARCHDEACON? 189
DR. BLOMFIELD'S HUMOUR 189
THE REV. EDWARD IRVING 192
FATHER MATHEW 193
HOMAGE TO FATHER MATHEW 195
TOO LATE AT CHURCH 197
PIETY AND LEARNING 197
THE BISHOP AND THE PREMIER 197
NOT AT CHURCH 198
ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S WIT AND HUMOUR 198
SERMON ANECDOTES 199
MIND YOUR FIGURES 210
SCOTTISH PREACHERS 211

LAW AND LAWYERS.

CHANCES OF THE BAR 214
STUDY OF THE LAW 215
RISE OF LORD LOUGHBOROUGH 216
THE CHANCELLOR'S PURSE 217
LORD FOLEY'S WILL 217
LORD NORTHINGTON 218
RISE OF THE GREAT LORD CAMDEN 218
POPE AND LORD MANSFIELD 220
A CURIOUS TRIAL 221
TWOFOLD ILLUSTRATION 221
DUNNING, LORD ASHBURTON 222
NOVEL-READING 222
LORD KENYON'S PARSIMONY AND ILL-TEMPER 223
BAR BLUNDERS 224
CONSCIENTIOUS FEES 225
PROVING AN ALIBI 225
"NO JUDGE" 225
THE RULING PASSION 226
HORSE-DEALING TRIALS 226
NORTHUMBRIAN WITNESSES 226
ALMANACKS IN EVIDENCE 227
LAW OF LIBEL 227
SWALLOWING A WRIT 228
WITNESSES TO CHARACTER 228
A LAWYER'S TOAST 229
KEEPING THE ADVANTAGE 229
A COURTEOUS JUDGE 229

PAGE

THE CRIMINAL LAW 230
THE LAST ENGLISH GIBBET 231
A SCOTTISH JEFFREYS 231
PERFECT MIMICRY 232
DRINKING ON CIRCUIT 233
A SCOTCH VILLAGE 235
JUDICIAL ABSURDITIES 235
LORD MONBODDO 237
LORD THURLOW'S START IN LIFE 237
THE GREAT SEAL STOLEN 238
THURLOW AND THE CURATE 239
RISE OF LORD LYNDHURST 239
LORD ERSKINE'S EARLIEST SUCCESS 240
LORD ERSKINE'S HUMOUR 242
L-A-W 243
LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S HUMOUR, AND POWER OF RIDICULE . 243
JOHN SCOTT AND JAMES BOSWELL 246
LORD ELDON'S BEGINNINGS 247
HERMAND AND ELDON 248
A STRANGE STORY 248
"HOBSON'S CHOICE" 249
SCOTT'S FIRST GREAT SUCCESS 250
SIR JOHN SCOTT'S SILK GOWN 251
A NARROW ESCAPE 252
A CRYING SCENE 253
LORD ELDON'S DOUBT 253
LENDING BOOKS 254
HOW JEKYLL WAS MADE A MASTER IN CHANCERY . . . 254
LORD ELDON AS A WHIP 255
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE TENTERDEN 255
A COOL HAND 257
CURRAN'S WIT AND HUMOUR 257
CURRAN PLAYING PUNCH 262
GRATITUDE OF CURRAN 263
CHARLES PHILLIPS'S SKETCH OF CURRAN 264
CURRAN AND GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER 265
DEATH OF FOUR REMARKABLE MEN 265
AN O'CONNELL RUSE 267
SIR WILLIAM GRANT'S LIVING 267
"HONEST CHARLEY WETHERELL" 268
SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT ON FREEMASONRY 269
CHARACTER OF FOLLETT 270
"NEWLY-BORN VANITY" 271
FITZGIBBON AND THE FEE 271
DANGEROUS METAPHOR 271

PAGE
LORD NORBURY, AND HIS COURT 272
NORBURY'S HUMOUR 273
ONE SHILLING EACH 274
JUDGE MAULE—HIS STRAW-SPLITTING AND IRONY . . . 274
A CIRCUIT STORY 276
JESTING BY INCHES 277
CHARTIST TRIALS 278
CUPAR AND JEDBURGH JUSTICE 278
RISE OF LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL 278
DOWN TO THE LEVEL 279
THE MACKINTOSH FAMILY 280
BROUGHAM AT THE BAR 280
LORD CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM 281
ESKGROVE AND BROUGHAM 282
A PROFITABLE HINT 282
A BOLD LAWYER 283
SHORT COMMONS 283

ECCENTRIC PERSONS.

ANECDOTES OF MISERS 284
VAGARIES OF SIR JOHN HILL 300
THE STORY OF CHEVALIER D'EON 302
SIR MATTHEW MITE 304
ADMIRAL KEPPEL AND THE DEY OF ALGIERS 305
HOGARTH CARICATURES WILKES AND CHURCHILL . . . 305
PLAYING ON THE SALT-BOX 306
HADDOCKS AND WHITINGS 307
A WONDERFUL HORSE 308
"JERUSALEM WHALLEY" 308
UNFORTUNATE IRISH GENTLEMEN 309
THE DUKE OF QUEENSBURY ON THE TURF 310
LAUDAMY AND CALAMY 311
HENRY PELHAM, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE 312
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S TEMPER 312
UTTER RUIN 312
"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS" 313
THE GAMBLER'S DEATH 313
LIVELY DIAGNOSIS 314
A MARRIAGE BY MISTAKE 315
THE LAST OF THE ALCHEMISTS 315
DEADLY-LIVELY 316

PAGE

CHURCH MILITANT 316
PLAIN SPEAKING 317
BENEFIT OF FLOGGING 317
QUID PRO QUO 317
SCORN OF PETTY LARCENY 317
TURNER ON HIS TRAVELS 318
CANON BOWLES'S ABSENCE OF MIND 318
ST. SIMONISM 319
TEMPTING OPPORTUNITY 319

PLAYERS AND PAINTERS.

THE ACTOR AND THE ARCHBISHOP 320
COLLEY CIBBER'S FIRST FINE 320
GARRICK'S FIRST APPEARANCE 320
GARRICK AND MRS. CLIVE 321
GARRICK'S OTHELLO 321
GARRICK CRITICISED 322
GARRICK'S STUDY OF INSANITY 322
GEORGE II. AND GARRICK 323
POSITIVE CRITICISM 323
MR. ROGERS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF GARRICK 324
SHAKSPEARE AND GARRICK 325
GARRICK'S EYE 325
BENEFIT OF PREACHING 325
FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE 325
AN INCOME TAX RETURN 326
A CRUEL CASE 327
TAKING A JOKE 327
PARSIMONIOUS PRAISE 327
AN UNINVITED GUEST 328
A LONG EEL 328
UMBRELLA ESTEEM 329
DECLINE OF THE DRAMA 329
RULE OF PROPORTIONS 329
KILLING TIME 329
WILKIE'S "BLIND FIDDLER" 330
PORTRAIT PAINTING 330
REYNOLDS AND GAINSBOROUGH 332
PATIENCE OF WOOLLETT THE ENGRAVER 333
PATRONAGE WELL BESTOWED 334
SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE AND HIS EARLY FRIENDS . . 335
HARLOW'S SIGN-PAINTING 336

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

SAMUEL ROGERS . . . . . (*face title*)

THEODORE HOOK 68

A

CENTURY OF ANECDOTE.

MEN OF LETTERS.

THOMSON'S "SEASONS."

The popularity of *The Seasons* equals that of any poem in the language: Coleridge, seeing a soiled copy of this work lying in the window-seat of an obscure inn on the sea-coast of Somerstshire, he said, "*That* is true fame."

Victor, in a note in the third volume of his *Poems*, relates:—

"The excellent poem of *Winter* was written in the year 1724, some few months after the author's arrival in London, from Edinburgh. He had no friend here but Mr. Malloch, his schoolfellow, who then lived in the house of the Duke of Montrose, in Hanover-square, as tutor to the Duke's two sons. I remember Mr. Malloch (who soon after changed his name to Mallet) and I walked, one November day, to all the booksellers in the Strand and Fleet-street, to sell the copy of this poem; and at last could only fix with Mr. Millar, who then lived in a little shop in Fleet-street; and the chief motive with him was, that the author was his countryman; for, after several arguments, we could get but three pounds! This poem was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, then Speaker of the House of Commons, who took no notice of the author for more than a month. Our agreeable friend, Mr. Hill, who had read and admired the poem in manuscript, was so provoked at this shameful neglect, that he wrote about twenty satirical lines, which were printed, wherein he told the author he was mistaken if he expected ministers of state to do honour to his poem, as being much above their comprehension. Soon after, Sir Spencer Compton sent for

the author, and, with some apology, gave him a bank-bill of twenty pounds.

"The poem sold so well, that Mr. Millar gave Thomson fifty pounds for the second (*Spring*); the copy-money was increased for the *Summer* and *Autumn;* and when printed together, so many editions were sold in a few years, that this grateful bookseller erected that monument to the author's memory now by Shakspeare's, in Westminster Abbey; but his own *works* are his best *monument.*"

Savage, who lived much with Thomson, told Johnson he heard a lady remarking that she could gather from his (Thomson's) works three parts of his character—that he was a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigorously abstinent! "But," said Savage, "he knows not any love but that of the sex, he was perhaps never in cold water in his life, and he indulges himself in all the luxury that comes within his reach."

He was a dull boy when at school. Being one day overheard to exclaim, "Confound the Tower of Babel!" he was asked by the teacher what he meant; when he replied, "If it were not for the Tower of Babel, there would be no languages to learn!" He was then studying Latin and Greek.

THOMSON AND HIS HAIR-DRESSER.

The Poet was social in his habits—"a temperament," says Mr. Bell, "that seldom escapes exaggeration in biography." However, in Thomson's case, we have some trustworthy evidence from one of a class noted for their garrulity—the hairdresser at Richmond, named William Taylor, who regularly dressed the poet, and kept in order his numerous wigs. From this worthy the Earl of Buchan collected the following anecdotes, in a conversation in one of the alcoves on Richmond Green:—

"Mr. Taylor, do you remember anything of Thomson, who lived in Kew-lane some years ago?" "Thomson—Thomson, the poet? Ay, very well; I have taken him by the nose many hundred times. I shaved him, I believe, seven or eight years, or more. He had a face as long as a horse; and he perspired so much, that I remember, after walking one day in summer, I shaved his head without lather, by his own desire. His hair was as soft as a camel's—I hardly ever felt

such; and yet it grew so remarkably, that, if it was but an inch long, it stood upright on end from his head like a brush." "His person, I am told, was large and clumsy?" "Yes, he was pretty corpulent, and stooped forward rather, when he walked, as though he was full of thought. He was very careless and negligent about his dress, and wore his clothes remarkably plain." "Did he always wear a wig?" "Always, in my memory; and very extravagant he was with them. I have seen *a dozen* at a time hanging up in my master's shop, and all of them so big, that nobody else could wear them. I suppose his perspiring to such a degree made him have so many, for I have known him spoil a new one only in walking to London." "He was a great walker, I believe?" "Yes; he used to walk from Malloch's, at Strand-on-the-Green, near Kew-bridge, and from London, at all hours of the night. He seldom liked to go into a carriage, and I never saw him on horseback. I believe he was too fearful to ride."

"Did Thomson keep much company?" "Yes, a good deal of the writing sort. I remember Pope, and Paterson, and Malloch, and Lyttelton, and Dr. Armstrong; and Andrew Millar, the bookseller, who had a house near Thomson's, in Kew-lane. Mr. Robertson, one of the company, could tell you more about them." "Did Pope often visit him?" "Very often. He used to wear a light-coloured great-coat, and commonly kept it on in the house. He was a strange, ill-formed little figure of a man; but I have heard him and Quin and Paterson talk together so, that I could have listened to them for ever." "Quin was frequently there, I suppose?" "Yes; Mrs. Hobart, Thomson's housekeeper, often wished Quin dead; he made her master drink so. I have seen him and Quin coming from the Castle together, at four o'clock in the morning, and not over sober, you may be sure. When he was writing in his own house, he frequently sat with a bowl of punch before him, and that a good large one, too." "Did he sit much in his garden?" "Yes; he had an arbour at the end of it, where he used to write in summer-time. I have known him lie along by himself on the grass near it, and talk away as if three or four people were with him." "Did you ever see any of his writings?" "I was once tempted, I remember, to take a peep. His papers used to lie in a loose pile upon the table in his study, and I had longed

for a look at them a good while; so one morning, while I was waiting in the room to shave him, and he was longer than usual before he came down, I slipped off the top sheet of paper, and expected to find something very curious; but I could make nothing of it. I could not even read it, for the letters looked all like in one."

"He was very affable in his manner?" "Oh, yes; he had no pride: he was very free in his conversation, and very cheerful, and one of the best-natured men that ever lived." "He seldom was much burthened with cash?" "No, to be sure, he was deuced long-winded; but when he had money, he would send for his creditors, and pay them all round. He has paid my master between twenty and thirty pounds at a time." "You did not keep a shop yourself at that time?" "No, sir; I lived with one Lander here for twenty years, and it was while I was 'prentice and journeyman with him that I used to wait on Mr. Thomson. Lander made his majors and bobs, and a person in Craven-street, in the Strand, made his wigs: an excellent customer he was to both." "Did you dress any of his visitors?" "Yes; Quin and Lyttelton—Sir George, I think, he was called. He was so tender-faced, I remember, and so devilish difficult to shave, that none of the men in the shop dare to venture on him, except myself. I have often taken Quin by the nose, too, which required some courage, let me tell you. One day he asked, particularly, if the razor was in good order, protested he had as many barbers' ears in his parlour at home as any boy had birds' eggs on a string, and swore, if I did not shave him smoothly, he would add mine to the number! 'Ah!' said Thomson, 'Wull [Will] shaves very well, I assure ye.'"

Taylor then described the cause of Thomson's death—from "having had a batch of drinking with Quin, when he took a quantity of cream-of-tartar, as he frequently did on such occasions, which, with a fever before, carried him off." [Mr. Robertson did not assent to this: he used to relate that Thomson frequented the Old Orange-tree, in Kew-lane, with Parson Cromer.] The conversation is resumed: "Thomson lived, I think, in Kew-foot-lane?" "Yes, and died there, at the furthest house next Richmond Gardens, now Mr. Boscawen's; he lived, some time before, at a smaller one, higher up, inhabited by Mrs. Davis." "Did you attend him to the last?" "Sir, I shaved him the very day of his death; he

was very weak, but made a shift to sit up in bed. I asked him how he found himself that morning. 'Ah, Wull,' he replied, 'I am very bad indeed!'"

He died in his 48th year. He lost many friends by his intemperate habits. The Countess of Hertford, to whom he dedicated his *Spring*, invited him to spend the summer at her seat near Marlborough. Lady Hertford was a writer of verses herself. According to Dr. Johnson, however, Thomson forfeited her friendship by carousing with her lord, instead of assisting her in her studies, and was never invited to her house again.

Thomson, notwithstanding his eloquent rebuke:

"Falsely luxurious! will not man awake," &c.

was so extremely indolent, that half his mornings were spent in bed. Dr. Burney having called on him one day at two o'clock, expressed surprise at finding him still there, and asked how he came to lie so long? "Ecod, mon, because I had no *mot-tive* to rise," was his sole answer.

WAS DEAN SWIFT MAD?

That Swift not only expired "a driv'ler and a show," but lived a madman, is what the world generally believes; but, Mr. W. R. Wilde, F.R.C.S.,* having stated all that is really known of Swift's sufferings and disease, asserts that up to the year 1742, Swift showed no symptom whatever of mental disease, beyond the ordinary decay of nature. Towards the end of that year the cerebral disease under which he had long laboured, by producing effusion, &c., destroyed his memory, rendered him at times ungovernable in his anger, and produced paralysis; but all this was the result of physical disease. It cannot be doubted that his not speaking was not the result of either insanity or imbecility, but arose either from the paralysis of the muscles by which the mechanism of speech is produced, or from loss of memory, such as frequently appears in cerebral disease; for he would often attempt to speak, but could not recollect words to express his meaning, when he would shrug up his shoulders, and sigh heavily. We have also the evidence of one of the few eye-witnesses of the Dean's condition at this period—that he never yet talked nonsense,

* "The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life." By W. R. Wilde F.R.C.S. Second Edition. 1849.

or said a foolish thing. The disease under which he laboured so long might be termed "epileptic vertigo," such as that described by Esquirol, an affection to which it is well known many men of strong intellect have been subject. For the last few years of his embittered existence—from his 75th to his 78th year—Swift's disease partook so much of the nature of senile decay, or the dementia of old age, that it is difficult to define by any precise medical term, his actual state. Mr. Wilde has very carefully examined the question; and although to this day it is difficult to persuade the great mass of the people in Dublin that the Dean was not one of the first inmates of his own madhouse (although the building was not erected till many years after his death)—yet, there is nothing to confirm the assertion, promulgated by Johnson, that Swift's "madness was compounded of rage and fatuity;" or that Swift expired "a driv'ler and a show."

It is remarkable that the last sufferings of Sir Walter Scott —one of Swift's biographers, and certainly not the most lenient one—present a striking parallel to the case of Swift in nearly every particular except in point of duration. When Scott was in his 58th year, he first began to feel those premonitory symptoms of incipient disease of the brain under which Swift laboured from the time he was 23. Many of Sir Walter's symptoms in the two closing years of his life, resemble those of Swift, and the *post-mortem* symptoms are very much alike.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS—SWIFT AND BOSWELL.

One evening, Boswell tells us, at the Club, Johnson attacked Swift, as he used to do upon all occasions. "*The Tale of a Tub* is so much superior to his other writings, that one can hardly believe he was the author of it; there is in it such a vigour of mind, such a swarm of thoughts, so much of nature, and art, and life. I wondered to hear him say of *Gulliver's Travels*, 'When once you have thought of big and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest.' I endeavoured to make a stand for Swift, and tried to rouse those who were much more able to defend him; but in vain. Johnson at last, of his own accord, allowed very great merit to the inventory of articles found in the pocket of the Man Mountain, particularly the description of his watch, which it was conjectured was his god, as he consulted it upon all occasions. He observed that

Swift put his name to two things (after he had a name to put): *The Plan for the Improvement of the English Language*, and the last *Drapier's Letter*.

"NABOTH'S VINEYARD."

"I'll send for your husband," said Swift to Mrs. Pilkington, "to dine with us, and in the meantime we'll go and take a walk in Naboth's vineyard." "Where may that be, sir?" said she. "Why, a garden," replied the Dean, "I cheated one of my neighbours out of."

DEAN SWIFT'S HOUSEKEEPING.

In Swift's last letter to Dr. Arbuthnot, (first printed in Cunningham's edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*,) is the following most touching account of his condition and prospects. He is endeavouring to excuse his not coming to see the Doctor:

"The great reason that hinders my journey to England is the same that drives you from Highgate—I am not in circumstances to keep horses and servants in London. My revenues, by the miserable oppressions of this kingdom, are sunk 300*l.* a-year; for tithes are become a drug, and I have but little rents from the Deanery-lands, which are my only sure payments. I have here (at Dublin) a large convenient house; I live at two-thirds cheaper here than I could there; I drink a bottle of French wine myself every day, though I love it not; but it is the only thing that keeps me out of pain. I ride every fair day a dozen miles on a large strand, or turnpike-road. You in London have no such advantages. I can buy a chicken for a groat, and entertain three or four friends, with as many dishes, and two or three bottles of French wine, for ten shillings. When I dine alone, my pint and chicken, with the appendices, cost me about fifteenpence. I am thrifty in everything but wine, of which, though not a constant housekeeper, I spend between five and six hogsheads a-year. When I ride to a friend a few miles off, if he be not richer than I, I carry my bottle, and bread and chicken, that he may be no loser. I talk thus foolishly to let you know the reasons which, joined to my ill health, make it impossible for me to see you and my other friends. And perhaps this domestic tattle may excuse me, and amuse you.

I could not live with my Lord Bo—— or Mr. Pope; they are both too temperate and too wise for me, and too profound and too poor. And how could I afford horses? And how could I ride over their cursed roads in winter, and be turned into a ditch by every carter or hackney-coach? Every parish minister in this city is governor of all carriages, so are the two Deans, and every carter, &c. makes way for us at their peril. Therefore like Cæsar, I will become of the first here, rather than the last among you. I forget that I am so near the bottom. I am now with one of my Prebendaries, five miles in the country, for five days. I brought with me eight bottles of wine, with bread and meat for three days, which is my club; he is a bachelor, with 300*l.* a-year. Pray God preserve you, my dear friend."

DEATH OF SWIFT AND POPE.

It has been well observed that Dr. Johnson, as a critic, deserves high praise for his pungent expression of the dictates of common sense. This is instanced throughout his *Lives of the Poets*, in his examination of particular biographical facts: these may be necessarily of a rather trivial nature; but most of the facts of any man's life are trivial, except to himself, and it is one of the first duties of biographical criticism to pass a rapid judgment or raise a passing doubt, so as to put these trivial facts before the reader's mind in the right light. It so happens that, both in the Life of Swift and in that of Pope, there is an example of this kind of criticism as applied to statements regarding the trivial subject of the poet's eating. Johnson tells us that Swift attributed the illness which tormented him through life to an indiscretion which he committed as a boy in eating too largely of fruit. Ninety-nine biographers out of a hundred would have let this statement pass. Swift might be expected to be the best judge of his own stomach; and if he said that he made himself ill with eating fruit, why should he be contradicted? But Johnson remarks, that "the original of diseases is commonly obscure. Almost every boy eats as much fruit as he can get without any great inconvenience." This is obvious, but it is also undeniable; and after we have read it, we feel very doubtful as to the cause of Swift's illness. In the same way he tells us Pope was very fond of good living, and that his kind friends ascribed his death to the free use of a silver saucepan in

which he used to boil lampreys. On this Johnson unanswerably observes, "That he loved too well to eat, is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six-and-fifty years, notwithstanding such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation."—*Saturday Review.*

AN INEXPLICABLE CLAIM.

Walpole relates: "A letter has been sent to the Club at Stapleton's, directed to L. S. D! No mortal man could be found to expound these letters; not an Œdipus in the whole society. At last a great adept, the sage John Manners, claimed the letter. His title was contested, for, though few clubs are Academies of Inscriptions, the members were clear-sighted enough to see that L. S. D. did not signify John Manners. However, he pleaded his great experience in pounds, shillings, and pence, and insisted that the hieroglyphic letters in question, standing for those denominations, were more likely to be addressed to him than to any other fellow of the Society; and as far as great industry in appropriating to himself the things typified, nobody could deny the proposition; but as such a precedent would be dangerous, and might encourage him to seize every piece of paper that commenced with these letters, the occult packet was put in sequestration.

A SINCERE WISH.

Colonel Barré was blind of one eye, and the other was far from strong. Lord North was long blind. The Colonel paid his Lordship a visit, who received him kindly, saying, "Colonel Barré, nobody will suspect us of insincerity, if we say that we should always be overjoyed to *see* each other."

BLIND GENIUS.

The annals of the Blind are the annals of a wonderful people. We have had blind poets—the greatest of all, Milton. We have had blind men with inexhaustible memories, as James Wilson, who knew the *Army and Navy List* by heart, and used to inform his poorer friends, who had friends in either service. We have had—above the street class—blind musicians, as John Stanley, whom both Handel

and Gazzini pronounced to be without a superior as a performer on the organ; and a blind choir, led by a blind organist, and performing the compositions of Handel, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, may now be seen and heard at the Blind School, St. George's Fields. We have had blind mathematicians, as the famous Saunderson, the Lucasian professor at Cambridge; blind naturalists, as Hubert, the author of a wonderful work on the "Germination of Seeds," the processes of which he has minutely described; and above all, blind travellers, chief amongst whom was Holman, who travelled all over the world, and wrote several books, far more minute and accurate in their descriptions than many of those written by travellers having their eyes open.

CHURCHILL'S SAMARITANISM.

Whilst Churchill was one night "staggering" home, as he says, after a supper in which spirited wit and liveliness of conversation, as well as rectitude and sublimity of sentiment, had gilded gross debauchery, a girl of the street addressed him. "Her figure was elegant, and her features regular; but want had sicklied o'er their beauty; and all the horrors of despair gloomed through the languid smile she forced, when she addressed him. The sigh of distress, which never struck his ear without affecting his heart, came with double force from such an object. He viewed her with silent compassion for some moments; and reaching her a piece of gold, bade her go home and shelter herself from the inclemencies of the night at so late an hour. Her surprise and joy at such unexpected charity overpowered her. She dropped upon her knees in the wet and dirt of the street, and raising her hands and eyes toward heaven, remained in that posture for some moments, unable to give utterance to the gratitude that filled her heart." Churchill raised her tenderly; and as he would have pressed some instant refreshment upon her, she spoke of her mother, her father, and her infant brother, perishing of want in the garret she had left. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I'll go with you myself directly! But stop. Let us first procure nourishment from some of the houses kept open at this late hour for a very different purpose. Come with me! We have no time to lose." With this he took her to a tavern, loaded her with as much of the best as she could carry, and putting two bottles of wine into his own

pocket, walked with her to her miserable home. There, with what pains he could, he assuaged the misery, more appalling than he fancied possible; passed the whole night in offices of the good Samaritan; nor changed his dress next morning till he had procured them a new "and better lodging, and provided for their future comfort: when, repressing as he could their prayers and blessings, he took leave." How the Recording Angel sets down such scenes, and enters up the debtor and creditor account of such a man, *My Uncle Toby* has written.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 163.

THREE POETS—CHURCHILL, LLOYD, AND BYRON.

Associated with the exits of these three poets from a world which they never stooped to flatter, are several circumstances, of strongly coincident, if not prophetic, cast.

Churchill, in the unfinished *Journey*, the last fragment found among his papers, showed a strange unconscious kind of sense of being near his end. His good-natured friends had said that "but for his unhappy lust of publishing so fast, he might have flourished twenty years or more, though now, alas! poor man, *worn out in four.*" He, however, entreated his friends once more to be charitable, and read, "no easy task, *but, probably, the last that I shall ask!*" that little poem. He calls it the plain unlaboured Journey of a Day, and closes with the line,

"*I on my journey all alone proceed!*"

The poem was not meant to close here, but a greater Hand interposed. That line of mournful significance is the last that was written by Churchill!

A sudden desire to see John Wilkes took him hastily to Boulogne, on the 27th of October, 1764. Here, on the 29th, a miliary fever seized him, and baffled the physicians who were called in. The friends who surrounded his bed gave way to extreme distress; but Churchill preserved his composure. He was described afterwards, checking their agitated grief, in the lines with which he had calmly looked forward to this eventful time:

Let no unworthy sounds of grief be heard,
No loud laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that friend who sheds one tear.

Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or in old age drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to reason, and who dies a man.

He sat up in bed, and dictated a brief, just will. He then expressed a wish to be removed, that he might die in England; and the imprudent measures of his friends, in compliance with this wish, hastened the crisis. On the 10th of November, 1764, at Boulogne, in the thirty-third year of his age, Charles Churchill breathed his last.

Warburton said that he had perished of a drunken debauch, a statement wholly untrue. Acton Davies said, his last expression was "*what a fool I have been!*" a statement contradicted by the tenor of his will, and specially denied by Wilkes. What is not to be admired in a satirist, is generally discovered just before or just after his death; what is admired runs equal danger of unseasonable worship. There was a sale of his books and furniture, at which the most extravagant prices were given for articles of no value. A common steel pen brought five pounds, and a pair of plated spurs sixteen guineas. Scandalous stories were forged about him. "Churchill the poet is dead," wrote Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, on the 15th November. "The meteor blazed scarce four years. He is dead, to the great joy of the ministry and the Scotch, and to the grief of very few, indeed, I believe; for such a friend is not only a dangerous, but a ticklish possession."

There were friends who had not found him so. Lloyd was sitting down to dinner when the intelligence was brought to him. He was seized with a sudden sickness, and thrust away his plate untouched. "I shall follow poor Charles," was all he said, as he went to the bed from which he never rose again. Churchill's favourite sister, Patty, who was at this time betrothed to Lloyd, sank next under the double blow, and, in a few short weeks, joined her brother and her lover. The poet had asked that none should mourn for him, and here were two broken hearts offered up at his grave! Other silent and bitter sorrows were also there.

We pass over the affected grief of Wilkes at the cruel blow. "The death of dear Churchill," he said; "many a sigh and tear escape me for the death of dear Churchill." "You see how much I have at heart to show the world how I loved Churchill." "I am adequate to every affliction but the death

of Churchill." He promised to edit his works, too; but all he did was *nil.* He wrote a few paltry notes, but they came to nothing. But the year after the sad scene at Boulogne, the Abbé Winckleman gave him an antique sepulchral urn of alabaster, and he placed on it a Latin inscription to his friend's memory; and this he set up in the grounds of his Isle of Wight cottage, but he did no more.

Meanwhile, in accordance with his own request, the body of Churchill had been brought over from France, and buried in the old churchyard which once belonged to the collegiate church of St. Martin, at Dover. There is now a tablet to his memory in the church, and over the place of burial, a stone inscribed with his name and age, the date of his death, and a line taken from that most manly and unaffected passage of his poetry, in which, without sorrow or complaining, he anticipates this humble grave:

> "Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
> Who know me well, what they know, freely speak;
> So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
> Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
> Let none of those, who, bless'd with parts above
> My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
> Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
> Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
> And call it mine: for mine, though never known,
> Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.
> Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,
> Die when I will, one couplet left behind,
> Let none of those whom I despise, though great,
> Pretending friendship to give malice weight,
> Publish my life. Let no false sneaking Peer
> (Some such there are), to win the public ear,
> Hand me to shame, with some vile anecdote,
> Nor soul-gall'd Bishop damn me with a note.
> Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
> Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead:
> Let it (may Heaven, indulgent, grant that prayer!)
> Be planted on my grave, nor wither there:
> And when, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
> Roams through the churchyard whilst his dinner's drest,
> Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
> Life to the last enjoyed, Here Churchill lies:
> Whilst (oh what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)
> Reading my works, he cries, Here Churchill lives."

On "travel bound," a "rhyming guest" stood at the grave in the Dover churchyard, fifty years after this pathetic aspi-

ration. He, too, had lived in defiance of the world's opinions; had written the most masterly satires; had achieved a popularity unattained by any English poet since the grave at which he stood received its inhabitant; like him, was now leaving his native country in early manhood, to be brought back dead: and the moral to which he shaped his thoughts, was on "the Glory and the Nothing of a Name." But a Name is *not* an illusion, when it has been won by any strenuous exertion either of thought or action in an honest purpose. Time's purgatorial fire may weaken the strength of the characters it is written in, but it eats out of them also their mistakes and vices; and Byron might have had greater hope for the living, and less pity for the dead, at the grave of Charles Churchill. —*Edinburgh Review, No.* 163.

FIELDING'S "AMELIA."

Alderman Cadell, the publisher, told Sir Nathaniel Wraxall that his predecessor, Millar, bought of Fielding the copyright of his *Amelia* for 800*l.*, a great sum at that time. After making the purchase, Millar showed the manuscript to Sir Andrew Mitchell, requesting to have his opinion of the work. Sir Andrew observed to him that it bore the indelible marks of Fielding's genius, and was a fine performance; nevertheless, far beneath *Tom Jones*, and finally desired Millar to get rid of it as soon as he could. This counsel he took, though he was too able a man to divulge the opinion of his friend. On the contrary, at the first sale which he made to the bookselling trade, he said: "Gentlemen, I have several works to put up, for which I shall be glad if you will bid; but as to *Amelia*, every copy is bespoke." This manœuvre had its effect: the booksellers were anxious to get their names put down for copies of it, and the edition, though very large, was immediately sold.

DR. YOUNG'S POETRY.

A little after Dr. Young had published his Universal Passion, the Duke of Wharton made him a present of two thousand pounds for it. When a friend of the Duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out on hearing it: "What! two thousand pounds for a poem?" the Duke smiled, and said: "It was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for it was fairly worth four thousand."

When the Doctor was deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, the Duke made him a very different kind of present. He procured a human scull, fixed a candle in it, and gave it to the Doctor as the most proper lamp for him to write tragedy by.

RICHARDSON'S NOVELS.

High as Richardson's reputation stood in his own country, it was even more exalted in those of France and Germany, whose imaginations are more easily excited, and their passions more easily moved, by tales of fictitious distress, than are the cold-blooded English. Foreigners of distinction have been known to visit Hampstead, and to inquire for the Flask Walk, distinguished as a scene in Clarissa's history, just as travellers visit the rocks of Mellerie to view the localities of Rousseau's tale of passion. Diderot vied with Rousseau in heaping incense upon the shrine of the English author. The former compared him to Homer, and predicts for his memory the same honours which are rendered to the father of epic poetry; and the last, besides his well-known burst of eloquent panegyric, records his opinion in a letter to D'Alembert: "On ne jamais fait encore, en quelque langue que ce soit, de roman égal à Clarisse, ni même approchant." (*Sir Walter Scott.*) But Lord Byron could not, he said, read *Clarissa.*

However, Richardson's popularity in England was very great. He tells us that he "slid into the writing of *Pamela*" in the following manner: "Two booksellers, my particular friends, entreated me to write for them a volume of letters, in a common style, on such subjects as might be of use to those country readers who were unable to indite for themselves. 'Will it be any harm,' said I, 'in a piece you want to be written so low, if we should instruct them how they should think and act in common cases, as well as indite?' They were the more urgent with me to begin the volume for this hint. I set about it; and in the progress of it, writing two or three letters to instruct handsome girls, who were obliged to go out to service, as we phrase it, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue, the above story recurred to my thought; and hence sprung *Pamela.*" When the work first appeared, in 1740, it was received with a burst of applause: Dr. Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit,

Mr. Pope said it would do more good than volumes of sermons; and another literary oracle declared, that if all other books were to be burnt, *Pamela* and the Bible should be preserved. "Even at Ranelagh," Mrs. Barbauld assures us, "it was usual for the ladies to hold up the volumes to one another, to show they had got the book that every one was talking of." And, what will appear still more extraordinary, one gentleman declares that he will give it to *his son*, as soon as he can read, that he may have an early impression of virtue. Indeed, the success of *Clarissa* and *Grandison* procured Richardson praise and admiration from nearly all quarters.

He bought a pleasant retreat in the suburbs of London, then far more rural than in the present day; and it was in seeking this retreat of the novelist, that Sir Richard Phillips found a very different knowledge of Richardson's fame, of which the worthy Knight used to relate, with much glee, the following:—

"A widow kept a public-house near the corner of North-end-lane, about two miles from Hyde Park-corner, where she had lived about fifty years; and I wanted to determine the house in which Samuel Richardson, the novelist, had resided in North-end-lane. She remembered his person, and described him as 'a round, short gentleman, who most days passed her door,' and she said she used to serve his family with beer. 'He used to live and carry on his business,' said I, 'in Salisbury-square.'* 'As to that,' said she, 'I know nothing, for I never was in London.' 'Never in London!' said I; 'and in health, with the free use of your limbs?' 'No,' replied the woman; 'I had no business there, and had enough to do at home.' 'Well, then,' I observed, 'you know your own neighbourhood the better—which was the house of Mr. Richardson, in the next lane?' 'I don't know,' she replied; 'I am, as I told you, no traveller. *I never was up the lane*—I only know that he did live somewhere up the lane.' 'Well,' said I, 'but living in Fulham parish, you go to church?' 'No,' said she, 'I never have time; on a Sunday our house is always full. I never was at Fulham but

* Richardson wrote his *Pamela*, and printed his novels, on premises with a frontage in Salisbury-square, the house being at the top of the court, now No. 76, Fleet-street. Goldsmith was once Richardson's reader, and here the latter was visited by Hogarth, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Young; Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury; and Mrs. Barbauld, when a playful child.—*Curiosities of London*, p. 306.

once, and that was when I was married; and many people say that was once too often, though my husband was as good a man as ever broke bread—God rest his soul!'"

"THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO."

This "Gothic story" was first published, in the year 1764, by Horace Walpole, anonymously, as a work found in the library of an ancient Roman Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples, in black letter, in 1529. "I wished it to be believed ancient," said Walpole, "and almost everybody was imposed upon." The ancient romances have nothing more incredible than a sword which required a hundred men to lift it; or a helmet that by its own weight forces a passage through a courtyard into an arched vault, big enough for a man to go through; yet the locality is real, and is a massive fortress at Otranto, situated at the southern extremity of the kingdom of Naples. Walpole has described, with his characteristic minuteness, the several portions of the Castle, and the tourist halts to admire the splendid gateway, and, perchance, is spell-bound in the courtyard, where the gigantic helmet appeared. Such is the veritable "Castle of Otranto."

In a Letter to the Rev. William Cole, Walpole confesses how the story was suggested to him:—

"When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland, all in white, in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening, I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of anything rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph."

PROGRESS OF METHODISM.

Walpole was an intolerant hater of Methodism. He delights in recording this *bon mot* of my Lady Townshend. We were talking of the Methodists; somebody said, "Pray, Madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted?*" "No, sir, he has only *canted.*"

Again, he says: "Lady Fanny Shirley—'the Fanny blooming fair,' of Chesterfield and Sir Charles Williams, and to whom Pope addressed a copy of verses on receiving from her a standish and two pens—has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty; and Mr. Lyttleton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters which he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon; and, indeed, they have a plentiful harvest. I think what you call flagrancy was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest winemark, and gaming joined with it so violent, that at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both, a bank-bill was thrown down, and nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man that was standing by."

MISS SEWARD AND MR. HAYLEY.

Reciprocal flattery is rarely so amusingly portrayed as in the following *jeu d'esprit* upon the praises the above votaries used to bestow on each other:—

Miss Seward—Pride of Sussex, England's glory,
Mr. Hayley, that is you.
Mr. Hayley—Ma'am, you carry all before you,
Trust me, Lichfield swan, you do.
Miss Seward—Ode, dramatic, epic, sonnet,
Mr. Hayley, you're divine.
Mr. Hayley—Ma'am, I'll give my word upon it,
You yourself are—all the Nine, &c.

Mitford.

GRAY'S "ELEGY."

When General Wolfe and his comrades lay in "Wolfe's Cove," about to attack Quebec, he repeated, in a low voice, to the other officers in his boat, the beautiful elegy written in a country churchyard, by Gray. One noble line,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

must have seemed, at such a moment, fraught with mournful meaning. At the close of the recitation Wolfe added, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." This anecdote is related by Professor Robison, of Edinburgh, who was then a midshipman, and was in the boat with Wolfe.

THE CURSE IN "TRISTRAM SHANDY."—STERNE'S DEATH.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, Thomas Chaloner (afterwards Sir Thomas) while travelling in Italy, examined some alum-works of the Pope's, and finding that it was only want of experienced workmen which prevented his working the alum on his estate near Guisborough, in Yorkshire, he endeavoured to persuade some of the Pope's workmen to accompany him to England. He succeeded; and, in order to smuggle them away, he put two or three of them into casks, and in this manner conveyed them to a ship which was ready to sail. The enraged Pope then thundered a curse against him, which curse is to be found in Charlton's *History of Whitby*, word for word the same as that read by Dr. Slop. Sterne also used continually to stay with his friend John Hall Stephenson (the liegeman of his story) at Skelton Castle, near Guisborough, and there of course became well acquainted with the curse in question, which is familiarly known to everybody in the neighbourhood.—*Spectator*.

Edward Malone gives the following circumstantial account of the strange exit of the humourist:—

"The celebrated writer, Sterne, after being long the idol of this town, died in a mean lodging, without a single friend who felt interest in his fate except Becket, his bookseller, who was the only person that attended his interment. He was buried in a graveyard near Tyburn,* belonging to the parish of Marylebone, and the corpse being marked by some of the *resurrection men* (as they are called), was taken up soon afterwards, and carried to an anatomy professor of Cambridge. A gentleman who was present at the dissection, told me he recognized Sterne's face the moment he saw the body."

* Sir James Prior's *Life of Malone*. The burial-ground referred to is that of the chapel-of-ease in the Bayswater-road, where a head-stone was set up by two Freemasons; and many years after was restored by a shilling subscription.

DAVID HUME, "THE ATHEIST."

When Hume was writing his *History of Great Britain*, he was living in Edinburgh. He is described by Dr. Carlyle, in his *Autobiography*, as a man of a social and benevolent temper, and truly the best-natured man in the world. He was branded with the title of an atheist, on account of the many attacks on revealed religion that are to be found in his philosophical works, and in many places of his history. When Mr. Robert Adam, the celebrated architect, and his brother, lived in Edinburgh, with their mother, an aunt of Dr. Robertson's, she said to her son, "I shall be glad to see any of your companions to dinner, but I hope you will never bring the atheist here to disturb my peace." But Robert soon fell on a method to reconcile her to him, for he introduced him under another name, or concealed it carefully from her. When the company parted, she said to her son, "I must confess that you bring very agreeable companions about you, but the large jolly man who sat next me is the most agreeable of them all." "This was the very atheist," said he, "mother, that you are so much afraid of." "Well," said she, "you may bring him here as much as you please, for he is the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man I ever met with." "This," says Dr. Carlyle, "was truly the case with him; for, though he had much learning and a fine taste, and was professedly a sceptic, though by no means an atheist, he had the greatest simplicity of mind and manner, with the utmost facility and benevolence of temper of any man I ever knew. His conversation was truly irresistible, for while it was enlightened, it was *naïve* almost to puerility."

Dr. Carlyle never believed that Hume's sceptical principles had laid fast hold on his mind, but thought that his books proceeded rather from affectation of superiority and pride of understanding and love of vain glory. Carlyle was confirmed in this opinion after Hume's death by the following incident related to him by the Honourable Patrick Boyle. When Hume and he were both in London, at the period when David's mother died, Mr. Boyle, hearing of it, soon after went into his apartment—for they lodged in the same house—when he found him in the deepest affliction and in a flood of tears. After the usual topics of condolence, Mr. Boyle said to him, "My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to your

having thrown off the principles of religion; for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was now completely happy in the realms of the just." To which David replied, "Though I threw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you may imagine." To this Mrs. Carlyle was a witness.

Dr. Carlyle relates an instance or two of Hume's good-natured pleasantry. Being at Gilmerton, where Hume was on a visit, Sir David Kinlock made him go to Athol-Staneford Church, where Carlyle preached for John Home. When they met before dinner, "What did you mean," said Hume to Carlyle, "by treating John's congregation to-day with one of Cicero's academics? I did not think that such heathen morality would have passed in East Lothian." On Monday, when they were assembling to breakfast, Hume retired to the end of the dining-room, when Sir David entered: "What are you doing there, Davy?—come to your breakfast." "Take away the enemy first," said David. The baronet thinking it was the great fire that kept David in the lower end of the room, rang the bell for a servant to take some of it off. It was not the fire that scared David, but a large Bible that was left on a stand at the upper end of the room, a chapter of which had been read at the family prayers the night before. Add to this, John Home saying to him at the Poker Club, when everybody wondered what could have made a clerk of Sir William Forbes run away with 900*l.*—"I know that very well," said John Home to David; "for, when he was taken, there was found in his pocket your *Philosophical Works* and Boston's *Fourfold State of Man.*"

Hume was heard to say that Baron Montesquieu, when asked if he did not think there would soon be a revolution in France favourable to Liberty, answered, "No, for their *noblesse* had all become poltroons." He said that the Club in Paris (Baron Holbach's) to which he belonged, were of opinion that Christianity would be abolished in Europe by the end of the eighteenth century; and that they laughed at Andrew Stuart for making a battle in favour of a future state, and called him *L'ame immortelle.*"

David Hume had no discernment at all of characters. The

only two clergymen whose interests he espoused, and for one of whom he provided, were the two silliest fellows in the Church.

ORIGIN OF DARWIN'S "BOTANIC GARDEN."

Dr. Darwin, one of the "Lichfield luminaries," earned his celebrity by his odd views; but the work which is most inseparably associated with his name, is his "Botanic Garden," the origin of which was as follows,

About the year 1777, he purchased a little wild umbrageous valley, a mile from Lichfield, which he improved by widening and varying the course of a brook that ran through it, and embellishing it with various plants. Miss Seward wrote a short poem upon it, which pleased the Doctor so much, that he said "it ought to form the exordium of a great work. 'The Linnean System,' he added, "is unexplored poetic ground, and a happy subject for the Muses. It affords fine scope for poetic landscape; it suggests metamorphoses of the Ovidian kind, though reversed. Ovid made men and women into flowers, plants and trees. You shall make flowers, plants, and trees into men and women. I," continued Darwin, "will write the notes, which must be scientific, and you shall write the verse." Miss Seward observed that, besides her want of botanic knowledge, the plan was not strictly proper for a female pen; but that she felt how eminently it was adapted to the efflorescence of his own fancy. He objected the professional danger of coming forward an acknowledged poet. It was pleaded, in reply, that on his first commencing the medical profession, there might have been some danger; but that, beneath the unbounded confidence his experienced skill in medicine had obtained from the public, all risk of injury by reputation flowing in upon him from a new source was precluded; especially since the subject of the poetry, and still more the notes, would be connected with pathology. Dr. Darwin took his friend's advice, and very soon began his grand poetic work, adopting for its commencement, Miss Seward's lines, but with some alterations, and to do her justice, not for the better.

After ten years' gestation appeared the second part of the *Botanic Garden*, which took precedence of the first, on the principle, as Darwin said, of putting one's best foot foremost, entitled "The Loves of the Plants." It was mostly written

in his carriage, which was furnished with paper, pencils, and books—and also with fruits, sweetmeats, cream and sugar. Darwin had a good ear for rhythm, and occasionally showed great neatness of expression; but an unfortunate theory, that every line ought to present a picture to the reader's mind, renders him artificial and wearisome. The exuberance of paint and gilding tires one, and we sigh for more freedom and nature—especially in a poem about flowers. His personifications are simply foolish, and his Rosicrucian machinery involves an unfortunate comparison with the "Rape of the Lock." The poem, however, was exceedingly popular at the time, and was paid for by the publishers at the rate of ten shillings a line. Darwin was an ardent admirer of the French Revolution at its outset, and he inserted in his poem a rather turgid rhapsody about "chains" and "Gallia's plains," and a giant, who culled the good and brave, and gathered the living world beneath the shade of his banner. This at once gave a political colour to the work, and in an instant the fierce Philistines of the *Anti-Jacobin* were upon him. Canning and Frere burlesqued the pompous conceits of Darwin in their "Loves of the Triangles," from which we extract one of the most exquisite passages. Darwin had devoted some very elaborate lines to a description of the cotton-spinning machinery invented by Sir Richard Arkwright, and his persecutors retaliated by delineating a smoke-jack:—

"Lo! where the chimney's sooty tube ascends,
The fair TROCHAIS* from the corner bends!
Her coal-black eyes upturn'd, incessant mark
The eddying smoke, quick flame, and volant spark:
Mark, with quick ken, where flashing in between,
Her much-loved *Smoke-Jack* glimmers through the scene;
Mark, how his various parts together tend,
Point to one purpose,—in one object end:
The spiral *grooves* in smooth meanders flow,
Drags the long *chain*, the polished *axles* glow,
While slowly circumvolves the piece of beef below.
The conscious fire with bickering radiance burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns.
So youthful Horner rolled the roguish eye,
Cull'd the dark plum from out his Christmas pie,
And cried in self-applause—'How good a boy am I!'"

* Trochais is the Nymph of the Wheel, supposed to be in love with Smoke-Jack.

While the *Loves of the Plants* was in progress, Darwin, stimulated perhaps by his subject, contracted his second marriage, his partner being a Mrs. Pole, whom he had attended professionally. The *Botanic Garden* was eventually completed, and another work, the *Temple of Nature*, was about to appear, when the author was absolutely struck down by death, while writing to his friend, R. L. Edgeworth, an invitation for the celebrated daughter of the latter to stay with him at a house to which he had very recently removed. He had just reached the age of threescore years and ten.

Darwin was, undoubtedly, an ingenious thinker: the theory which, in our day, has attracted so much attention in connexion with the name of Darwin, is, at least in its germ, to be found in the *Temple of Nature*. He had a strange predictive fondness: in reference to diving bells he foretold that it might soon be safer to go below the sea than above it: proposing to draw rain from the clouds, as Franklin had drawn lightning; suggesting a scheme for the extirpation of rats, by importing from America some which were suffering from tape-worm, and might thus infect their English kindred. Then he invented scientific carriages, including an "aerial steam-carriage," in which he proposed to use wings similar to those of a bird, to which motion was to be given by a gigantic power worked by high-pressure steam. Nor must we forget the predictive lines in his *Botanic Garden*, first published in 1789, but written, it is well known, at least twenty years before the date of its publication; the passage, often quoted, commences—

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd Steam, afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car."

THOMAS DAY'S MODEL WIVES.

Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, made certain matrimonial experiments which led to some grotesque results, little in accordance with the practical character of his writings.

On coming of age Day was rich enough to live without working, and, as he thought, to marry as he would. Starting on foot from Oxford, with knapsack and staff, he wandered through Wales and over Ireland in quest of a wife to his fancy. In Wiltshire he became acquainted with one lady whose beauty enslaved him, but she gave no heed to the

strains in which he urged her to abandon "folly, pomp, and noise," and live with him, "sequestered in some secret glade." One other refusal came to him in Ireland, the new scorner being Lovell Edgeworth's sister. Then, in despair, he selected from two Foundling Hospitals a couple of girls, each twelve years old, and obtained the care of them on condition that after honestly educating them he would marry one if she satisfied him, and, in any case, secure their maintenance through life. He took them to France, and wasted much zeal in training them according to his whim. One proving quite unmanageable was soon disposed of; the other was kept for a longer time and handled in a rougher way. "But his experiments failed. He dropped melted sealing-wax on her arms; and she could not endure it without flinching. When he fired pistols at her garments, loaded with powder, but which she believed were loaded with ball, she started and screamed. He tried her fidelity by communicating pretended secrets, but she told them to the servants." Therefore she likewise was dismissed. Cœlebs, however, was not disheartened. Meeting two ladies, named Honora and Elizabeth Sneyd, who afterwards were successively the wives of his friend Edgeworth, he fell in love with and proposed to them in turn. Honora at once refused him, but Elizabeth replied that she could have loved him had he only been a gentleman. Thereupon he went to Paris, and writhed for a year under a drilling and dancing-master, "pent up in durance vile for hours together, with his feet in the stocks, a book in his hand, and contempt in his heart. But it was all in vain. On presenting himself before his cruel mistress, she is said to have dismissed him with the unladylike remark, 'I confess the Thomas Day, blackguard, is more pleasing to me than Thomas Day, gentleman.'"

Day was grievously disappointed. Wandering over England and the Continent, associating with Rousseau and writing political tracts and squibs, he resigned himself to bachelor life. The right lady, however, was not far off. "Of prepossessing features, and of modest and retiring habits," a Miss Esther Milnes, of Wakefield, fell in love with him, and, after two years of uncertainty, he consented to marry her on condition that she should renounce all the vanities and fashions of ordinary life, and should place beyond his control the large fortune of which she was owner. They were married in

1778, and eleven years passed as pleasantly as the husband's peculiar views in life permitted. Mrs. Day was not allowed to keep any servant; all the household work was to be done with her own hands. Of music she was passionately fond, but her harpsichord was sent out of the house, and singing was forbidden. This amiable woman sometimes shed tears over the various trials made upon her disposition and temper, by her husband, but murmured not. She felt the true tendency of his singular habits; they were in harmony with his notions of right, and that was enough for her."

SELWYN'S PENCHANT.

Out of what strange materials journalists will extract a joke! When, in 1779, Miss Reay had been shot by Hackman, and lay dead at the Shakspeare Tavern, in Covent Garden, one of the newspapers of the day stated that "George Selwyn, with a humanity which did honour to his feelings, out of his great esteem and respect for that amiable lady, who was so inhumanly murdered in coming out of the play-house, attended at the Shakspeare whilst the body lay there, sitting as a mourner in the room, with a long black cloak on which reached to his heels, and a large hat slouched over his face. This made a singular addition to a countenance naturally dark and rueful, and rendered him as complete a figure of woe as ever was exhibited at any funeral or in any procession. It was his friend, the Duke of Queensbury, who detected him in that garb; his Grace, by a similarity of feeling, being drawn to the same place." As Selwyn was at this period absent from London, the foregoing anecdote could, of course, have been only intended as a *jeu-d'esprit.* —*Jesse's George Selwyn and his Contemporaries.*

"HARE AND MANY FRIENDS!"

One of the most distinguished humourists of his time was James Hare, a friend and correspondent of Selwyn, and grandson of Bishop Hare. So universally was his society courted, and so popular was he in all circles, that the Duchess of Gordon gave him the name of the "Hare and many friends."

He was one day conversing with General Fitzpatrick, when

the latter affected to discredit the report of General Burgoyne having been defeated at Saratoga: "Perhaps you may be right in your opinion," said Hare, "but take it from me as a flying rumour." On another occasion, he was dining with the Prince of Wales at the Pavilion at Brighton, immediately after the downfal of the Coalition Ministry, when Fox, who had also received an invitation to the Prince's table, suddenly arrived from London in an undress, and without powder. He was proceeding to make his excuses to the Prince for what was an unavoidable breach of etiquette, when he was stopped by Hare: "Make no apology," said the latter; "our great guns are discharged, and we may now all do without powder."

VIRTUE OF KISSES.

The notion of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women was (as observed Mr. Wadd) an agreeable delusion easily credited; and one physician, who had himself written on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings in a boarding-school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the proper atmosphere. Philip Thicknesse, who wrote *The Valetudinarian's Guide*, in 1779, seems to have taken a dose whenever he could. "I am myself (says he) turned of sixty, and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely both in body and mind, yet having always partaken of the breath of *young women, whenever they lay in my way*, I feel none of the infirmities, which so often strike the eyes and ears in this great city (Bath) of sickness, by men many years younger than myself."—*Wadd's Memoirs.*

THE THREE RUNAWAYS.

Lord Camelford, when once dining with Sir Francis Burdett and Horne Tooke, lamented that his education had been greatly neglected, adding that he regretted exceedingly that he had *run away* from the Charterhouse. On this, Sir Francis, with a deep sigh, remarked that he had also to lament having *run away* from Westminster. Mr. Horne Tooke, however, consoled them both by adding that he likewise had *run away* from Eton.

COWPER'S "JOHN GILPIN."

This little poem was composed by Cowper about the year 1782, upon the story told the poet by Lady Austen, to relieve the poet's depressive melancholy. Lady Austen remembered the tale from her childhood, and its effects on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment; for he told her the next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him waking during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad. It found its way into the newspapers, and Henderson, the actor, recited it in his public readings. Southey conjectured the tale to have been suggested by a poem written by Sir Thomas More, in his youth, entitled "The Merry Jest of the Sergeant and Frere;" and possibly, the tale which Lady Austen remembered may have originated from this source.

It has, however, been much disputed whether "John Gilpin" was an entirely fictitious romance, or whether Cowper founded his poem upon an event in the life of a real personage. In making some researches in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. M'Caul, of the British Museum, came accidentally upon a notice to this effect:—"Died this day, at ——, Mr. ——, celebrated for his indifferent horsemanship under the name of John Gilpin." The notice was about twelve lines in length. Mr. M'Caul could not again find the passage. Of this much, however, he is certain, that the short memoir alluded to distinctly affirmed and established (*i.e.* as far as it was trustworthy) the fact that the celebrated John Gilpin was a historic personage. As the passage is not in the Index of the *Gentleman's Magazine* under Gilpin, Mr. M'Caul concludes that Gilpin was not the real name, but only the appellation which Cowper assumed for the occasion.

COWPER'S POEMS.

Mr. Johnson, the bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, obtained the copyright of Cowper's Poems, which proved a source of great profit to him, in the following manner:—A relation of Cowper called one evening, at dusk, on Johnson, with a bundle of these poems, which he offered to him for

publication, provided he would print them on his own risk, and let the author have a few copies to give to his friends, Johnson perused, and approved of them, and accordingly printed and published them. Soon after they had appeared before the public, there was scarcely a review which did not load them with the most scurrilous abuse, and condemn them to the butter-shops. In consequence of the public taste being thus terrified, or misled, these charming effusions lay in a corner of the bookseller's shop as an unsaleable pile for a long period. Some time afterwards, Cowper's relative appeared, with another bundle of manuscripts from the same author; which were offered and accepted upon the same terms. In this fresh collection was the inimitable poem of "The Task." Not alarmed at the fate of the former publication, and thoroughly assured of their great merit, Mr. Johnson resolved to publish the second batch. Soon after they had appeared, the tone of the reviewers instantly changed; and Cowper was hailed as the first poet of his age: this success set the first-published poems in motion. Johnson reaped the fruits of his undaunted judgment; and, in 1812, Cowper's poems, only two years' copyright, produced the sum of 6,764*l.*

Johnson died in his seventy-second year, in 1810, and to his fine business succeeded his nephew, Rowland Hunter. His worldly success does not, however, appear to have kept pace with his years: he died in the Charterhouse, 1864. Uncle and nephew kept shop on the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard: it was not, like Lackington's, a "Temple of the Muses," but plain and unadorned, befitting the head-quarters of the bookselling of Protestant dissent. Johnson's family were Baptists. After he was burnt out from Paternoster Row, in 1770, uninsured, his friends set him up in St. Paul's Churchyard; there he published for William Cowper, John Horne Tooke, Dr. Darwin, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Aikin, Dr. Enfield, Mr. Fuseli, Mr. Bonnycastle, Mrs. Barbauld, Mary Wolstonecroft, and Miss Edgworth. In 1788, Johnson began here the *Analytical Review;* but his greatest hit was the publication of Cowper's *Poems.*

DR. JOHNSON AT OXFORD.

Lord Eldon relates the following characteristic reminiscence of Johnson when at college:—

"If put out of temper he was not very moderate in the terms in which he expressed his displeasure. I remember that, in the common room of University College, he was dilating upon some subject, and the then head of Lincoln College, Dr. Mortimer, was present. Whilst Johnson was stating what he proposed to communicate, the Doctor occasionally interrupted him, saying, 'I deny that.' This was often repeated, and observed upon by Johnson, as it was repeated, in terms expressive of increasing displeasure and anger. At length, upon the Doctor's repeating the words, 'I deny that,' 'Sir, Sir,' said Johnson, 'you must have forgot that an author has said, Plus negabit unus asinus in unâ horâ, quam centum philosophî probaverint in centum annis.'"

EARTHQUAKE EXAGGERATION.

The tendency to exaggeration, which is the besetting practice of every-day life, leads to so many misstatements of what is taking place around us, that we must not be surprised at History being branded as a liar. Dr. Johnson made some admirable remarks upon this popular tendency. In the parish register of Rushton, in Staffordshire, occurs this record:—

"On Sunday, the 14th September, 1777, about 11 o'clock, whilst the minister was in the pulpit at Rushton, there was an earthquake, which threw the congregation into the greatest confusion. It was sensibly felt at Macclesfield, Manchester, &c."

Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, refers to this very shock as follows:—"On Sunday evening, September 14th, I arrived at Ashbourne, and drove directly up to Dr. Taylor's door. Dr. Johnson and he appeared before I had got out of the post-chaise, and welcomed me cordially. I told them I had travelled all the preceding night, and had gone to bed at Leek, in Staffordshire, and that when I rose to go to church in the afternoon I was informed there had been an earthquake, of which, it seems, the shock had been felt in some degree, at Ashbourne.

"*Johnson.* Sir, it will be much exaggerated in popular talk; for, in the first place, the common people do not accurately adapt their thoughts to the objects, nor, secondly,

do they accurately adapt their words to their thoughts. They do not mean to lie ; but, taking no pains to be exact, they give you very false accounts. A great part of their language is proverbial. If any thing rocks at all, they say it rocks like a cradle ; and in this way they go on."

PREVISION OF GAS-LIGHTING.

Dr. Johnson is thought to have had a prevision of this invention, when one evening, from the window of his house in Bolt-court, he observed the parish lamp-lighter ascend the ladder to light one of the glimmering oil-lamps. He had scarcely descended the ladder half-way when the flame expired ; quickly returning, he lifted the cover partially, and thrusting the end of his torch beneath it, the flame was instantly communicated to the wick by the thick vapour which issued from it. "Ah," exclaimed the Doctor, "one of these days the streets of London will be *lighted by smoke !*" —See *Notes and Queries*, No. 127.

JOHNSON'S RAMBLE IN LONDON.

One night when Topham Beauclerk and Langton had supped at a tavern in London, and sat till about three in the morning, it came into their heads to go and knock up Johnson, and see if they could prevail on him to join them in a ramble. They rapped violently at the door of his chambers in the Temple, till at last he appeared in his shirt, with his little black wig on the top of his head, instead of a nightcap, and a poker in his hand, imagining, probably, that some ruffians were coming to attack him. When he discovered who they were, and was told their errand, he smiled, and with great good-humour agreed to their proposal. "What, is it you, you dogs ? I'll have a frisk with you." He was soon dressed, and they sallied forth together into Covent Garden, where the greengrocers and fruiterers were beginning to arrange their baskets just come from the country. They then repaired to one of the neighbouring taverns, and made a bowl of that liquor called *Bishop*, which Johnson had always liked. They did not stay long, but walked down to the Thames, took a boat, and rowed to Billingsgate. Johnson and Beauclerk were so well pleased with their amusement, that they re-

solved to persevere in dissipation for the rest of the day; but Langton deserted them, being engaged to breakfast with some young ladies. Johnson scolded him for leaving his social friends, to go and sit with a set of wretched "*one-idead* girls." Garrick, being told of this ramble, said to him smartly, "I heard of your frolic t'other night. You'll be in the 'Chronicle.'" Upon which Johnson afterwards observed, "*He* durst not do such a thing. His *wife* would not *let* him."

DR. JOHNSON AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

In the autumn of 1857, the collection of curiosities made by Mrs. Mostyn, one of the three daughters of Mrs. Thrale, at Sillwood Lodge, Brighton, was disposed of by auction. The chief interest lay in the items relating to Johnson. Among the letters was an invitation from Thrale to the Doctor then in Derbyshire, inviting him to Brighton, October, 1777; the invitation was accepted, and at Brighthelmstone he saw Beauclerk, and stayed three days. Mr. Thrale then resided in West-street, Brighton, the house No. 78, at that time one of the most considerable houses in the town. Madame D'Arblay speaks of it as being at the Court end, exactly opposite the King's Head, where Charles II. lay hid previous to leaving the kingdom: "I fail not," she says, "to look at it with loyal satisfaction; and his black-wigged Majesty has from the time of the Restoration been its sign." Unfortunately, His Majesty has long since disappeared. Mrs. Mostyn, we may here mention, died a short time previous to the sale, soon after a railway journey to London.

From Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi, we get one or two characteristic peeps at the life of Johnson, while staying here. He took pleasure in the sea, but the country round did not please him. "He loved the sight of forest-trees, and detested Brighthelmstone Downs, because it was a country so truly desolate, he said, that if one had a mind to hang one's self for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten the rope." From the *Recollections of Brighton in the Olden Time*, we learn that the Doctor enjoyed himself not a little upon those very Downs: "Thrale, who was the kindest creature upon earth to Johnson, wishing, perhaps, to fortify his health by the

pure air of the South Downs, or to present his friends with the view of an anomaly, viz. a poet on horseback, took him with him hare-hunting. The hounds threw off, up started a hare, and the sportsmen galloped, helter-skelter, ding-dong, after it. Johnson was not the last. Somebody rode up to Thrale, and said, 'I am astonished! Johnson rides like a young sportsman of twenty.' The philosopher told Thrale 'that he was better pleased with that compliment than any he had ever received.'" In December, 1781, Johnson came in a state of so much weakness, that he rested four times in walking between the inn and the lodging. The inn here spoken of is, probably, identical with the "Rooms" at Brighthelmstone, where, we are told, he turned his back on Lord Bolingbroke, and then made this excuse to Mr. Thrale, who stood fretting, "I am not obliged, Sir, to find reasons for respecting the rank of him who will not condescend to declare it by his dress or some other visible mark; what are stars and other signs of superiority made for?"

One curious item in the sale catalogue was a copy of Saurin on the Bible, with this inscription on the fly-leaf: "An odd volume bought at a sale for 2*s.* 9*d.* by Dr. Johnson, for Streatham Park Library, 1796." This book, full of notes in the handwriting of Mrs. Thrale, brought 42*l.*

HUMMUMS GHOST-STORY.

Of Parson Ford, who figures in Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation," there is a capital ghost-story thus told in Croker's edition of Boswell's *Johnson*:—

"*Boswell.*—Was there not a story of Parson Ford's ghost having appeared? *Johnson.*—Sir, it was believed. A waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again, he met him a second time. When he came up, he asked some people of the house what Ford could be doing there. They told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered, he said he had a message to deliver to some woman from Ford; but he was not to tell them what or from whom. He walked out; he was followed; but somewhere about St.

Paul's * they lost him. He came back and said he had delivered it; the woman exclaimed, 'Then we are all undone!' Dr. Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of this story, and he said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums (it is a place where people get themselves cupped). I believe she went with the intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first they were unwilling to tell her; but after they had talked to her, she came away satisfied that it was true. To be sure, the man had a fever; and this vision may have been the beginning of it. But if the message to the woman, and their behaviour upon it, were true, as related, there was something supernatural. That rests upon his word, and there it remains."

ART OF TALKING.

A first-rate talker generally estimates the pleasantness of his circle by the share which his own conversation has had in contributing to its pleasantness. This is often evidently unconscious. Johnson, when he had talked for a whole evening, among other professed talkers, used to say, on taking leave, "Well, Sir, this has been a good evening; we have had good talk. The communication of mind is always of use. Thought flowed freely this evening."

DR. JOHNSON'S AUTHORSHIP.

When Dr. Johnson was at work on his *Shakspeare*, Sir John Hawkins said to him, "Well, Doctor, now you have finished your *Dictionary*, I suppose you will labour (?) your present work *con amore* for your reputation." "No, Sir," said Johnson; "nothing excites a man to write but necessity." This was but the text—now for the illustration. A clergyman told Sir John that, being with Johnson, he said to him, "Doctor, you have such command of your pen, you can do anything: I wish you would write me a sermon." "No, Sir," said Johnson; "I cannot write but for money; since I have dealt with the heathens (the booksellers), I have no other inspiration. I knew they could not do without me, and I made them pay me five guineas a sheet for my *Rasselas;* you must pay me, if I write for you." Another five guineas per sheet was, no doubt, the price.

* St. Paul's, Covent Garden; the Hummums is on the side opposite.

Rasselas was written in the evenings of one week, to defray the expenses of Johnson's mother's funeral. He sold it for 100*l.*: when the second edition appeared, the "heathens" gave him 25*l.* more.—*Cunningham.*

SECOND SIGHT.

"At the Literary Club," says Boswell, "before Johnson came in, we talked of his *Journey to the Western Islands*, and of his coming away 'willing' to believe the second sight,' which seemed to excite some ridicule. I was then so impressed with the truth of many of the stories which I had been told, that I avowed my conviction, saying, 'He is only *willing* to believe—I *do* believe; the evidence is enough for me, though not for his great mind. What will not fill a quart bottle will fill a pint bottle; I am filled with belief.' 'Are you?' said George Colman; 'then cork it up.'"

A NIGHT'S FESTIVITY.

There is something delightful in the following account of a literary celebration at which Dr. Johnson was the presiding genius; and the occasion, the birth of Mrs. Lennox's first literary child, as the Doctor called her volume of poems. The place appointed was the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street; and there, about the hour of eight, Mrs. Lennox and her husband, a lady of her acquaintance, and some members of the Ivy-lane Club and friends assembled to the number of near twenty. Sir John Hawkins, who was one of the party, describes the supper as elegant: Johnson had directed that a magnificent hot apple-pie should make part of it, and this he proposed to stick with bay-leaves, because Mrs. Lennox was an authoress, and had written verses; and further, he had prepared a crown of laurel, with which, but not until he had invoked the Muses by some ceremonies of his own invention, he encircled her brow. The night passed, as must be imagined, in pleasant conversation and harmless mirth, intermingled, at different periods, with the refreshments of coffee and tea. About five, Johnson's face shone with meridian splendour, though his drink had been only lemonade; but most of the company had deserted the colours of Bacchus, and were with difficulty rallied to partake of a second refreshment of coffee, which was scarcely ended when the day began to dawn. This

phenomenon began to remind the party of their reckoning; but the waiters were all so overcome with sleep, that it was two hours before they could get a bill, and it was not till near eight that the creaking of the street-door gave the signal for departure."

BABY-TALK.

As Dr. Johnson was riding in a carriage through London on a rainy day, he overtook a poor woman carrying a baby, without any protection from the weather. Making the driver stop the coach, he invited the poor woman to get in with her child, which she did. After she had seated herself, the Doctor said to her: "My good woman, I think it most likely that the motion of the coach will wake your child in a little while, and I wish you to understand that if you talk any baby-talk to it, you will have to get out of the coach." As the Doctor had anticipated, the child soon awoke, and the forgetful mother exclaimed to it: "Oh! the little dear, is he going to open his *eyesy-pysy?*" "Stop the coach, driver!" shouted Johnson; and the woman had to get out, and finish her journey on foot.

PROPER PLACES.

When Dr. Johnson was asked why he was not invited out to dine as Garrick was, he answered, as if it was a triumph to him, "Because great lords and ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped!" But who *does* like to have his mouth stopped? Did he, more than others? People like to be amused in general; but they did not give him the less credit for wisdom, and a capacity to instruct them by his writings. In like manner it has been said that the King only sought one interview with Dr. Johnson; whereas, if he had been a buffoon or a sycophant, he would have asked for more. No; there was nothing to complain of. It was a compliment paid by rank to letters, and once was enough. The King was more afraid of this interview than Dr. Johnson was, and went to it as a schoolboy to his task. But he did not want to have this trial repeated every day; nor was it necessary. The very jealousy of his self-love marked his respect; and if he had thought less of Dr. Johnson, he would have been more willing to risk the encounter. They

had each their place to fill, and would best preserve their self-respect, and perhaps their respect for each other, by remaining in their proper sphere.—*Northcote's Conversations.*

LAST MOMENTS OF DR. JOHNSON.

"Burke parted from him with deep emotion. Windham sat much in the sick room, arranged the pillows, and sent his own servant to watch at night by the bed. Frances Burney, whom the old man had cherished with fatherly kindness, stood weeping at the door; while Langton, whose piety eminently qualified him to be an adviser and comforter at such a time, received the last pressure of his friend's hand within his own. When at length the moment, dreaded through so many years, came close—the dark cloud passed away from Johnson's mind. His temper became unusually patient and gentle; he ceased to think with terror of death, and of that which is beyond death; and he spoke much of the mercy of God and the propitiation of Christ. In this serene frame of mind he died on the 13th of December, 1784. He was laid a week later in Westminster Abbey, among the eminent men of whom he had been the historian, Cowley and Denham, Dryden and Congreve, Gay, Prior and Addison."—*Macaulay's Life of Johnson.*

The historian has omitted to mention Johnson's "Queeny," Miss Thrale, who assiduously attended the Doctor her preceptor's deathbed. The sage, at their last interview, said—"My dear child, we part for ever in this world. Let us part as Christians should—let us pray together." He then uttered a prayer of fervent piety and deep affection, invoking the blessing of heaven upon his pupil.

COMMENTATORS AT FAULT.

The following couplet from the third Satire of Juvenal has led to some odd mistakes:—

> "Est aliquid quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
> Unius dominum sese fecisse lacertæ."
>
> "It is pleasant to possess, whate'er the zone,
> One single acre we have made our own."

Boswell was one day in Dr. Johnson's society, when, he relates,—"One of the company asked him the meaning in

Juvenal, *unius lacertæ* (a single lizard)? *Johnson.*—"I think it clear enough; as much ground as one may have a chance to find a lizard upon." "Commentators," says Boswell, "have differed as to the exact meaning of the expression by which the poet intended to enforce the sentiment contained in the passage in which these words occur. It is enough that they mean to denote even a very small possession, provided it be a man's own." Mr. Gifford observes, in reference to these remarks of Boswell's:—"Poor Mr. Boswell was a man of infinite curiosity. It is a pity that he never heard of the ingenious conjecture of a Dutch critic, who would exchange *lacertæ* for *lacerti* (shoulder), which he accurately translates *een handool landts*, and still more accurately interprets, 'a piece of ground equal in extent to the space between the shoulder and the elbow;'—of a middle-sized man, I presume; though the critic has inadvertently forgotten to mention it."—Gifford, *Juvenal*, vol. i. p. 124.

HOW WALTER SCOTT ROSE IN HIS CLASS.

When young Walter Scott was a pupil at the High School of Edinburgh, he tells us that he made a brighter figure in the yard than in the class. In the latter he once accomplished an upward movement by the following means, which he related to Mr. Rogers, the poet. "There was," says Scott, "a boy in my class at school, who stood always at the top, nor could I with all my efforts supplant him. Day came after day, and still he kept his place, do what I would; till at length I observed that when a question was asked him, he always fumbled with his fingers at a particular button on the lower part of his waistcoat. To remove it, therefore, became expedient in my eyes; and in an evil moment it was removed with a knife. Great was my anxiety to know the success of my measure, and it succeeded too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought again for the button, but it was not to be found. In his distress, he looked down for it; it was to be seen no more than to be felt. He stood confounded, and I took possession of his place; nor did he ever recover it, or ever, I believe, suspect who was the author of his wrong. Often in after-life has the sight of him smote me as I passed by him; and often have I resolved to make him some reparation, but it ended in good resolutions."

Mr. Peter Cunningham, on hearing this anecdote told by Mr. Rogers, observed it was hardly original. "Ah!" exclaimed the Poet, evidently surprised, and with an air of doubt. Mr. C. then asked for a copy of the *Spectator*, and read as follows: "When I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster Hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or a finger all the while he was speaking. The wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by his jest." Mr. Rogers made a mark in the volume, and said, with a smile, "I will say what Sydney Smith always said when he heard a good thing for the first time—'*booked.*'"

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

When Sir John Hawkins published his edition of *Walton's Angler*, Walpole wished that he had not, in his notes, treated angling as so very *innocent* an amusement. He adds, "We cannot live without destroying animals, but shall we torture them for our sport—sport in their destruction? I met a rough officer at his house the other day, who said he knew such a person was turning Methodist; for in the middle of conversation, he rose, and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him that I did not know the Methodists had any principles so good, and that I, who am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too. One of the bravest and best men I ever knew, Sir Charles Wager, I have often heard declare he never killed a fly willingly. It is a comfortable reflection to me, that all the victories of last year have been gained since the suppression of the Bear-garden and prize-fighting; as it is plain, and nothing else would have made it so, that our valour did not singly and solely depend upon the two universities."

SMOLLETT'S HUGH STRAP.

For many years lived at the lodge of Villiers-walk, at the foot of Buckingham-street, Adelphi, the identical Hugh Strap

whom Smollett has so prominently portrayed in his *Roderick Random*. His real name was Hugh Hewson, and for more than forty years he kept a hairdresser's shop in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. His shop was hung round with Latin quotations, and he would frequently point out to his customers and acquaintances the several scenes in *Roderick Random* pertaining to himself, which had their foundation, not in Smollett's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality. The meeting in the barber's shop at Newcastle, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London, and the assistance they received from Strap's friend, were all facts. Hewson left behind him an interlined copy of *Roderick Random*, showing how far we are indebted to the genius of the doctor, and to what extent the incidents are founded in reality. Hewson was many years employed as the keeper of "Villiers-walk," as the lime-tree walk in the rear of the water-gate is called. He died in the year 1809, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.

One fine morning when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, &c., and finally taking one in his hand, asked the shop-boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounger, "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounger said—

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing-office."

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store, waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger, with book in hand, addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! Why, your young man asked me only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then, than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said—

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing-office.

DR. FRANKLIN'S ONLY SON.

Of Franklin's only son, William, little is generally known. Unlike his father, whose chief claim to veneration is for the valuable services he rendered his country in her greatest need, the son was, from first to last, a devoted loyalist. Before the Revolutionary War he held several civil and military offices of importance. At the commencement of the war he held the office of Governor of New Jersey, which appointment he received in 1763. When the difficulties between the mother country and the colonies were coming to a crisis, he threw his whole influence in favour of loyalty, and endeavoured to prevent the Legislative Assembly of New Jersey from sanctioning the proceedings of the General Congress of Philadelphia. These efforts, however, did but little to stay the tide of popular sentiment in favour of resistance to tyranny, and soon involved him in difficulty. He was deposed from office by the Whigs to give place to William Livingston, and sent a prisoner to Connecticut, where he remained about two years in East Windsor, in the house of Captain Ebenezer Grant, near where the Theological Seminary now stands. In 1778 he was exchanged, and soon after went to England. There he spent the remainder of his life, receiving a pension from the British Government for the losses he had sustained by his fidelity. He died in 1813 at the age of eighty-two.

As might be expected, his opposition to the cause of liberty, so dear to the heart of his father, produced an estrangement between them. For years they had no intercourse. When, in 1784, the son wrote to his father, in his reply Dr. Franklin says: "Nothing has ever hurt me so much, and affected me with such keen sensations, as to find myself deserted in my old age by my only son; and not only deserted, but to find him taking up arms against me in a cause wherein my good fame, fortune and life were all at stake." In his will, also, he alludes to the part his son had acted. After making him some bequests, he adds: "The part he acted against me in the late war, which is of public notoriety, will account for my leaving him no more of an estate he endeavoured to deprive me of." The patriotism of the father stands forth the brighter when contrasted with the desertion of the son.

GOLDSMITH'S "BEE."

The *Bee*, a periodical, like the *Citizen of the World*, (says Mr. Pycroft), is the mine from which many a gem is drawn by modern writers and worn without acknowledgment, only a little disguised and varied in its setting. Let us give two or three instances. A very witty caricature lately appeared, representing one man quite drunk talking politics, with much patriotic fervour, to another man peeping through the bars of a gaol. "Mercy!" says the gaol-bird, "how horrible to think our liberty *is* in danger!"—"Aye—but what I am most of all con*sarned* for," replies the drunkard, with an oath, "is our blessed Religion!" The point of this caricature is borrowed from the *Citizen of the World*. Some have claimed for Talleyrand, others for Rochefoucauld, the worldly-wise maxim that "the use of language is to *conceal* our thoughts." In the *Bee*, No. 3, Saturday, October 20, 1759, "On the Use of Language," are these words—the argument being that to confess poverty is a slow way to obtain riches:—"He who best knows how to conceal his necessity and desires is the most likely person to find redress; *and the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.*" In the *Life of William Wilberforce* that excellent man's well-meaning biographers were imposed on by an anecdote of a picture of the true Reformer of the World, the Redeemer on the Cross, being pointed out to Wilberforce as a warning of what he might

expect in his worthy design of reforming the morals of the higher circles. The original is in the *Bee*:—"The old man takes his son by the hand, and drawing back a curtain at the end of the room, discovered a crucifix exquisitely painted. 'My son,' said he, 'you desire to change the religion of your country,—behold the fate of a Reformer!'"

GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE."

Macaulay, in the memoir of Goldsmith, which he wrote for the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, thus demolishes the poet's artificial picture of "Sweet Auburn":—

"A poet may easily be pardoned for reasoning ill; but he cannot be pardoned for describing ill, for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals, for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape, who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defence of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely coloured, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the waggons reeling under the yellow sheaves, and the sunburned reapers wiping their foreheads were very fine, and that the ice and the boy sliding were also very fine? To such a picture, 'The Deserted Village' bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He has assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity as his "Auburn." He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day, and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent, the ejectment he had probably seen in Munster, but by joining the two he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world."

GOLDSMITH'S "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

"There is no end to the delight afforded by the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Moore read it to his wife Bessy, and notes:—"What a gem it is! we both enjoyed it so much more than *Joseph Andrews*." Again: "Finished the *Vicar of Wakefield* to Bessy; we both cried over it."

"We return" (says Sir Walter Scott) "to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature. Whether we choose the pathetic and distressing incidents of the fire, the scenes at the jail, or the lighter and humorous parts of the story, we find the best and truest sentiments enforced in the most beautiful language; and perhaps few characters of purer dignity have been described than that of the excellent pastor, rising above sorrow and oppression, and labouring for the conversion of those felons, into whose company he had been thrust by his villanous creditor."

Goethe declared, in his eighty-first year, that the *Vicar of Wakefield* was his delight at the age of twenty; that it had, in a manner, formed part of his education, influencing his taste and feelings throughout life; and that he had recently read it again, from beginning to end, with renewed delight, and with a grateful sense of the early benefit derived from it.

GOLDSMITH'S "NATURAL HISTORY."

Cradock, in his Memoirs, relates—"When Goldsmith was near completing his *Natural History*, he sent to Dr. Percy and me, to state that he wished not to return to town, from Windsor, I think, for a fortnight, if we would only complete a proof that lay upon his table in the Temple. It was concerning birds, and many books lay open that he occasionally consulted for his own materials. We met by appointment; and Dr. Percy, smiling, said, 'Do you know anything about birds?' 'Not an atom,' was my reply: 'do you?' 'Not I,' says he, 'scarce know a goose from a swan: however, let us try what we can do.' We set to work, and our task was not very difficult. Sometime after the work appeared we compared notes, but could not either of us recognise our own share."

WORTH OF THE SERIOUS.

The great Lord Shaftesbury has said, "Gravity is the very essence of imposture." Walpole has said nearly the same thing in a livelier vein. "I have never yet," says Horace, "seen or heard anything serious, that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt—are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object; and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanack, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honester than any of them. Oh! I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture. Rabelais brightens up to me as I see more of the world; he treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and, as I judge from myself, ceased to hate it; for I find hatred an unjust preference."—*Walpole's Letters*, vol. iv.

GIBBON IN LOVE.

Gibbon, the historian, as is well known, spent his life in celibacy. There is a story representing him as falling in love, while at Lausanne, with a young lady of great beauty and merit, and which goes on to describe him as one day throwing himself at her feet to declare his passion, when, he being very corpulent, it was found impossible for him to rise again till he was extricated by the laughing damsel from his ludicrous position. George Colman the Younger has thus painted the scene:

"—— the fair pursued
Her prattle, which on literature flowed;
Now changed her author, now her attitude,
And much more symmetry than learning showed.
Eudoxus watched her features, while they glowed,
Till passion burst his puffy bosom's bound;
And rescuing his cushion from its load,
Flounced on his knees, appearing like a round
Large fillet of hot veal just tumbled on the ground.

"Could such a lover be with scorn repulsed?
Oh no! disdain befitted not the case;
And Agnes at the sight was so convulsed,
That tears of laughter trickled down her face.
Eudoxus felt his folly and disgrace,
Looked sheepish, nettled, or wished himself away;
And thrice he tried to quit his kneeling place;
But fat and corpulency seemed to say,
Here's a petitioner that must for ever pray!"

The falling in love with a young lady at Lausanne is undoubtedly true; but it happens that the incident took place in Gibbon's youth, when, so far from being fat or unwieldy, he was extremely slender—for, be it observed, the illustrious historian was in reality a small-boned man, and of more than usually slight figure in his young days. He was about twenty years of age, and was dwelling in Switzerland with a Protestant pastor by his father's orders, that he might recover himself (as he ultimately did) from a tendency to Romanism which had beset him at College, when Mademoiselle Susan Curchod, the daughter of the pastor of Crassy in Burgundy, came on a visit to some relations in Lausanne. The father of the young lady, in the solitude of his village situation, had bestowed upon her a liberal education. 'She surpassed,' says Gibbon, 'his hopes, by her proficiency in the sciences and languages; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity; I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make two or three visits at her father's house. I passed some happy days there in the mountains of Burgundy, and her parents honourably encouraged the connexion. In a calm retirement, the vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom; she listened to the voice of truth and passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne, I indulged my dream of felicity; but, on my return to England, I soon found that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate: I sighed

as a lover, I obeyed as a son. My wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself, and my love subsided into friendship and esteem."

Susan Curchod eventually married M. Necker, the minister; and they were the parents of Madame de Stael Holstein.*

GIBBON AND WALPOLE QUARREL.

"You will be diverted," writes Walpole to Mason, "to hear that Mr. Gibbon has quarrelled with me. He lent me his second volume in the middle of November. I returned it with a most civil panegyric. He came for more incense; I gave it, but, alas! with too much sincerity. I added, 'Mr. Gibbon, I am sorry *you* should have pitched on so disgusting a subject as the Constantinopolitan History. There is so much of the Arians and Eunomians, and semi-Pelagians; and there is such a strange contrast between Roman and Gothic manners, and so little harmony between a Consul Sabinus and a Ricimer, Duke of the palace, that though you have written the story as well as it could be written, I fear few will have the patience to read it.' He coloured: all his round features squeezed themselves into sharp angles; he screwed up his button-mouth, and rapping his snuff-box, said, "It had never been put together before"—*so well*, he meant to add—but gulped it. Well, from that hour to this I have never seen him, though he used to call once or twice a week, nor has he sent me the third volume, as he promised. I well knew his vanity, even about his ridiculous face and person, but thought he had too much sense to avow it so palpably." Walpole allows the "History" to be admirably written; "but the style is far less sedulously enamelled than the first volume, and there is flattery to the Scots, who can gobble feathers as readily as thistles."

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

A poor nobleman was about to marry a rich heiress: he was asked by a friend, how long the honeymoon would last? He replied, "Don't tell me of the honeymoon; it is harvest moon with me."

* Abridged from Chambers's *Book of Days*.

DEATH OF DR. HENRY, THE HISTORIAN.

About 1790, Dr. Henry was living at a place of his own, in his native county of Stirling. He was about 72, and had been for some time very feeble. He wrote to Sir Harry Moncrieff that he was dying, and thus invited him for the last time—"Come out here directly. I have got something to do this week; I have got to die." Sir Harry went; and found his friend plainly sinking, but resigned and cheerful. He had no children, and there was nobody with him except his wife. She and Sir Harry remained alone with him for about three days, being his last three; during a great part of which the reverend historian sat in his easy chair, and conversed, and listened to reading, and dozed. While engaged in this way, the hoofs of a horse were heard clattering in the court below. Mrs. Henry looked out, and exclaimed that it was "that wearisome body," meaning a neighbouring minister, who was famous for never leaving a house after he had once got into it. "Keep him out," cried the Doctor, "don't let the cratur in here." But before they could secure his exclusion, the cratur's steps were heard on the stair, and he was at the door. The Doctor instantly winked significantly, and signed to them to sit down and be quiet, and he would pretend to be sleeping. The hint was taken; and when the intruder entered, he found the patient asleep in his cushioned chair. Sir Harry and Mrs. Henry put their fingers to their lips, and pointing to the supposed slumberer as one not to be disturbed, shook their heads. The man sat down near the door, like one inclined to wait till the nap should be over. Once or twice he tried to speak; but was instantly repressed by another finger on the lip, and another shake of the head. So he sat on, all in perfect silence, for above a quarter of an hour, during which Sir Harry occasionally detected the dying man peeping cautiously through the fringes of his eye-lids, to see how his visitor was coming on. At last Sir Harry tired, and he and Mrs. Henry, pointing to the poor Doctor, fairly waved the visitor out of the room; on which the Doctor opened his eyes wide, and had a tolerably hearty laugh; which was renewed when the sound of the horse's feet made them certain that their friend was actually off the premises. Dr. Henry died that night.—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

THEORIZING.

Dr. Robertson was a perfect master of conversation, and very desirous to lead it, and to make dissertations and raise theories that sometimes provoked the laugh against him. Once, when he had taken a jaunt into England, with some of Henry Dundas's (Lord Melville's) family, he (Dundas) and Mr. Baron Cockburn and Robert Sinclair were on horseback, and seeing a gallows on a neighbouring hillock, they rode round to have a nearer view of the felon on the gibbet. When they met at the inn, Robertson immediately began a dissertation on the character of nations, and how much the English, like the Romans, were hardened by their cruel diversions of cock-fighting, bull-baiting, boxing, &c.; for had they not observed three Englishmen on horseback do what, as Scotchmen, or—Here Dundas compassionately interrupted him, and said, "What! did you not know, Principal, that it was Cockburn, and Sinclair, and me?" This put an end to theories, &c., for that day.

UNCOMPLIMENTARY GUESS.

John Home, the author of *Douglas*, was a very singular person. When he was travelling in England with Dr. Carlyle and some other friends, on reaching Warwick, the party put up at an inn, where Home, having thrown off his boots, would not put them on again, but pranced about the room in a truly poetical style. At this moment, he turned short upon the boot-catch (*boots*) who had brought in clean boots; and finding the fellow staring at him with seeming admiration,—"And am not I a pretty fellow?" said Home. "Ay," said he, "sir," with half a smile. "And who do you take me for?" said Home. "If you binna Jamy Dunlop, the Scotch pedlar, I dinna ken whar ye are; but your ways are very like his."

Home, on reaching Birmingham, was so wearied with the details of its manufactures, that he said, "it seemed there as if God had created man only for making buttons."

A CHILD OF NATURE.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of the well-known novelist, married four wives, by all of whom he had issue. The number of his children, and their unusual difference in

age, a difference amounting, between the eldest and youngest, to more than forty years, gave him unusual opportunities of making experiments in education, and watching their results. His family were brought up almost entirely at home, and with the greatest parental care. He was fond of mechanical pursuits, and new projects of all kinds. Among his numerous schemes was an attempt to educate his eldest son on the plan laid down in Rousseau's *Emile*. He dressed him in jacket and trousers, with arms and legs bare, and allowed him to run about wherever he pleased, and to do nothing but what was agreeable to himself. In a few years he found that the scheme had succeeded completely, so far as related to the body: the youth's health, strength, and agility were conspicuous; but the state of his mind induced some perplexity. He had all the virtues that are found in the hut of the savage; he was quick, fearless, generous: but he knew not what it was to *obey*. It was impossible to induce him to do anything that he did not please, or prevent him from doing anything that he did please. Under the former head, learning, even of the lowest description, was never included. In fine, this *child of nature* grew up perfectly ungovernable, and never could or would apply to anything; so that there remained no alternative but to allow him to follow his own inclination of going to sea! This experience is detailed in *Practical Education*, a work written principally by Miss Edgeworth, but partly by her father: it is a valuable result for those engaged in domestic teaching. Mr. Edgeworth and his family, at Edgeworth-town, Longford, were involved in the troubles of the Irish Rebellion, in 1798, and were obliged to make a precipitate retreat from their house, and leave it in the hands of the rebels; but it was spared from being pillaged, through one of the invaders, to whom Mr. Edgeworth had previously done some service. The return of the family home, when the troubles were over, is thus described by Miss Edgeworth:—

"When we came near Edgeworth-town, we saw many well-known faces at the cabin-doors, looking out to welcome us. One man, who was digging in his field by the roadside, when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father, let fall his spade, and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it, was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. The village was a melancholy spectacle; windows

shattered and doors broken. But though the mischief done was great, there had been little pillage. Within our gates, we found all property safe: literally, 'not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed.' Within the house, everything was as we had left it. A map that we had been consulting was still open on the library-table, with pencils and slips of paper, containing the first lessons in arithmetic in which some of the young people (Mr. Edgeworth's children by his second and third wife) had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home: a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream."

A FEMALE ADMINISTRATION.

Mrs. Piozzi, in one of her Letters, relates the following Johnsonian pleasantry:—While there was much talk about the town concerning mal-administrations, some of the Streatham coterie, in a quibbling humour, professed themselves weary of *Male*-administration, as they pronounced it emphatically,—and proposing a *Fe*-male one, called on Dr. Johnson to arrange it.—"Well then," said he, "we will have—

Carter—for Archbishop of Canterbury.
Montague—First Lord of the Treasury.
Hon. Sophia Byron—Head of the Admiralty.
Herald's Office—under care of *Miss Owen.*
Manager of the House of Commons—Mrs. Crewe.
Mrs. Wedderburne—Lord Chancellor.
Mrs. Wallace—Attorney General.
Preceptor to the Princes—Mrs. Chapone.
Poet Laureate—Hannah More."

—"And no place for *me*, Dr. Johnson?" cried Mrs. Piozzi. —"No, no! you will get into Parliament by your little silver tongue, and then rise by your own merit."—"And what shall I do?" exclaimed Fanny Burney.—"Oh, we will send you out for a *spy*,—and perhaps you will get *hanged!* Ha, ha, ha!"—with a loud laugh.

A HORRID BLUE-STOCKING.

Miss Edgeworth justly considered the defence of the Edinburgh wit to be complete when he gave utterance to the lively and happy observation, "I do not care about the blueness of a lady's stockings if her petticoats are only long enough." It is the ostentation of knowledge, and not the knowledge itself which disgusts, and is doubly offensive when female aspirants are voluble upon subjects of which they understand little except perhaps the jargon. Pretension is repulsive where we look for reserve, and the woman purchases knowledge too dearly who exchanges for it the attributes which are the charm of her sex. Her native virtues are of more value than acquired learning. The Marchioness du Châtelet, who translated and annotated Newton's *Principia*, was one of these pedantic ladies who studied science that it might minister to vanity; and Madame de Stael, the bed-chamber-woman of the Duchess de Maine, well known by her lively memoirs, has handed down some traits of her character, which should scare away imitators, as the drunken slave scared Spartans from intoxication. She arrived on a visit at midnight the day before she had settled to come, occupied the bed of another lady, who was hastily displaced, complained of her accommodation, and tried a fresh room on the following night; and, still dissatisfied, inspected the whole of the house to be sure of securing the best apartment it contained. Thither she ordered to be carried half the furniture of the place, chose not to appear till ten o'clock at night, when she made her company less agreeable than her absence, by her arrogance and dictation; could endure no noise, lest her ideas should be disarranged; and, some ink being spilt upon a piece of her translation, raised more disturbance than Newton did himself when his store of invaluable manuscripts were burnt. She complained that she found in her bedroom smoke without fire; and, methinks, says Madame de Stael, it was the emblem of herself. She expected to excite homage, and provoked contempt. Her knowledge was doubted, her airs ridiculed, and she was not more hated than she was thoroughly despised. —*Quarterly Review.*

ON A POETESS WHO SQUINTED.

To no one muse does she her glance confine,
But has an eye, at once, to all the nine.—*T. Moore.*

QUID PRO QUO.

Walpole relates that after Pope had written some bitter verses on Lady M. W. Montagu, he told a friend of his that he should soon have ample revenge upon her, for that he had set her down in black and white, and should soon publish what he had written. "Be so good as to tell the little gentleman," was the reply, "that I am not at all afraid of him; for if he sets me down in black and white, as he calls it, most assuredly I will have him set down in *black and blue*."

ROUSSEAU AND GARRICK.

When Rousseau was in England, Garrick paid him the compliment of playing two characters on purpose to oblige him: they were Lusignan and Lord Chalkstone, and as it was well-known that Rousseau was to be present, the theatre was crowded to excess. Rousseau was highly gratified; but Mrs. Garrick complained that she never passed a more uncomfortable evening in her life, for the recluse philosopher was so very anxious to display himself, and hung so forward over the front of the box, that she was obliged to hold him by the skirt of his coat that he might not fall over into the pit.

LAUGHTER.

It was once remarked to Lord Chesterfield, that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the Peer, "and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."

THE WITTINAGEMOT, AT THE CHAPTER COFFEE-HOUSE.

This noted resort of men of letters in the last century was situated at the corner of Canon-alley, on the south side of Paternoster-row; it was noted for its punch, pamphlets, and good supply of newspapers, and the upper portion of the house was a well-frequented hotel. It was closed as a coffee-house in 1854, and then altered to a general tavern.

The Chapter was, to the last, frequented by authors and publishers; but its celebrity lay in the last century. It is mentioned in No. 1 of the *Connoisseur*, Jan. 31, 1754, as the

resort of those encouragers of literature, and not the worst judges of merit, the booksellers, and is often referred to in the Correspondence of Chatterton. Forster relates an anecdote of Oliver Goldsmith being paymaster at the Chapter, for Churchill's friend, Lloyd, who, in his careless way, without a shilling to pay for the entertainment, had invited him to sup with some friends of Grub-street.

Alexander Stephens, editor of the *Annual Biography and Obituary*, who died in 1824, left among his papers, printed in the *Monthly Magazine*, as "Stephensiana," his recollections of the Chapter, which he frequented from 1797 to 1805, where, he tells us, he always met with intelligent company. We give his reminiscences, almost in his own words.

The Box in the N.E. corner used to be called the *Wittinagemot*. Early in the morning it was occupied by neighbours, who were designated the *Wet Paper Club*, as it was their practice to open the papers when brought in by the newsmen, and read them before they were dried by the waiter; a dry paper they viewed as a stale commodity. In the afternoon, another party enjoyed the *wet* evening papers; and (says Stephens) it was these whom I met.

Dr. Buchan, author of *Domestic Medicine*, generally held a seat in this box; and though he was a Tory, he heard the freest discussion with good humour, and commonly acted as a moderator. His fine physiognomy, and his white hairs, qualified him for this office. But the fixture in the box was a Mr. Hammond, a Coventry manufacturer, who, evening after evening, for nearly 45 years, was always to be found in his place, and during the entire period was much distinguished for his severe and often able strictures on the events of the day. He had thus debated through the days of Wilkes, of the American war, and of the French war, and being on the side of liberty, was constantly in opposition. His mode of arguing was Socratic, and he generally applied to his adversary the *reductio ad absurdum*, creating bursts of laughter.

The registrar or chronicler of the box was a Mr. Murray, an episcopal Scotch minister, who generally sat in one place from 9 in the morning till 9 at night, and was famous for having read, at least once through, every morning and evening paper published in London during the last thirty years. His memory being good, he was appealed to whenever any point

of fact within the memory of man happened to be disputed. It was often remarked, however, that such incessant daily reading did not tend to clear his views.

Among those from whom I constantly profited was Dr. Berdmore, the Master of the Charter-house; Walker, the rhetorician; and Dr. Towers, the political and historical writer. Dr. B. abounded in anecdote; Walker, (the Dictionary-maker,) to the finest enuciation united the most intelligent head I ever met with; and Towers, over his half-pint of Lisbon, was sarcastic and lively, though never deep.

Among our constant visitors was the celebrated Dr. George Fordyce, who, having much fashionable practice, brought news which had not generally transpired. He had not the appearance of a man of genius, nor did he debate, but he possessed sound information on all subjects. He came to the Chapter after taking his wine, and stayed about an hour, or while he sipped a glass of brandy-and-water; it was then his habit to take another glass at the London Coffee-house, and a third at the Oxford, before he returned to his house in Essex-street, Strand.

Dr. Gower, the urbane and able physician of the Middlesex, was another pretty constant visitor. It was gratifying to hear such men as Fordyce, Gower, and Buchan in familiar chat. On subjects of medicine they seldom agreed, and when such were started, they generally laughed at one another's opinions. They seemed to consider Chapter punch, or brandy-and-water, as *aqua vitæ;* and, to the credit of the house, better punch could not be found in London. If any one complained of being indisposed, the elder Buchan exclaimed, "Now let me prescribe for you without a fee. Here, John or Isaac, bring a glass of punch for Mr. ——, unless he likes brandy-and-water better. Take that, sir, and I'll warrant you you'll soon be well. You're a peg too low; you want stimulus, and if one glass won't do, call for a second."

There was a growling man of the name of Dobson, who, when his asthma permitted, vented his spleen upon both sides; and a lover of absurd paradoxes, author of some works of merit, but so devoid of principle, that, deserted by his friends, he would have died for want, if Dr. Garthshore had not placed him as a patient in the empty Fever Institution.

Robinson, the king of the booksellers, was frequently fo the party, as well as his brother John, a man of some talent;

and Joseph Johnson, the friend of Priestley, and Paine, and Cowper, and Fuseli, came from St. Paul's Churchyard.

Phillips, then commencing his *Monthly Magazine*, was also on a keen look-out for recruits, and with his waistcoat-pocket full of guineas, to slip his enlistment money into their hand. Phillips, in the winter of 1795-6, lodged and boarded at the Chapter, and not only knew the characters referred to by Mr. Stephens, but many others equally original,—from the voracious glutton in politics, who waited for the wet papers in the morning twilight, to the comfortless bachelor, who sat till the fire was raked out at half-past twelve at night, all of whom took their successive stations, like figures in a magic lanthorn.

Alexander Chalmers, the workman of the Robinsons, and through their introduction editor of many large books, also enlivened the box by many sallies of wit and humour. He always took much pains to be distinguished from his namesake George, who, he used to say, carried "the leaden mace," and he was much provoked whenever he happened to be mistaken for his namesake.

Cahusac, a teacher of the classics; M'Leod, a writer in the newspapers; the two Parrys, of the *Courier*, then the organ of Jacobinism; and Captain Skinner, a man of elegant manners, who personated our nation in the procession of Anacharsis Clootz, at Paris, in 1793, were also in constant attendance.

One Baker, once a Spitalfields manufacturer, a great talker, and not less remarkable as an eater, was constant; but, having shot himself at his lodgings in Kirby-street, it was discovered that, for some years, he had had no other meal per day besides the supper which he took at the Chapter, where there being a choice of viands at the fixed price of one shilling, this, with a pint of porter, constituted his daily subsistence, till, his last resources failing, he put an end to himself.

Lowndes, the celebrated electrician, was another of our set, and a facetious man. Buchan, the younger, a son of the Doctor, generally came with Lowndes; and though somewhat dogmatical, yet he added to the variety and good intelligence of our discussions, which, from the mixture of company, were as various as the contents of the newspapers.

Dr. Busby, the musician, and an ingenious man, often

obtained a hearing, and was earnest in disputing with the Tories. And Macfarlane, the author of the "History of George the Third," was generally admired for the soundness of his views; but this worthy man was killed by the pole of a coach, during an election procession of Sir Francis Burdett from Brentford. Mr. W. Cooke, author of *Conversation*, constantly exemplified his own rules in his gentlemanly manners and well-timed anecdotes.

Kelly, an Irish school-master, and a man of polished manners, kept up warm debates by his equivocating politics, and was often roughly handled by Hammond and others, though he bore his defeats with constant good humour.

There was a young man named Wilson, who acquired the distinction of Long-bow, from the number of extraordinary secrets of the *haut ton*, which he used to retail by the hour. He was an amusing person, who seemed likely to prove an acquisition to the Wittinagemot, but, having run up a score of thirty or forty pounds, he suddenly absented himself. Miss Brun, the keeper of the Chapter, begged me, if I met with Wilson, to tell him she would give him a receipt for the past, and further credit to any amount, if he would only return to the house; "for," said she, "if he never paid us, he was one of the best customers we ever had, contriving, by his stories and conversation, to keep a couple of boxes crowded the whole night, by which we made more punch and more brandy-and-water, than from any other single cause whatever."

Jacob, afterwards an alderman, and M.P., was a frequent visitor, and then as remarkable for his heretical, as he was subsequently for his orthodox, opinions in his speeches and writings.

Waithman, the active and eloquent Common Councilman, often mixed with us, and was always clear-headed and agreeable. One James, who had made a large fortune by vending tea, contributed many good anecdotes of the age of Wilkes.

Several stockbrokers visited us; and among others of that description was Mr. Blake, the banker, of Lombard-street, a remarkably intelligent old gentleman; and there was a Mr. Paterson, a North Briton, a long-headed speculator, who taught mathematics to Pitt.

Some young men of talent came among us from time to time; as Lovett, a militia officer; Hennell, a coal merchant, and some others; and these seemed likely to keep up the

party; but all things have an end. Dr. Buchan died; some young sparks affronted our Nestor, Hammond, on which he absented himself, after nearly fifty years' attendance; and the noisy box of the Wittinagemot was, for some years previously to 1820, remarkable for its silence and dulness. The two or three last times I was at the Chapter, I heard no voice above a whisper; and I almost shed a tear on thinking of men, habits, and times gone by for ever!

GEORGE III. AND JOSEPH LANCASTER.

In 1805, Joseph Lancaster, the educationist, was admitted to an interview with George III., at Weymouth. On entering the Royal presence, the King said: "Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education, which I hear has met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order, Lancaster?" Lancaster replied, "Please thy Majesty, by the same principle thy Majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command." His Majesty replied, "Good, good; it does not require an aged generation to give the command; one of younger years can do it." Lancaster observed that in his schools the teaching branch was performed by youths, who acted as monitors. The King assented, and said "Good." Lancaster then described his system; the King paid great attention, and was highly delighted; and as soon as he had finished, his Majesty said, "Lancaster, I highly approve of your system, and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible; I will do anything you wish to promote this object." "Please thy Majesty," said Lancaster, "if the system meets thy Majesty's approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on the system, and have no doubt, but in a few months I shall be able to give thy Majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated, and some of my youths instructing them." His Majesty immediately replied, "Lancaster, I will subscribe 100*l.* annually; and," addressing the Queen, "you shall subscribe 50*l.*, Charlotte; and the Princesses, 25*l.* each;" and then added, "Lancaster, you may have the money directly." Lancaster observed, "Please thy Majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example." The Royal party appeared to smile at this observation; but the Queen observed to his Majesty, "How cruel

it is that enemies should be found who endeavour to hinder his progress in so good a work." To which the King replied, "Charlotte, a good man seeks his reward in the world to come." Joseph then withdrew.

Lancaster received great encouragement from many persons of the highest rank, which enabled him to travel over the kingdom, delivering lectures, giving instructions, and forming schools. Flattered by splendid patronage, and by unrealized promises of support, he was induced to embark in an extensive school establishment at Tooting, to which his own resources proving unequal, he was thrown upon the mercy of cold calculators, who consider unpaid debts as unpardonable crimes. About this time, we remember to have seen him frequently smoking his pipe, at the door of a small inn at Dorking. Concessions were made to his merit, which not considering sufficient, he abandoned his old establishment, and left England in disgust; and about the year 1820, went to America, where his fame procured him friends, and his industry rendered him useful. But his life was terminated by an accident: he died Oct. 24, 1840, in his 68th year, at New York, in consequence of being run over by a waggon the day before.

A MISDELIVERED LETTER.

Madame de Stael made it a point never to waive any of the ceremonial which she thought properly belonged to her rank. She always took care to have the guard of authors turned out, whenever she approached a position, and never failed to accept all the honours of literature. Following out her custom in this respect, she had written to announce her approach, to a poet resident at Venice, whose name happened to be identical with that of the principal butcher of the city. By some blundering of the postal authorities, Madame la Baronne's letter was delivered to Signor ——, the butcher, instead of to Signor ——, the poet; and the former, anxious to secure so distinguished a customer, carefully watched her arrival, and lost not a minute in paying his respects to the Baroness. She, of course, was prepared to receive the homage of genius, *en cour pleniere*, and her friends were convened to witness the meeting. Neither of the high saluting parties knew the person of the other, and it was some time before an

explanation came about, the ridiculous character of which it is easier to conceive than to describe.—*Lord Cloncurry's Life and Times.*

USE AND ORNAMENT.

When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow, about the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on the Nelson monument, then just completed. Sir John recommended this brief record: "Glasgow to Nelson." "Juist so," said one of the billies; "and as the town o' Nelson's close at hand, might we no juist say—'Glasgow to Nelson, sax miles,' an' so it might serve for a monument an' a milestone too."

MADAME DE STAEL'S FENCING.

When Madame de Stael was in London Mrs. Richard Trench seems frequently to have been in her company, and she observes that the envy excited in her own sex was painfully disclosed by their continual remarks on the foreigner's total want of grace and beauty. Mrs. Trench was disposed to defend her on this score, but a Mrs. Jones, a lively friend, put an end to the discussion in these words,—"In short, she is most *consolingly* ugly;" thus, says the writer, "by one happy phrase criticising the critics with a light yet sharp touch." These critics, she adds, would have inveighed with far more justice against the tiresome uses De Stael often made of her powers, for she "turned (it is said) a drawing-room into a fencing school." Certainly her fencing reached a high pitch of gladiatorial art when she praised Sheridan for his morality while he was extolling her beauty, as happened on one occasion when Mrs. Trench saw them in company together.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE'S EXTRAVAGANCES.

Lady Hester Stanhope delighted in anecdotes that went to show how much and how justly we may be biassed in our opinions by the shape of any particular part of a person's body independent of the face. She used to tell a story of ——, who fell in love with a lady on a glimpse of those charms which gave such renown to the Onidian Venus. This lady, luckily or unluckily, happened to tumble from her

horse, and by that singular accident fixed the gazer's affections irrevocably. Another gentleman ,whom she knew, saw a lady at Rome get out of a carriage, her head being covered by an umbrella, which the servant held over her head on account of the rain ; and seeing nothing but her foot and leg, vowed he would marry her—which he did.

Lady Hester held an implicit faith in the influence of the stars on the destiny of men, and brought her theories into a striking though rather ridiculous system. She had a remarkable talent for divining characters by the conformation of men. This every traveller testified who had visited her in Syria ; for it was after she went to live in solitude that her penetration became so extraordinary. It was founded both on the features of the face and on the shape of the head, body, and limbs. Some indications she went by were taken from a resemblance to animals ; and wherever such indications existed, she inferred that the dispositions peculiar to those animals were to be found in the person. But, independent of all this, her doctrine was that every creature is governed by the star under whose influence it was born.

"Animal magnetism," said Lady Hester, "is nothing but the sympathy of our stars. Those fools who go about magnetizing indifferently one person and another, why do they sometimes succeed and sometimes fail? Because, if they meet with those of the same star with themselves, their results will be satisfactory ; but with opposite stars they can do nothing.'

"What Lady Hester's own star was," says her physician, "may be gathered from what she said one day, when, having dwelt a long time on this her favourite subject, she got up from the sofa, and approaching the window, she called me. "Look," said she, "at the pupil of my eyes ; there ! my star is the sun—all sun—it is in my eyes : when the sun is a person's star it attracts every thing." I looked, and I replied that I saw a rim of yellow round the pupil. "A rim !" cried she ;. "it isn't a rim—it's a sun ; there's a disk, and from it goes rays all round : 'tis no more of a rim than you are. Nobody has got eyes like mine."

Lady Hester described the eyes of her grandfather, Lord Chatham, to be grey ; yet, by candlelight, from the expression that was in them, one would have thought them black.

MRS. PIOZZI'S GOSSIP.

In a letter written by Mrs. Piozzi in her 80th year, we find this entertaining specimen of her lively, rattling manner :—

"Whilst we were living here (Weston-super-Mare) at the hotel, the waiter, with a grin upon his naturally sullen countenance, said, 'Here's a man inquires for Mrs. Piozzi.'—'Bid him come in;' and, seeing the strange visitant, 'Be pleased to call my maid.' Both entered. 'What's all this,' cried I. 'Edwards!'—'*Yes, sure!*'—'Why, the poor fellow is half dead, I vow, in a smock-frock, and dirty?'—'*Yes, sure!*'—'And hungry, too! and mind what he says, Bessy; he *says* he walked hither from Dymerchion, 228 miles; and slept in the streets of Bath last night, and walked here to-day! For what! in the name of Heaven! Ask him.'—'He is stone deaf. He came to *see* you, he says.' 'See me! why he is blind, high *gravel* blind, at least; and one eye quite extinguished.'—'I must get him some meat,' says Bessy; so she did; and set what we call a Benjamin's mess before him, which a dapper post-boy snatched away, and left my countryman a living study for Liston, a statue of dirt and despair, reversing Neddy Bray's distress, who ate up other people's food, and this fool lost his own. On close inquiry, the poor witless wanderer had gone to Brynbella upon Midsummer-day, it seems, to claim 2*l.*, which as a superannuated labourer he tells me I used to pay him annually. Salusbury drove him from the door. 'Ah, Sir John, your good aunt, God bless her! would not have served me so.' Where is the lady that was *Mistress* of this house?—with a Welsh howl that naturally enough provoked the present *Master*. 'Why, she is at Bath; go look for her, you dog!' And the wretched creature took him literally. So I had to ship him off for Cardiffe, which, though the wrong end of our Principality, was better for him to be lost in than England, and I hope he got safe home somehow.

* * * * * *

Which of the Conrads known to historic truth is dramatized, I wonder! The elder was proclaimed King of the Romans about the year 1220 or 30; but would absolutely be *Emperor* in spite of the Pope; to annoy whose Italian dominions he drove into the Peninsula, and committed famous cruelties at Naples, Capua, &c., after having behaved beauti-

fully the early part of his life; and so they compared him to *Nero.* He was poisoned by his brother Manfred, but left a son whom the Neapolitans called Conradino—the little Conrad; who had a great soul, however; set an army on foot at sixteen years of age, in order to recover some of his father's conquests, possessed by Charles of Anjou, who defeated him and his martial cousin, Frederick, at Lago Fucino—and as they crossed a river to escape, caught both the fugitives; and hapless Conrad lost his short life on a scaffold at eighteen years old. He was a youth of quite consummate beauty, which was the reason our King William the Third used to laugh when German friends and flatterers compared them; because, otherwise, the parallel ran happily enough; the same ardour in battle, the same hostility to Popes; and all at so unripe an age too! But, as Dr. Johnson said to Mr. Thrale, 'Oh, sir, stop my mistress! if once she begins naming her favourite heroes round, we are undone! I hate historic talk, and when Charles Fox said something to me once about Catiline's conspiracy, I withdrew my attention, and thought about Tom Thumb.' Poor dear Doctor Collier loved it no better. 'My sweet child,' he used to say, 'leave thy historians to moulder on the shelf; I have no hooks in my brains to hang their stories on.' And yet their adoring pupil distracts her latest found friend with it in the year 1811—and all out of her own head, as the children say; for ne'er a book have I. Send me the tragedy if 'tis good for anything, and you can do it without inconvenience. Once again, I wonder much who wrote it! Who acted it last night you have told me; and it was very kindly done; and I am now more easy about *your* health, and more careful of *my own*—that I may the longer enjoy the comfort of being considered as dear Mr. Conway's admiring and faithful friend. H. L. P."

Another of these charming Letters, thus strangely associates a well-known incident of friendship of the divine and the poet, with the writer's own personal regard for Mr. Conway:

"When Atterbury presented Mr. Pope, the poet, with a Bible—'Does your Lordship abide by it yourself?' said he—'We have not time to talk now,' replied the Bishop; 'but I do certainly, and ever will abide by it. Accept my book: I consider it as a legacy.' Pope's letter to him afterwards, just as poor Rochester set out for the Continent, is very tender, very touching; and I am always wishing when I read it that

such may be dearest Mr. Conway's sentiments toward *me*. 'I shall never suffer to be forgotten—nay, to be only faintly remembered—the pleasure and pride which I must ever have in reflecting how frequently you have entertained me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me. In conversation I shall wish for you; in study I shall want you; in my most lively and most thoughtful hours I shall equally bear about me the *impression of you*; and perhaps it may *not be in this life only* that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester.' Alex. Pope *loquitur*.—Will you subscribe to them as your sentiments for poor H. L. P.! abating the ideas of dignity annexed to Atterbury's superior station and superior learning? More desire of your temporal and eternal welfare could not have animated *his* gentle bosom, had he known and conversed with you as I have done."

SYDNEY SMITH, AND HIS EDINBURGH FRIENDS.

When Smith was at Edinburgh, a certain gentleman was the paramount bore, and his favourite subject the North Pole. No one escaped him, and Sydney, as a protection, declared he should invent a slip button. Jeffrey fled from this bore whenever he could; but one day his tormentor met him in a narrow lane, where escape was impossible, and he forthwith began on the North Pole. Jeffrey could not stand it—so he darted off, crying out, "D—n the North Pole!" Mr. Sydney Smith met the bore shortly after, very indignant at Jeffrey's contempt of the North Pole. "Oh, my dear fellow," said Smith, "never mind; no one minds what Jeffrey says, you know; he is a privileged person; he respects nothing, absolutely nothing. Why, you will scarcely believe it, but it is not more than a week ago that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the Equator!"

Horner, another of Smith's Scottish friends, loved truth so much, that he could not bear any jesting on important subjects. One evening, Lord Dudley and Smith pretended to justify the conduct of the Government in stealing the Danish fleet. They carried on the argument with some wickedness against their graver friend; he could not stand it, but bolted indignantly out of the room. They flung up the sash, and with a loud peal of laughter, professed them-

selves decided Scandinavians; they offered him not only the ships, but all the shot, powder, cordage, and even the biscuit, if he would come back; but nothing could turn him; he went home, and it took a fortnight of serious behaviour before they were forgiven.

Calling upon a fellow writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith found him, to his surprise, actually reading a book for the purpose of reviewing it. Having expressed his astonishment in the strongest terms, his friend inquired how he managed when performing the critical office. "Oh," said Smith, "I never read a book before reviewing it: it prejudices a man so."

FREE AND EASY.

Sydney Smith being annoyed one evening by the familiarity of a young gentleman, who, though a new acquaintance, was encouraged by Smith's jocular reputation to address him by his surname alone, and hearing him tell that he had to go that evening to the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace for the first time, the reverend Canon said, pathetically, "Pray don't clap him on the back, and call him Howley."

ERROR CORRECTED.

In preaching a charity sermon, the Rev. Sydney Smith frequently repeated the assertion that, of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to the preacher's expectations, when he said that he had evidently made a great mistake, for that his expression should have been, that they were distinguished for the love of their *specie*.

"THE GREAT SIR SUDNEY."

One evening there came to supper at Mr. Smith's, in Orchard-street, Sir James Mackintosh, bringing with him a Scotch cousin, an ensign in a Highland regiment. On hearing the name of his host, he turned round, and nudging Sir James, whispered, "Is that the great Sir Sudney?" "Yes, yes," said Sir James, much amused, and giving Mr. Smith the hint, he instantly assumed the military character, per-

formed the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fought all his battles over again, and showed how he had charged the Turks, to the infinite delight of the young Scotchman, who was quite enchanted with the kindness and condescension of "the great Sir Sudney," as he called him, and to the absolute torture of the other guests, who were bursting with suppressed laughter at the scene before them. Nothing would serve the young Highlander but setting off at twelve o'clock at night, to fetch the piper of his regiment to pipe to "the great Sir Sudney," who said he had never heard the bagpipes: upon this, the party broke up, and dispersed instantly, for Sir James said his Scotch cousin would infallibly cut his throat if he discovered his mistake. A few days afterwards, when Sir James Mackintosh and his Scotch cousin were walking in the streets, they met Mr. Sydney Smith with his wife on his arm. He introduced her, upon which the Scotch cousin said in a low voice to Sir James, and looking at Mrs. Sydney, "I did na ken the great Sir Sudney was married." "Why, no," said Sir James, a little embarrassed, "not ex-act-ly,—married,—only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him; Fatima—you know—you understand." Mrs. Smith was long known in the little circle as Fatima. We find this admirable anecdote in Lady Holland's *Memoir*.

VENDIBLE CRITICISM.

Criticism is a very marketable commodity in France, and openly so. When the celebrated singer, Nourrit, died, the editor of a Paris musical journal waited on his successor, Duprez, and with a profusion of compliments and apologies, intimated to him that Nourrit invariably allowed 2000 francs a-year to the Review. Duprez, taken rather aback, expressed his readiness to allow half that sum. "Agreed, sir," said the editor, with a shrug; "but I pledge my honour that I lose one thousand francs by the bargain."

THEODORE HOOK AT OXFORD.

Hook having been duly entered at Oxford, he was placed under the charge of his brother, and presented by him to the Vice Chancellor, Dr. Parsons, head of Balliol, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, for matriculation. The ceremony

was well-nigh stopped *in limine*, in consequence of a piece of facetiousness on the part of the candidate—ill-timed, to say the least of it. On being asked if he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles? "Oh, certainly, sir," replied Theodore, "*forty*, if you please." The horror of the Vice-Chancellor may be imagined. The young gentleman was desired to withdraw; and it required all the interest of his brother, who, fortunately, happened to be a personal friend of Dr. Parsons, to induce the latter to overlook the offence. The joke, such as it is, was probably picked up out of one of Foote's * farces, who makes *Mrs. Simony*, if we mistake not, say, when speaking of her husband, the *Doctor* (intended for the unfortunate Dr. Dodd), "He believes in *all* the Thirty-nine Articles; ay, and so he would if there were forty of them."

On the evening of Hook's arrival at the University, he contrived to give his brother the slip, and joined a party of old schoolfellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "bishop," and "egg-flip" having been discussed; songs, amatory and bacchanalian, having been sung with full choruses; and, altogether, the jocularity having begun to pass "the limit of becoming mirth," the Proctor made his appearance, and, advancing to the table at which the "freshman" was presiding, put the usual question, "Pray, sir, are you a member of this University?" "No, sir," replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully; "pray, sir, are you?" A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the Proctor held out his ample sleeve—"You see this, sir?" "Ah!" returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "yes, I perceive; Manchester velvet: and may I take the liberty, sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid per yard for the article?" The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the rev. gentleman could stand; and, muttering something about "supposing it was a mistake," he effected a retreat, amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions and the other occupants of the coffee-room.

* Foote, by the way, during his studentship, at Worcester College, *played Punch* at Oxford, in disguise, successfully, as might be expected from his cleverness in mimicry.

WINTER AND SUMMER.

Hook was delighting a party at his cottage at Fulham, by an extempore comic song, when, in the middle of it, his servant entered with, "Please, sir, here's Mr. Winter the tax-gatherer; he says he has called for taxes." Hook would not be interrupted, but went on at the pianoforte, as if nothing had happened, with the following stanza:

> "Here comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes,
> I'd advise you to pay him whatever he axes;
> Excuses wont do, he stands no sort of flummery,
> Though Winter his name is, his presence is summary."

HOAXES BY THEODORE HOOK.

Hook, in an amusing account of his going to the Trial of Lord Melville, describes a hoax which he practised upon a country-looking lady and her daughters, from Rye, in Sussex, who were amongst the company, and sat on the same bench with Theodore. The lady having inquired of him who certain personages were, and one of the daughters expressed her astonishment at one of the youngest peers looking very old, "Human nature," says Hook, "could not stand this: any one, though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax." "And, pray, sir," continued the lady, pointing to the bishops, who came next in order, in the dress which they wear on state occasions, viz. the rochet and lawn sleeves over their doctor's robes, "who are those gentlemen?" "Gentlemen, madam!" said Hook, "these are not gentlemen: these are ladies, elderly ladies—the dowager peeresses in their own right." The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying as plainly as an eye can say, "Are you quizzing me or no?" Not a muscle moved; till, at last, tolerably well satisfied with the scrutiny, she turned round and whispered, "Louisa, dear, the gentleman says that these are elderly ladies and dowager peeresses in their own right; tell Jane not to forget that." All went on smoothly till the Speaker of the House of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes. "Pray, sir," said she, "and who is that fine-looking person opposite?" "That, madam," was the answer, "is Cardinal Wolsey." "No, sir," cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her in-

formant a look of angry disdain, "we know a little better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year." "No such thing, my dear madam, I assure you," replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural; "it has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation: in fact, those rascally newspapers will say anything." The good old gentlewoman appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp; seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried without a word from the spot.

But, Hook's most audacious piece of mischief was the Hoax planned and played off in 1810, upon one Mrs. Tottington, of No. 54, Berners-street, Oxford-street. It originated as follows:—Hook and a friend, (Mathews or Beazley,) were one day walking down Berners-street, when Theodore's attention was called to the particularly neat and modest appearance of No. 54. "I lay you a guinea," said Hook, "that in one week that nice quiet dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was taken, and in the course of four or five days, letters conveyed orders of every sort to tradesmen within the Bills of Mortality—all to be executed on one particular day, and, as nearly as possible, at one fixed hour—from waggons of coals and potatoes, to books, prints, feathers, ices, jellies, and cranberry-tarts,—from scores of rival dealers, between Whitechapel and Paddington. At that time Oxford-road was not approachable, either from Westminster or from the City, otherwise than through narrow lanes, so that the crash and jam, and tumult of the day were tremendous. Hook provided himself with a lodging, nearly opposite the ill-fated No. 54; and there, with two friends, watched the strange scene. In one of the newspapers of the next day, the house was described as beset by tradespeople at one time, with their various commodities, and from the confusion altogether such crowds had collected, as to render the street impassable. Waggons, laden with coals from the Paddington wharves, upholsterer's goods in cartloads, organs, pianofortes, linen, jewellery, and every description of furniture, were lodged as near as possible to the door of No. 54, with anxious tradespeople and a laughing mob. About this time, the Lord Mayor arrived in his carriage; his lordship's stay was short, and he was driven to Marlborough-street police-office, where his lordship informed the sitting magistrate that he

had received a note purporting to come from Mrs. Tottington, which stated that she had been summoned to appear before him, but that she was confined to her room by sickness, and requested his lordship would do her the honour to call on her. The officers of Marlborough-street were immediately sent to keep order. The first group witnessed by them was six stout men bearing an organ, surrounded by wine-porters with permits, barbers with wigs, manteau-makers with band-boxes, opticians with instruments, &c. . . . The street was not cleared at a late hour, as servants wanting places began to assemble at five o'clock. The hoax exceeded by far that in Bedford-street a few months since; for, besides a coffin which was brought to Mrs. Tottington's house, made to measure, agreeable to letter, 5 ft. 6 in. by 16 inches, there were accoucheurs, tooth-drawers, miniature-painters, and artists of every description."

Hook, in his own theatrical world, was instantly suspected —but no sign escaped either him or his confidants. He, however, found it convenient, after the hoax, to be laid up for a week or two, and then promoted convalescence by a country tour. By-and-by the storm blew over, and the great unknown re-appeared in the green-room.

DR. MAGINN.

One of the finest humourists of our day was Dr. William Maginn, a native of Cork, who distinguished himself at Trinity College, Dublin; contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, almost from its commencement; and projected *Frazer's Magazine*, in association with Mr. Hugh Fraser.

Maginn first met with Mr. Blackwood in this manner. He had already contributed to his *Magazine* several biting papers, which had excited a considerable ferment both in Edinburgh and Cork; but the intercourse between him and his publisher had as yet been wholly epistolary, the latter not even knowing the name of his correspondent. Determined now to have an interview with Mr. Blackwood, Maginn set out for Edinburgh, where he arrived on a Sunday evening, and on the ensuing forenoon he presented himself in the shop in Princes-street, where the following conversation took place. It must be observed, in passing, that Mr. Blackwood had received numerous furious communications, more especially

from Ireland, demanding the name of the writer of the obnoxious articles, and he now believed this was a visit from one of them to obtain redress *in propriâ personâ*.

"You are Mr. Blackwood, I presume?"

"I am."

"I have rather an unpleasant business, then, with you regarding some things which appeared in your magazine. They are so and so" (mentioning them); "would you be so kind as to give me the name of the author?"

"That requires consideration, and I must first be satisfied that"——

"Your correspondent resides in Cork, doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that."

"I decline at present giving any information on that head, before I know more of your business—of your purpose—and who you are."

"You are very shy, sir. I thought you corresponded with Mr. Scott of Cork" (the assumed name which he had used).

"I beg to decline giving any information on that subject."

"If you don't know him, then, perhaps you *could* know your own handwriting" (drawing forth a bundle of letters from his pocket). "You need not deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman."

It is not generally known that Dr. Maginn wrote for Knight and Lacy, the publishers in Paternoster-row, a novel embodying the strange story of the Polstead Murder of 1828, under the title of the *Red Barn*, by which the publishers cleared many hundreds of pounds.

Dr. Maginn, it is to be regretted, died at an early age, of consumption. The following epitaph, written for him by his friend, John G. Lockhart, conveys a tolerably correct idea of his habits:—

WALTON-ON-THAMES, AUGUST, 1842.

Here, early to bed, lies kind WILLIAM MAGINN,
Who, with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
Had neither great lord nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin;
So, his portion soon spent, like the poor heir of Lynn—
He turned author ere yet there was beard on his chin,
And, whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your tories his fine Irish brains he would spin;
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin—
"Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin,"

But to save from starvation stirred never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,
Else his acting, for certain was equal to Quin;
But at last he was beat, and sought help of the bin
(All the same to the doctor, from claret to gin),
Which led swiftly to jail, and consumption therein.
It was much, when the bones rattled loose in the skin,
He got leave to die here, out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard a sin:
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn.

DUEL OF MOORE WITH JEFFREY.

Francis Jeffrey having, in 1806, attacked Thomas Moore's "Odes and Epistles," for their immorality, in the *Edinburgh Review*, the poet challenged the critic. Preliminaries were accordingly arranged for a hostile meeting at Chalk Farm. Moore borrowed his pistols from the Hon. William Robert Spencer, who sent the Bow-street officers to prevent the two little men from killing each other. The sequel is thus narrated by Moore in his Diary:—

"I must have slept pretty well; for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. I say 'his party,' for although Horner only was with him, there were, as we afterwards found, two or three of his attached friends (and no man, I believe, could ever boast of a greater number), who, in their anxiety for his safety, had accompanied him and were hovering about the spot. And then was it that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag which contained the pistols in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around. It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together. All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other at meeting; but the first words I recollect to

have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, 'What a beautiful morning it is!'—'Yes,' I answered, with a slight smile, 'a morning made for better purposes;' to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations; upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, that Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. 'Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow,' said Egan, 'sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?' Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose, having been previously measured by them), and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance; the pistols were on both sides raised, and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police-officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey, and one of them, striking at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another, running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed crestfallen to Bow-street."

Moore and Jeffrey afterwards became cordial friends.

WHO KILLED JOHN KEATS?

Keats was the son of a livery-stable-keeper, and was born in 1795, at the Swan and Hoop livery-stables, in Moorfields. He was well educated, evinced early a taste for literature, and inherited family property to the amount of 2,000*l*. He was articled to a surgeon, but took an early distaste to his profession. He wrote poems when very young,—in lodgings, the second floor of No. 71, Cheapside, over the passage leading to the Queen's Arms tavern: here he wrote his magnificent sonnet on Chapman's Homer, and all the poems in his first little volume. In 1818, he published his poetic romance of *Endymion*, which he himself termed an "imm

feverish work." This poem was reviewed in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xix. where he is described as "unhappily a disciple of the new school of what has been somewhere called Cockney poetry; which may be defined to consist of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language." The review extends only to four pages, but is very stringent, and was said to have caused the poet's death.

"The first effects," says Shelley, "are described to me to have resembled insanity, and it was by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide. The agony of his sufferings, at length, produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption appears to have begun." His mother died of consumption, after lingering for some years. He left England for Naples, and thence journeyed to Rome, where he died in February, 1821. He was of a remarkably sensitive disposition: his constitution was weak, and greatly impaired by the attentions which he bestowed on a dying brother. Upon a *post mortem* examination, it was found that poor Keats's lungs were entirely gone. It, nevertheless, suited the humour of Lord Byron, in his *Don Juan*, to say:

"John Keats, who was killed off by one critique,
Just as he really promised something great,
If not intelligible, without Greek
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.
Poor fellow! his was an untoward fate;
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

Shelley also wrote an elegiac parody, commencing—

"Who killed Jack Keats?
I, says the Quarterly,
So savage and tartarly,
'Twas one of my feats."

WORDSWORTH'S "PETER BELL."

In the new edition of Wordsworth's Poetical Works, the Poet tells us the poem is founded upon an anecdote, which he read in a newspaper, of an ass being found hanging his head over a canal in a wretched posture. Upon examination, a dead body was found in the water, and proved to be the body of its master. "The countenance, gait, and figure of Peter,

(continues Wordsworth,) were taken from a wild rover with whom I walked from Builth, on the river Wye, downwards nearly as far as the town of Hay. He told me strange stories. It has always been a pleasure to me through life to catch at every opportunity that has occurred in my rambles of becoming acquainted with this class of people. The number of Peter's wives was taken from the trespasses in this way of a lawless creature who lived in the county of Durham, and used to be attended by many women, sometimes not less than half-a-dozen, as disorderly as himself. Benoni, or the child of sorrow, I knew when I was a school-boy. His mother had been deserted by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, she herself being a gentlewoman by birth. The circumstances of her story were told me by my dear old Dame, Anne Tyson, who was her confidante. The lady died broken-hearted. In the woods of Alfoxden I used to take great delight in noticing the habits, tricks, and physiognomy of asses; and I have no doubt that I was thus put upon writing the poem out of liking for the creature that is so often dreadfully abused. The crescent-moon, which makes such a figure in the prologue, assumed this character one evening while I was watching its beauty in front of Alfoxden House. This poem was not published for more than twenty years afterwards. The worship of the Methodists or Ranters is often heard during the stillness of the summer evening in the country with affecting accompaniments of rural beauty. In both the psalmody and the voice of the preacher there is, not unfrequently, much solemnity likely to impress the feelings of the rudest characters under favourable circumstances."

PUBLISHER'S LIBERALITY.

A bookseller, who had heard of Balzac as a young writer of great promise, resolved to offer him 3,000f. for a novel; but, on being told that he lived in an obscure street in the old part of Paris, he observed that he must be a plebeian, and that he would offer him but 2,000f. On arriving at the house he was told that Balzac lived on the fourth floor. "Oh, in that case," said the bookseller, "I will offer him but 1,500f." But, when he entered a poorly-furnished room, and saw a young man sopping a penny roll in a glass of water, he offered but 300f., and for this sum received the manuscript of what was afterwards considered a *chef-d'œuvre*—the *Dernière Fée*.

ORIGIN OF THE LITERARY FUND.

This valuable Institution originated in the failure of a scholar of eminence to accomplish a labour for which his classical attainments fully qualified him. Such was Flower Sydenham, educated at Wadham College, Oxford, who undertook the toilsome and unproductive task of translating Plato into English; he issued proposals for publishing his work by subscription in 1759, accompanied by a "Synopsis, or General View of the Works of Plato;" the subscribers were few, and some, it is said, failed in their engagements; and, after a life of labour and want, Sydenham died in old age (April 1, 1787), imprisoned for a debt contracted at the eating-house which he frequented. Melancholy as was his end, it was honoured in its results; for in consequence, "one of the members of a club at the Prince of Wales Coffee-House proposed that it should adopt as its object some means to prevent similar afflictions, and to assist deserving authors and their families in distress;" and this was the origin of the Literary Fund. In the published account from which the above quotation is taken, Sydenham is characterised as "a man revered for his knowledge, and beloved for the candour of his temper and gentleness of his manners."

LORD CARLISLE AND LORD BYRON.

The first Earl of Carlisle, often mentioned by Boswell as gaining Johnson's praise for his literary performances, owes much of his immortality to the attacks made on him by Byron. He was guardian to the Poet, who dedicated to him his *Hours of Idleness*, which the Earl is said to have received coolly: the affront deeply rankled in Byron's breast, causing a wound which his mother did her best to widen. Byron, however, seems to have forgotten his animosity; for, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, as originally intended for the press, he compliments Carlisle:—

> "On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
> And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

But the intended honour was not permitted to endure. Receiving, as he considered, a fresh slight, Byron erased the praise, for the vituperative sarcasm still to be read:—

"Let Scott, Matilda, and the rest
Of Grub-street and of Grosvenor-place the best
Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain!
Or common sense asserts her right again."

But the Poet regretted this severity, and afterwards, in his noble tribute to Major Howard, gave utterance to his repentance :—

"Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine,
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with their line,
And partly that I did the sire some wrong."

And of the Major he writes with rapturous eloquence :—

"When showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thin files along,
E'en where the thickest of War's tempests lour'd,
They reach'd no nobler heart than thine,
Young gallant Howard."

Memorials of Knightsbridge.

POETRY OF CAMPBELL AND BYRON.

Mr. Cyrus Redding gives the following interesting *résumé* of the sums paid by publishers to Campbell and Byron, respectively, for their Poetical Works :—

"Campbell did not receive fifty pounds in money for the copyright of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but he parted with the copyright of the poem altogether for two hundred printed copies, to be received of the publishers. This is shown by the following documents belonging to Mundell and Son, in the course of the business transacted between them. It must be observed that the dedication of the first edition bore a date three months antecedent, or April 13, 1799.

"*Excerpt* from a letter dated July 13, 1799 :—

"'As the *Pleasures of Hope* are now published, it is proper that it be expressed in writing what bargain I made with you about the copyright of the work. It was settled that, for two hundred copies of the book in quires, Mundell and Son should have the entire copyright of the poem.

(Addressed) "'THOMAS CAMPBELL.'

"*Excerpt* from letter, dated July 15, 1799 :—

"'I acknowledge having sold you the copyright of the *Pleasures of Hope* for two hundred copies in quires.

(Signed) "'THOMAS CAMPBELL.'

"Now, two hundred copies in quires would be above fifty pounds, and supposing the sum of fifty shillings for boarding, and selling at six shillings, he must have received fifty-seven pounds ten shillings for the copyright. He also was presented by his booksellers, of their own free will, with twenty-five pounds for every edition of a thousand copies, or, if two thousand were printed, fifty pounds, which sums were sometimes remitted to him in London, through Longman and Co., and sometimes paid to his mother. He was most generous and considerate to his relatives, and a truly excellent son and brother. On this score his receipts were one hundred and fifty pounds more. A misunderstanding taking place between the poet and Mundell and Son, these free payments were discontinued. Besides these payments, Campbell received permission to print by subscription a quarto edition, the seventh, for his own benefit. This edition yielded him at least six hundred pounds more, or, in all, eight hundred and seven pounds. Campbell did not receive less than nine hundred pounds for the copyright of the *Pleasures of Hope* alone.

"More than half a century ago, such a profit upon a poem of eleven hundred lines was equal to that of Byron in a more vaunted literary era, a poet whose writings had a prodigious run, even, as it is well known, to the utmost of profit that the most popular author could expect to receive who does not retain his copyright. The *Pleasures of Hope* brought its author fifteen shillings and a fraction a line; and Byron, in receiving two thousand five hundred pounds for *Manfred*, the *Prisoner of Chillon*, and the third canto of *Childe Harold*, got no more per line. It is true that the booksellers, their heirs, executors, assigns, may, to their own advantage, quintuple such sums, but the author can have no ground to complain. The bargain made by the author of the *Pleasures of Hope* might have been bad, but the pecuniary worth of the poem could not be known until it was tested. It turned out that the author had no reason to censure the time in which he published, which appreciated his poem more correctly nearly half a century ago, and with half the present reading population of the British Isles, than it would have done had he written later. Byron then, with his astonishing popularity, and driving the bargain of a well-known author, got no more than Campbell received, merely through a concession of his publishers."

LORD BYRON'S FIRST RHYME.

His faithful Scottish nurse, Mary Gray, relates that it was in Nottingham he first exhibited symptoms of rhyming. The occasion said to have given rise to the first effort was amusing enough. An elderly lady was in the habit of visiting his mother, and made use of an expression which much affronted his lordship, who resented the slight with all the violence of his fiery temperament. The old lady cherished some curious idea with regard to the soul, which she imagined took its flight to the moon after death, as a preliminary essay before proceeding further. One day this ill-natured old lady having repeated the taunt, my lord appeared before his nurse almost distracted with rage. "Well, my little hero," she asked, "what's the matter with you now?" Upon which the child answered, that "this old woman had put him into a terrible passion, that he could not bear the sight of her;" and then he broke into the following doggrel, which he repeated over and over, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:

"In Nottingham town, very near to swine-green,
Lives as crusty an old lady as ever was seen;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon!"

Byron dated his "first dash into poetry" a year later, (1799;) but the above is supposed to have been his earliest effusion.—*W. H. Wylie's Old and New Nottingham.*

LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron, when one of the Drury-lane Committee of Management, challenged the writer to sing alternately (like the swains in Virgil) the praises of Mrs. Mardyn, the actress, who, by-the-bye, was hissed off the stage for an imputed intimacy of which she was quite innocent.

The contest ran as follows:

"Wake, muse of fire, your ardent lyre,
Pour forth your amorous ditty,
But first profound, in duty bound,
Applaud the new Committee;
Their scenic art from Thespis' cart
All jaded nags discarding,
To London drove this queen of love,
Enchanting Mrs. Mardyn.

"Though tides of love around her rove,
I fear she'll choose Pactolus—
In that bright surge bards ne'er immerge,
So I must e'en swim solus.
'Out, out, alas!' ill-fated gas,
That shin'st round Covent Garden,
Thy ray how flat, compared with that
From eye of Mrs. Mardyn!"

And so on. The reader has, no doubt, already discovered "which is the justice, and which is the teeth."

Lord Byron at that time wore a very narrow cravat of white sarsnet, with the shirt-collar falling over it; a black coat and waistcoat, and very broad white trousers to hide his lame foot —these were of Russia duck in the morning, and jean in the evening. His watch-chain had a number of small gold seals appended to it, and was looped up to a button of his waistcoat. His face was void of colour; he wore no whiskers. His eyes were grey, fringed with long black lashes; and his air was imposing, but rather supercilious.

He undervalued David Hume; denying his claim to genius on account of his bulk, and calling him, from the Heroic Epistle,

"The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty."

One of this extraordinary man's allegations was, that "fat is an oily dropsy." To stave off its visitation, he frequently chewed tobacco in lieu of dinner, alleging that it absorbed the gastric juice of the stomach, and prevented hunger. "Pass your hand down my side," said his Lordship to the writer; "can you count my ribs?" "Every one of them." "I am delighted to hear you say so. I called last week on Lady ——; 'Ah, Lord Byron,' said she, 'how fat you grow!' But you know Lady —— is fond of saying spiteful things!" Let this gossip be summed up with the words of Lord Chesterfield, in his character of Bolingbroke: "Upon the whole, on a survey of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but 'Alas, poor human nature!'"

The writer never heard Lord Byron allude to his deformed foot, except upon one occasion, when, entering the green-room of Drury-lane, he found Lord Byron alone, the younger Byrne and Miss Smith, the dancer, having just left him, after an angry conference about a *pas seul*. "Had you been here a minute sooner," said Lord B., "you would have heard a question about dancing referred to me—me (looking mourn-

fully downward) whom fate from my birth has prohibited from taking a single step."*

In 1814 Byron re-visited Cambridge, on his way north, and entered the Senate House in company with Dr. E. D. Clarke. He had only proceeded a few paces when he was recognised, and a chorus of voices repeated aloud,—

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?"

"I know not what possessed us," said the informant, who was then a student of Trinity, "but it was a sort of free-masonry feeling—we could not restrain ourselves. The 'Bride of Abydos' was then in every one's hand."

Literary Fame, Lord Byron affected to despise, in the following entry in his *Ravenna Journal*, January 4th, 1821:

"I was out of spirits—read the papers—thought what *fame* was, on reading in a case of murder that Mr. Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon, flour, cheese, and, it is believed, some plums, to some gipsy woman accused. He had on his counter (I quote faithfully) a book, the *Life of Pamela*, which he was *tearing* for *waste* paper, &c. &c. In the cheese was found, &c., and a *leaf* of *Pamela, wrapped round the bacon.* What would Richardson, the vainest and luckiest of *living* authors (*i.e.* while alive)—he who, with Aaron Hill, used to prophesy and chuckle over the presumed fall of Fielding (the prose Homer of human nature), and of Pope (the most beautiful of poets)—what would he have said could he have traced his pages from their place on the French prince's toilets (see Boswell's *Johnson*) to the grocer's counter and the gipsy murderess' bacon? What would he have said—what can any body say—save what Solomon said long before us? After all, it is but passing from one counter to another—from the bookseller's to the other tradesman's, grocer or pastry-cook. For my part, I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship."

THOMAS CAMPBELL—UNIVERSITY SPREE.

A respectable apothecary, named Fife, had a shop in the Trongate of Glasgow (when Campbell, at the age of seventeen, was attending the University of that city in 1795), with

* Notes to "Rejected Addresses."

this notice in his window, printed in large letters, "*Ears pierced by A Fife;*" meaning the operation to which young ladies submit for the sake of wearing earrings. Mr. Fife's next-door neighbour was a citizen of the name of *Drum*, a spirit-dealer, whose windows exhibited various samples of the liquors which he sold. The worthy shopkeepers having become alienated by jealousy in trade, Thomas Campbell and two trusty college chums fell upon the following expedient for reconciling them. During the darkness of night, long before the streets of Glasgow were lighted with gas, Campbell and his two associates having procured a long fir-deal, had it extended from window to window of the two contiguous shops, with this inscription from Othello, which it fell to the youthful poet, as his share of the practical joke, to paint in flaming capitals :—

"THE SPIRIT-STIRRING DRUM, THE EAR-PIERCING FIFE."

Hitherto (observes Campbell's biographer) the two neighbours had pursued very distinct callings; but, to their utter surprise, a sudden co-partnership had been struck during the night, and Fife and Drum were now united in the same martial line. A great sensation was produced in the morning, when, of course, the new co-partnery was suddenly dissolved. Campbell was, after some inquiry, found to have been the sign-painter, and threatened with pains and penalties, which were, however, commuted into a severe reprimand, suggesting to the poet the words of Parolles—

"I'll no more drumming: a plague of all Drums."

LAST HOURS OF CAMPBELL.

On the 6th of June, 1844, Campbell was able to converse freely; but his strength had become reduced, and on being assisted to change his posture, he fell back in the bed insensible. Conversation was carried on in the room in whispers; and Campbell uttered a few sentences so unconnected, that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of "Hohenlinden," and, pretending to forget the author's name, said he had heard it was by a Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw the trick, was amused, and said playfully, in a calm but dis-

tinct tone, "No; it was one Tom Campbell." The poet had —as far as a poet can—become for years indifferent to posthumous fame. In 1838, five years before this time, he had been speaking to some friends in Edinburgh on the subject. "When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me—to any one—but as nothing? I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue." Religious feeling was, as the closing scene approached, more distinctly expressed. A friend was thinking of the lines in "The Last Man," when he heard with delight the dying man express his belief "in life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour." To his niece he said, "Come, let us sing praises to Christ;" then, pointing to the bedside, he added, "Sit here." "Shall I pray for you?" she said. "Oh, yes," he replied; "let us pray for each other." The Liturgy of the Church of England was read: he expressed himself "soothed—comforted." The next day, at a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and he said, "*We shall see* * * *to-morrow*," naming a long-departed friend. On the next day he expired without a struggle.

LETTERS OF SOUTHEY.

The Letters of this excellent man afford some of the most truthful experiences of an author to be found in any record of human life and character. At the age of thirty, when struggling with the world, he wrote thus reverentially:

"No man was ever more contented with his lot than I am; for few have ever had more enjoyments, and none had ever better or worthier hopes. Life, therefore, is sufficiently dear to me, and long life desirable, that I may accomplish all which I design. But yet, I could be well content that the next century were over, and my part fairly at an end, having been gone well through. Just as at school one wished the school-days over, though we were happy enough there, because we expected more happiness and more liberty when we were to be our own masters, might lie as much later in the morning as we pleased, have no bounds, and do no exercise,—just so

do I wish that my exercises were over, that that ugly chrysalis state were passed through to which we must all come, and that I had fairly burst my shell, and got into the new world, with wings upon my shoulders, or some inherent power like the wishing-cap, which should annihilate all the inconveniences of space."

There is scarcely on record a more touching instance of gratitude than is contained in a letter written by Southey to his friend, Joseph Cottle, dated April 20, 1808, from which the following is an extract: "Do you suppose, Cottle, that I have forgotten those true and essential acts of friendship which you showed me when I stood most in need of them? Your house was my house when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring, and paid my marriage-fees, was supplied by you. It was with your sisters that I left Edith during my six months' absence, and for the six months after my return; it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived, till I was enabled to live by other means. It is not the settling of a cash account that can cancel obligations like these. You are in the habit of preserving your letters; and if you were not, I would intreat you to preserve this, that it might be seen hereafter. Sure I am that there never was a more generous or kinder heart than yours; and you will believe me, when I add, that there does not live a man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude and more affection. My heart throbs, and my eyes burn with these recollections. Good night! my dear old friend and benefactor. "R. S."

PHILOSOPHICAL MADMEN.

These unfortunate persons are in a somewhat similar position to that of theological madmen: they are mostly vain persons who have lost their way in matters too deep for them, and by reason of their vanity, and of the nature of the subject of their pursuits, are as difficult to deal with as those who speculate on religious mysteries. A deplorable instance of this class is afforded by Thomas Wirgman, who, after making a large fortune as a goldsmith and silversmith, in St. James's-street, London, squandered it all as a regenerating philosopher. He had paper made specially for his books, the same sheet consisting of several different colours; and as he changed the work

many times while it was printing, the cost was enormous: one book of 400 pages cost 2,276*l.* He published a grammar of the five senses, which was a sort of system of metaphysics for the use of children, and maintained that when it was universally adopted in schools, peace and harmony would be restored to the earth, and virtue would everywhere replace crime. He complained much that people would not listen to him, and that, although he had devoted nearly half a century to the propagation of his ideas, he had asked in vain to be appointed Professor in some University or College—so little does the world appreciate those who labour unto death in its service. "Nevertheless," exclaimed Wirgman, after another useless application, "while life remains I will not cease to communicate this blessing to the rising world."

William Martin, brother of the Jonathan Martin who set fire to York Minster, published several philosophical works, in which he announces himself as having overthrown the Newtonian philosophy. Being rather rudely treated by the critics, he defied them in a publication entitled, *William Martin's Challenge to all the World as a Philosopher and a Critic!* Another of his titles is: *A Critic on all False Men who pretend to be Critics, not being men of wisdom or genius.*

> "Well they know that William Martin has outstript
> Newton, Bacon, Boyle, and Lord Bolingbroke."

He was "convinced that he was the man whom the Divine Majesty had selected to discover the great secondary cause of things, and the true perpetual motion." "I supplicate the English Government to put an end to the abominable system that is practised under the eyes of God and man. A fool may rise and make a noise, but noise is not argument, and whoever from among the servants of the devil oppose the system of Martin, let them stand up one after another, and give a good reason for their opposition." The irritated philosopher was evidently in earnest.

A certain John Steward, who died in 1822, travelled over a great part of the world with the object of discovering the Polarization of Moral as Truth." He published several books, and he was of opinion that the kings of the earth would form a league for the purpose of destroying them; he begged of his friends that they would carefully wrap up some copies, so as to preserve them from moisture, and bury them

7 or 8 feet deep, taking care on their death-bed to declare, under the seal of secrecy, the place where they had buried them.

EASE IN MONEY-MATTERS.

Godwin, the author and bookseller, enjoyed a remarkable share of this kind of balm. Talfourd, in his *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, relates, that—"He (Godwin) met the exigencies which the vicissitudes of business sometimes caused, with the trusting simplicity which marked his course—he asked his friends for aid without scruple, considering that their means were justly the due of one who toiled in thought for their inward life, and had little time to provide for his own outward existence; and took their excuses, when afforded, without doubt or offence. The very next day after I had been honoured and delighted by an introduction to him at Lamb's chambers, I was made still more proud and happy by his appearance at my own on such an errand—which my poverty, not my will, rendered abortive. After some pleasant chat on indifferent matters, he carelessly observed, that he had a little bill for £150 falling due on the morrow, which he had forgotten till that morning, and desired the loan of the necessary amount for a few weeks. At first, in eager hope of being able thus to oblige one whom I regarded with admiration akin to awe, I began to consider whether it was possible for me to raise such a sum; but, alas! a moment's reflection sufficed to convince me that the hope was vain, and I was obliged, with much confusion, to assure my distinguished visitor how glad I should have been to serve him, but that I was only just starting as a special pleader, was obliged to write for magazines to help me on, and had not such a sum in the world. 'O dear,' said the philosopher, 'I thought you were a young gentleman of fortune. Don't mention it—don't mention it; I shall do very well elsewhere:' and then, in the most gracious manner, reverted to our former topics, and sat in my small room for half an hour, as if to convince me that my want of fortune made no difference in his esteem."

ILLEGIBLE HANDWRITING.

Jacob Bryant said of Archdeacon Coxe's hieroglyphics, that they could be called neither a hand nor a fist, but a foot, and that a club one. They formed a clumsy, tangled,

black skein, that ran across the paper in knots it was impossible to untie into a meaning. On one occasion, Bishop Barrington, while expostulating with the Archdeacon for sending him a letter he could not read, told him of a very bad writer, a Frenchman, who answered a letter thus: "Out of respect, sir, I write to you with my own hand: but to facilitate the reading, I send you a copy, which I have caused my amanuensis to make."

John Bell, of the Chancery bar, wrote three hands: one, which no one could read but himself; another, which his clerk could read, and he could not; and a third which nobody could read.

CHARLES LAMB AND THE COMPTROLLER OF STAMPS.

Haydon, in his Autobiography and Journals, relates many a droll story, but none exceeding in genuine fun the account of a dinner which he gave, in his painting-room, to Wordsworth, Lamb, Keats, and Ritchie the traveller. Wordsworth was in fine cue, Lamb got exceedingly mirthful and exquisitely witty; and his fun, in the midst of Wordsworth's solemn intonations of oratory, was like the sarcasm and wit of the fool in the intervals of Lear's passion. Lamb soon got delightfully merry. "Now," said Lamb, "you old Lake-poet, you rascally poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?" The party all defended Wordsworth, and affirmed there was a state of mind when Voltaire would be dull. "Well," said Lamb, "here's Voltaire, the Messiah of the French nation, and a very proper one too." It was delightful to see the good humour of Wordsworth in giving in to all these frolics without affectation, and laughing as heartily as the best of the party.

In the morning of this delightful day, a gentleman, a perfect stranger, had called on Haydon. He said he knew his friends had an enthusiasm for Wordsworth, and begged an introduction. He added he was a Comptroller of Stamps, and often had correspondence with Wordsworth. Haydon thought it a liberty, but at length consented; and when the party retired to tea, they found the Comptroller. In introducing him to Wordsworth, Haydon forgot to say who he was.

After a little time the Man of Stamps looked down, looked up, and said to Wordsworth, "Don't you think, sir, Milton was a great genius?" Keats looked at Haydon, Wordsworth

looked at the Comptroller. Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, "Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?" "No, sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not." "O!" said Lamb, "then you are a silly fellow." "Charles, my dear Charles," said Wordsworth; but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire. After an awful pause, the Comptroller said, "Don't you think Newton a great genius?" Haydon could not stand it any longer. Keats put his head into books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, "Who is this?" Lamb got up, and taking a candle, said, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" He then turned his back on the poor man, and at every question of the Comptroller he chaunted:

'Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to his bed with his breeches on.'

The man in office, finding Wordsworth did not know who he was, said in a spasmodic and half-chuckling anticipation of assured victory, "I have had the honour of some correspondence with you, Mr. Wordsworth." "With me, sir?" said Wordsworth; "not that I remember." "Don't you, sir? I am a Comptroller of Stamps." There was a dead silence; the Comptroller evidently thinking that was enough. While they were waiting for Wordsworth's reply, Lamb sung out:

'Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle.'

"My dear Charles," said Wordsworth:

'Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John,'

chaunted Lamb; and then, rising, exclaimed, "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs!" Keats and Haydon hurried Lamb into the painting-room, shut the door, and gave way to inextinguishable laughter. Monkhouse followed, and tried to get Lamb away. They went back, but the Comptroller was irreconcilable. They soothed and smiled, and asked him to supper. He stayed, though his dignity was sorely affected. However, being a good-natured man they parted all in good humour, and no ill effects followed. All the while, until Monkhouse succeeded, they

could hear Lamb struggling in the painting-room, and calling at intervals, "Who is that fellow? Allow me to see his organs once more."

ROAST PIG.

The following inedited Letter of Charles Lamb, from the Collection of his friend, Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury, and communicated to the *Illustrated London News*, in 1855, it may be interesting to compare with Lamb's famous "Dissertation on Roast Pig."

Twelfth-day, '23.

The pig was above my feeble praise. It was a dear pigmy. There was some contention as to who should have the ears, but, in spite of his obstinacy (deaf as these little creatures are to advice), I contrived to get at one of them.

It came in boots, too, which I took as a favour. Generally these petty toes, pretty toes! are missing. But I suppose he wore them, to look taller.

He must have been the least of his race. His little foots would have gone into the silver slipper. I take him to have been a Chinese, and a female.

If Evelyn could have seen him, he would never have farrowed two such prodigious volumes, seeing how much good can be contained in—how small a compass!

He crackled delicately.

I left a blank at top of my letter, not being determined *which* to address it to, so farmer and farmer's wife will please to divide our thanks. May your granaries be full, and your rats empty, and your chickens plump, and your envious neighbours lean, and your labourers busy, and you as idle and as happy as the day is long!

VIVE L'AGRICULTURE!

How do you make your pigs so little?
They are vastly engaging at that age.
I was so myself.
Now I am a disagreeable old hog—
A middle-aged-gentleman-and-a-half.
My faculties, thank God! are not much impaired.

I have my sight, hearing, taste, pretty perfect; and can read the Lord's Prayer in the common type, by the help of a candle, without making many mistakes.

Believe me, while my faculties last, a proper appreciator of your many kindnesses in this way; and that the last lingering relish of past flavours upon my dying memory will be the smack of that little ear. It was the left ear, which is lucky. Many happy returns (not of the pig) but of the New Year to both.

Mary, for her share of the pig and the memoirs, desires to send the same.

Yours truly, C. LAMB.

A NIGHT WITH CHARLES LAMB.

Thomas Hood has left this charming picture of his visit to his brother humourist.

"I put on my great-coat, and in a few minutes found myself, for the first time, at a door that opened to me as frankly as its master's heart; for, without any preliminaries of hall, passage, or parlour, one single step across the threshold brought me into the sitting-room, and in sight of the domestic hearth. The room looked brown with 'old bokes,' and beside the fire sate Wordsworth, and his sister, the hospitable Elia, and the excellent Bridget. As for the bard of Rydal his outward man did not, perhaps, disappoint one, but the *palaver* as the Indians say, fell short of my anticipations. Perhaps my memory is in fault; 't was many years ago, and, unlike the biographer of Johnson, I have never made Bozziness my business. However, excepting a discussion on the value of the promissory notes issued by our younger poets, wherein Wordsworth named Shelley, and Lamb took John Keats for choice, there was nothing of literary interest brought on the carpet. But a book man cannot always be bookish. A poet, even a Rydal one, must be glad at times to descend from saddle-back and feel his legs. He cannot, like the girl in the fairy tale, be always talking diamonds and pearls. It is a 'vulgar error" to suppose that an author must be always authoring, even with his feet on the fender. Nevertheless, it is not an uncommon impression, that a writer sonnetizes his wife, sings odes to his children, talks essays and epigrams to his friends, and reviews his servants. It was in something of this spirit that an official gentleman to whom I mentioned the pleasant literary meetings at Lamb's associated them in-

stantly with his parochial mutual instruction evening schools, and remarked, 'Yes, yes, all very proper and praiseworthy—of course you go there to *improve your minds.*'"

BLACK-LETTER.

An old friend of Charles Lamb having been in vain trying to make out a black-letter text of Chaucer in the Temple Library, laid down the precious volume, and with an erudite look told Lamb that "in those old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling;" and the anti-bibliomaniac seemed to console himself in the conclusion.

LITERARY BORROWING.

Sir Walter Scott, it seems, was a borrower of other men's wit. In his edition of Swift occurs the essay in which the following colloquy is given:

"*Colonel.*—Is it certain that Sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last?

"*Lord Sparkish.*—Yes, or else he's sadly wronged, for they have buried him."

But we find in Washington Irving's *Abbotsford* the following example of Scott's breakfast-table conversation:

"One morning at breakfast, when Dominie Thompson, the tutor, was present, Scott was going on with great glee to relate an anecdote of the Laird of Macnab, 'who, poor fellow!' premised he, 'is dead and gone.' 'Why, Mr. Scott,' exclaimed his good lady, 'Macnab's not dead, is he?' 'Faith, my dear,' replied Scott, with humorous gravity, 'if he's not dead, they have done him great injustice, for they've buried him.' The joke passed harmless and unnoticed by Mr. Scott, but hit the poor Dominie just as he had raised a cup of tea to his lips, causing a burst of laughter which sent half of the contents about the table."

SHOOTING GAME.

"Time has been," said Sir Walter Scott to Captain Basil Hall, "when I did shoot a great deal, but somehow I never very much liked it. I was never quite at ease when I had knocked down my black-cock, and going to pick him up, he

cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbours,—but I am not ashamed to say, that no practice ever reconciled me to the cruelty of the affair."

UNLUCKY REFLECTION.

Mr. Jephson, the elder, lived at Blackrock, and was, for a considerable period, the poet-laureate and master of the horse of the Viceregal court, at Dublin. He lost his place and pension by an untimely exercise of his wit, at a dinner given to the Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Buckingham, who happened to observe, in an unlucky mirror, the reflection of Jephson in the act of mimicking himself. The Marquis immediately discharged him from the offices he held.—*Lord Cloncurry's Life and Times.*

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS' SECRET.

Mr. Lockhart, in his Life of SirWalter Scott, has availed himself, with good judgment, of Mr. Leycester Adolphus's "eloquent paper of reminiscences of scenes at Abbotsford," in explanation of the great literary secret of that day,—the authorship of the Waverley Novels.

During Scott's visit to London, in July, 1821, there appeared a work which was read with eager curiosity and delight by the public—with much private diversion besides by his friends—and which he himself must have gone through with a very odd mixture of emotions. This work was the volume of "Letters to Richard Heber, containing Critical Remarks on the series of Novels beginning with Waverley, and an attempt to ascertain their author;" which volume was soon known to have been penned by Mr. John Leycester Adolphus. Previously to the publication of these Letters, the opinion that Scott was the author of *Waverley* had, indeed, been well settled in the English, to say nothing of the Scotch, mind; a great variety of circumstances, external as well as internal, had, by degrees, co-operated to this general establishment; yet there were not wanting persons who still dissented, or at least affected to dissent, from it. It was reserved, (says Mr. Lockhart,) for the enthusiastic industry and admirable ingenuity of this juvenile academic, to set the

question at rest, by an accumulation of critical evidence which no sophistry could evade; and yet produced in a style of such high-bred delicacy, that it was impossible for the hitherto "veiled prophet" to take the slightest offence with the hand that had for ever abolished the disguise. The only sceptical scruple that survived this exposition, was extinguished in due time by Scott's avowal of the *sole and unassisted* authorship of his novels; and now Mr. Adolphus's letters have shared the fate of other elaborate arguments, the thesis of which has ceased to be controverted. Hereafter, I am persuaded the volume will be revived for its own sake. I have it not in my power to produce the letter in which Scott conveyed to Heber his opinion of this work. I know, however, that it ended with a request that he should present Mr. Adolphus with his thanks for the handsome terms in which his poetical efforts had been spoken of throughout, and request him, in the name of the *Author of Marmion*, not to re-visit Scotland without reserving a day for Abbotsford; and the *Eidolon* of the author of *Waverley* was made a few months afterwards, to speak as follows in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel." "These letters to the member for the University of Oxford show the wit, the genius, and delicacy of the author, which I heartily wish to see engaged on a subject of more importance."

An old lady, who lived not far from Abbotsford, and from whom the "Great Unknown" had derived many an ancient tale, was waited upon one day by the author of *Waverley* On endeavouring to give the authorship the go-by, the old dame protested, "D'ye think, sir, I dinna ken my ain groats in ither folks kail?"

Scott is known to have much profited by Constable's bibliographical knowledge, which was very extensive. The latter christened "Kenilworth," which Scott had named "Cumnor Hall." John Ballantyne objected to the former title, and told Constable the result would be "something worthy of the kennel;" but the result proved the reverse. Mr. Cadell relates that Constable's vanity boiled over so much at this time, on having his suggestions gone into, that, in his high moods, he used to stalk up and down his room, and exclaim, "By Jove, I am all but the author of the Waverley Novels!"

POETRY AND PROSE.

One fine day in spring, Sir Walter Scott strolled forth with Lady Scott, to enjoy a walk around Abbotsford. In their wanderings they passed a field where a number of ewes were enduring the frolics of their lambs. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter, "'tis no wonder that poets, from the earliest ages, have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are, indeed, delightful animals," returned Lady Scott, "especially with mint-sauce."

SCOTT'S DIVISION OF HIS TIME.

Division of time is the grand secret of successful industry. Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, shows how effectually the illustrious subject of his memoir found opportunity for unequalled literary labour, even while enjoying all the amusements of a man of leisure. "Sir Walter Scott rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation; for," says his biographer, "he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those 'bed-gown and slipper tricks,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him, on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language) 'to break the neck of the day's work.' After breakfast a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.' When the weather was bad, he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed overnight, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness."

MISS EDGEWORTH AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In the autumn of 1823, Miss Edgeworth, accompanied by two of her sisters, made a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford. She not only, he said, completely answered, but exceeded the expectations of her which he had formed, and he was particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good-humoured ardour of mind which she united with such formidable powers of observation. "Never," says Mr. Lockhart, "did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there; never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by Scott at his archway, and exclaimed, 'everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream.' The weather was beautiful, and the edifice and its appurtenances were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety."

Miss Edgeworth remained a fortnight at Abbotsford. Two years after, she had an opportunity of repaying the hospitalities of her entertainer, by receiving him at Edgeworth-town, in the county of Longford, Ireland, where Sir Walter met with as cordial a welcome, and where he found "neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about." Literary fame had spoiled neither of these eminent persons, nor unfitted them for common business, and enjoyment of life. "We shall never," said Scott, "learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart." Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes, her tears were always ready when anything generous was touched—(for, as Pope says, "the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest") but she brushed them gaily aside, and said, "You see how it is: Dean Swift said he had written his books, in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter wrote his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do."

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S EMBARRASSMENTS.

The utterly unexpected bankruptcy of Scott fell on Edinburgh like a thunderbolt at the opening of the year 1826. "Well," says Cockburn, in his *Memorials*, "do I remember

his first appearance after this calamity was divulged, when he walked into court, one day in January. There was no affectation, and no reality, of *facing it;* no look of indifference or defiance; but the manly and modest air of a gentleman conscious of some folly, but of perfect rectitude, and of the most heroic and honourable resolutions." [Scott says, in his *Diary,* "I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament House—felt as if I were liable *monstrari digito* in no very pleasant way."] "It was on that very day, I believe, that he said a very fine thing. Some of his friends offered him, or rather proposed to offer him, enough of money, as was supposed, to enable him to arrange with his creditors. He paused for a moment, and then, recollecting his powers, said proudly—'No! this right hand shall work it all off!' His friend William Clerk supped with him one night after his ruin was declared. They discussed the whole affair, its causes and probable consequences, openly and playfully; till at last they laughed over their noggins at the change, and Sir Walter observed that he felt 'something like Lambert and the other regicides, who, Pepys says, when he saw them going to be hanged and quartered, were as cheerful and comfortable as any gentlemen could be in that situation.'"

SCOTT'S POWER OF OBSERVATION.

Mr. Goodrich, (Peter Parley,) in one of his visits to England, dined at Mr. Lockhart's, where the following curious instance of Scott's accuracy and power of minute observation was related by Sir Walter himself.

"The most remarkable thing about the American Indians," said Blackwood, "is their being able to follow in the trail of their enemies, by their footprints left in the leaves, upon the grass, and even upon the moss of the rocks. The accounts given of this seem hardly credible."

"I can readily believe it, however," said Sir Walter. "You must remember that this is a part of their education. I have learned at Abbotsford to discriminate between the hoof-marks of all our neighbours' horses, and I taught the same thing to Mrs. Lockhart. It is, after all, not so difficult as you might think. Every horse's foot has some peculiarity—either of size, shoeing, or manner of striking the earth. I was once walking with Southey—a mile or more from home—across

the fields. At last we came to a bridle-path, leading toward Abbotsford, and here I noticed fresh hoof-prints. Of this I said nothing; but pausing and looking up with an inspired expression, I said to Southey—'I have a gift of second sight; we shall have a stranger to dinner!'

"'And what may be his name?' was the reply.

"'Scott,' said I.

"'Ah, it is some relation of yours,' he said; 'you have invited him, and you would pass off, as an example of your Scottish gift of prophecy, a matter previously agreed upon!'

"'Not at all,' said I. 'I assure you that till this moment I never thought of such a thing.'

"When we got home, I was told that Mr. Scott, a farmer living some three or four miles distant, and a relative of mine was waiting to see me. Southey looked astounded. The man remained to dinner, and he was asked if he had given any intimation of his coming. He replied in the negative: that indeed he had no idea of visiting Abbotsford when he left home. After enjoying Southey's wonder for some time, I told him that I saw the tracks of Mr. Scott's horse in the bridle-path, and inferring that he was going to Abbotsford, easily foresaw that we should have him to dinner."

Mrs. Lockhart confirmed her father's statement, and told how, in walking over the country together, they had often amused themselves in studying the hoof-prints along the roads.

Lady Hester Stanhope used to relate the following instance of minute observation in her grandfather, Lord Chatham. His memory of things, even of a common nature, was very striking. On passing a place where he had been ten years before, he would observe that there used to be a tree, or a stone, or a something that was gone, and on inquiry it was proved to be so; yet he travelled always with four horses at a great rate.

"SAY SOMETHING CLEVER."

Sir Walter Scott used to relate, that a friend of his once met in a stage-coach, a man that utterly baffled all efforts at conversation. Yet, this friend piqued himself on his conversational powers; he tried his fellow-traveller on many points, but in vain, and at length he expostulated; "I have talked to you, my friend, on all ordinary subjects—literature, farming, merchandize—gaming, game-laws, horse-races—suits-at-

law—politics, and swindling, and blasphemy, and philosophy —is there any one subject you will favour me by opening upon?" The wight writhed his countenance into a grin— "Sir," said he, "can you say anything clever about bend-leather?" (thick leather for soleing.)

SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT.

Sir Walter Scott, on being asked to sit for his portrait for Terry, the comedian, said, that both he and his dog, Maida, were tired of that sort of thing—Maida particularly so; for, she had been so often sketched, that whenever she saw an artist unfurl his paper and arrange his brushes, she got up, and walked off with a dignity and an expression of loathing almost human.

AN INCOMPLETE CHARM.

John Bruce, Highland piper to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, prescribed, as a remedy for cramp, with which his master was often afflicted, twelve stones taken from twelve south running streams, on which Sir Walter was to sleep, and be of course restored. Sir Walter told the piper the receipt was infallible, but to make it entirely successful, the stones must be wrapped in a petticoat belonging to a widow who had never wished to marry again. This was hopeless, and the piper abandoned his efforts to complete the charm.

INDIFFERENCE TO MONEY.

Men who gloat over their money-bags will scarcely credit the following anecdote of Cavendish, the wealthy chemist, one of whose eccentricities was his entire disregard of money:—

"The bankers (says Mr. Pepys) where he kept his account, in looking over their affairs, found he had a considerable sum in their hands, some say nearly eighty thousand pounds, and one of them said, that he did not think it right that it should lie so without investment. He was therefore commissioned to wait upon Mr. Cavendish, who at that time resided at Clapham. Upon his arrival at the house he desired to speak to Mr. Cavendish. The servant said, 'What is your business with him?' He did not choose to tell the servant. The servant then said, 'You must wait till my master rings his bell, and then I will let him know.' In about a quarter of

an hour the bell rang, and the banker had the curiosity to listen to the conversation which took place. 'Sir, there is a person below, who wants to speak to you.' 'Who is he? Who is he? What does he want with me?' 'He says he is your banker, and must speak to you.' Mr. Cavendish, in great agitation, desires he may be sent up, and, before he entered the room, cries, 'What do you come here for? What do you want with me?' 'Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and wish for your orders respecting it.' 'If it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me.' 'Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested.' 'Well! well! What do you want to do?' 'Perhaps you would like to have forty thousand pounds invested.' 'Do so! Do so; and don't come here and trouble me, or I will remove it.'"

Cavendish lived a retired life, and to strangers he was very reserved. His library was immense, and he fixed it at a distance from his own residence, that he might not be disturbed by those who came to consult it. His friends were allowed to take books, and he himself never withdrew a book without giving a receipt for it. Cavendish died in 1810, leaving more than a million sterling among different relations.

IMPROVIDENCE OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Mr. Justice Talfourd's liberality in money matters was unbounded, and this was a dangerous virtue to practice amongst the circle in which he acquired his first experience of literary life in London. More than one of the most famous of these were wont to regard their friends' purses as common property, and as Talfourd's was seldom quite empty, he was constantly laid under contribution, with slender chance of reciprocation or return. On one occasion, Haydon, the painter, applied for pecuniary aid in what he represented as unforeseen and pressing distress. Talfourd had laid aside a sum for a holiday trip to Ramsgate with his family, but deeming a friend's necessities a paramount call, he at once handed over the whole of his reserve to the painter, who thanked him with tears, as for a deliverance from disgrace and misery. The credulous donor happening, a day or two after, to go to the Tower

Stairs to see a friend's family (with whom his own meditated trip had been concocted) off by the packet, one of the first persons he met upon deck was Haydon, who, having reasons of his own for wishing to spend a month by the sea-side, had got up his sad story and his rueful countenance to raise the required funds.

Talfourd was fond of relating also the following illustration of the improvidence of a man of genius who has largely contributed to the intellectual enjoyments of most of us. This gentleman had invited a large party to dinner, and nothing seemed wanting to the festivity, when it was observed that, although wine was served in profusion, there were no two bottles of the same. The mystery was explained without hesitation or compunction by the Amphitryon. "I have no credit with my wine-merchant, nor, to say the truth, with any other man's wine-merchant; and I was sadly puzzled how to manage for you, when a fellow knocked at the door with specimens of Italian wines, or what he called wines; so I told him to leave a bottle of each on trial, and call again to-morrow." This announcement was far from reassuring, and as some of the company complained of incipient pains in the stomach, he was requested to send for some brandy by way of antidote. "With all my heart," was the reply, "but you must first club your sixpence apiece;" and the sixpences being clubbed accordingly, the threatened sickness was averted, and the half-empty bottles of wine were put aside to be returned to the composer.

TALFOURD AT THE THEATRE.

Nothing could exceed Talfourd's passion for the stage. If he took up a newspaper, his eye wandered instinctively to the theatrical columns, and he may have been seen daily stopping to read one set of play-bills after another, on his way to and from Westminster Hall. The late Mr. Rogers used to relate that a literary friend, with whom he was walking on the sands near Broadstairs, happening to say that he should see Talfourd that evening, he (Rogers) asked, "Are you going to town or is he coming here?" "Neither one nor the other; but I see that *Glencoe* is to be acted to-night at the Dover Theatre. I am sure he will be there; and as I wish to see him, I shall go over upon the chance." He did

go, and the first object that met his eye on entering the theatre, was Talfourd in a stage box, listening in wrapt attention to his own verses.

A WORDSWORTHIAN DISPUTE.

Next in order to Justice Talfourd's mania for the stage was his admiration for Wordsworth's poetry, "which," he maintained, "has exerted a purifying influence on the literature of this country, such as no other individual power has ever wrought." He was fond of telling an amusing illustration of his enthusiasm on this subject. During one of his visits to Edinburgh, he was dining with Professor Wilson, who professed the same taste, and when they were tolerably far advanced into the mirth and fun of a Nox Ambrosiana, a laughing dispute arose as to which recited Wordsworth best. A young Scotchman who alone, of all the original party, had endured the pitiless pelting of the storm, having decided in the Professor's favour, the learned Serjeant protested against this judgment as unfair, and seizing his hat, rushed out to appeal to the watchman, who was crying "past two," before the door. He could never recall the terms of the Scotch Dogberry's award; but he well remembered waking and finding himself, the next afternoon, in bed, at his hotel, his intention having been to start at 8 A.M. for Loch Lomond.

"WE ARE SEVEN."

This popular poem by Wordsworth, was composed, while the author was walking in the grove at Alfoxden. As he paced to and fro, the poet produced the last stanza first, having begun with the last line. "When it was all but finished, I" (says Wordsworth,) "came in and recited it to Mr. Coleridge and my sister, and said, 'A prefatory stanza must be added, and I should sit down to our little tea-meal with greater pleasure if my task were finished.' I mentioned in substance what I wished to express, and Coleridge immediately threw off the stanza thus:

'A little child, dear brother Jem.'

I objected to the rhyme, 'dear brother Jem,' as being ludicrous, but we all enjoyed the joke of hitching in our friend, James T——'s name, who was familiarly called Jem.

93744

He was the brother of the dramatist, and this reminds me of an anecdote which may be worth while here to notice. The said Jem got a sight of the *Lyrical Ballads*, as it was going through the press at Bristol, during which time I was residing in that city. One evening he came to me with a grave face, and said, 'Wordsworth, I have seen the volume that Coleridge and you are about to publish. There is one poem in it which I earnestly entreat you will cancel, for if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous.' I answered that I felt much obliged by the interest he took in my good name as a writer, and begged to know what was the unfortunate piece he alluded to. He said 'It is called "We are seven."' Nay! said I, that shall take its chance, however, and he left me in despair."

"TOM CRINGLE'S LOG."

The author of the *Log* was a Mr. Mick Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1789, and educated at the High School there. Several years of his life were spent in the West Indies; he ultimately married, returned to his native country, and there embarked in commercial speculations, in the leisure between which he wrote the *Log*. Notwithstanding its popularity in Europe and America, the author preserved his incognito to the last. He survived his publisher for some years, and it was not till the death of the author that the sons of Mr. Blackwood were aware of his name.

The *Log* is, perhaps, the earliest specimen of that vicious plan of narrative writing in magazines and serials, which renders it indispensable that each month's number should have its "sensation" incidents; so that when the work is completed, and read in a volume, it generally tires you with its thickset catastrophes. When *Tom Cringle's Log* was finished, it was found to present this very unsatisfactory result.

COLERIDGE, A LIGHT DRAGOON.

When Coleridge was at Cambridge, he paid his addresses to a Mary Evans, who, rejecting his offer, he took it so much in dudgeon, that he withdrew from the university to London; and, in a reckless state of mind, he enlisted in the 15th regiment of Elliot's Light Dragoons. No objection having

been taken to his height or age, he was asked his name. He had previously determined to give one that was thoroughly Kamschatkian, but having noticed that morning, over a door in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or the Temple, the name of "Cumberbatch" (not Cumberback), he thought this word sufficiently outlandish, and replied "Silas Tomken Cumberbatch;" and such was the entry in the regimental book.

In one of the laborious duties of his new capacity—the drill,—the poet so failed that the drill-sergeant, thought his professional character endangered; for, after using his utmost efforts to bring his raw recruit into something like training, he expressed the most serious fears, from his unconquerable awkwardness, that he should never be able to make *a soldier of him.*

Mr. C., it seemed, could not even rub down his own horse, which, however, it should be known, was rather a restive one. —This rubbing down of his horse was a constant source of annoyance to Mr. C., who thought the most rational way was—to let the horse rub himself down, shaking himself clean, and so to shine in all his native beauty; but on this subject there were two opinions, and his that was to decide carried most weight. Mr. C. overcame this difficulty by bribing a young man of the regiment to perform the achievement for him, and that on very easy terms, namely, by writing him some love stanzas to send his sweetheart.

There was no man in the regiment who met with so many falls from his horse as Silas Tomken Cumberbatch. He often calculated, with so little precision, his due equilibrium, that, in mounting on one side—perhaps the wrong stirrup—the probability was, especially if his horse moved a little, that he lost his balance, and if he did not roll back on this side, came down ponderously on the other. Then the laugh spread amongst the men—"Silas is off again." Mr. C. had often heard of campaigns, but he never before had so correct an idea of hard service.

Some mitigation was now in store for Coleridge, arising out of a whimsical circumstance. He had been placed, as a sentinel, at the door of a ball-room, or some public place of resort, when two of his officers, passing in, stopped for a moment near him, talking about Euripides, two lines from whom one of them repeated.

At the sound of Greek, the sentinel instinctively turned

his ear, when he said, with all deference, touching his lofty cap, "I hope your honour will excuse me, but the lines you have repeated are not quite accurately cited. These are the lines," when he gave them in their more correct form. "Besides," said Mr. C., "instead of being in Euripides, the lines will be found in the second antistrophe of the Œdipus of Sophocles." "Why, man, who are you?" said the officer; "old Faustus ground young again?" "I am your honour's humble sentinel," said Coleridge, again touching his cap.

The officers hastened into the room, and inquired of one and another about that "odd fish" at the door, when one of the mess—it is believed the surgeon—told them that he had his eye upon him, but he could neither tell where he came from, nor anything about his family of the Cumberbatches; "but," continued he, "instead of his being an 'odd fish,' I suspect he must be a 'stray bird' from the Oxford or Cambridge aviary." They learned also the laughable fact, that he was bruised all over by frequent falls from his horse. "Ah!" said one of the officers, "we have had, at different times, two or three of these 'university birds' in our regiment."

This suspicion was confirmed by one of the officers, Mr. Nathaniel Ogle, who observed that he had noticed a line of Latin chalked under one of the men's saddles, and was told, on inquiring whose saddle it was, that it was Cumberbatch's.

The officers now kindly took pity on the "poor scholar," and had Coleridge removed to the medical department, where he was appointed assistant in the regimental hospital. This change was a vast improvement in his condition; and happy was the day also, on which it took place, for the sake of the sick patients; for Silas Tomken Cumberbatch's amusing stories, they said, did them more good than all the doctor's physic.

In one of these interesting conversations, when Mr. C. was sitting on the foot of the bed, surrounded by his gaping comrades, the door was suddenly burst open, and in came two or three gentlemen, his friends: looking some time in vain, amid the uniform dresses for their man, at length they pitched on Mr. C., and, taking him by the arm, led him in silence out of the room. As the supposed *deserter*, passed the threshold, one of the astonished auditors uttered, with a sigh, "Poor Silas! I wish they may let him off with a cool five

hundred." Coleridge's ransom was soon joyfully adjusted by his friends, and he was soldier no more.

THE POETS IN A PUZZLE.

Cottle, in his Life of Coleridge, relates the following amusing incident:—"I led my horse to the stable, where a sad perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty; but after many strenuous attempts I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on; for he said, 'it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow an aperture." Just at this instant, a servant-girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, 'Ha! master,' said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this,' when, turning the collar upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained."

MEMORABILIA OF COLERIDGE.

He said of an old cathedral, that it always appeared to him like a *petrified religion.*

Hearing some one observe that the religious sentiments introduced in Sheridan's *Pizarro* met with great applause on the stage, he replied that he thought this a sure sign of the decay of religion; for when people began to patronise it as an amiable theatrical sentiment, they had no longer any real faith in it.

He said of a Mr. H—, a friend of Fox's, who always put himself forward to interpret the great orator's sentiments, and almost took the words out of his mouth, that it put him in mind of the steeple of St. Martin, on Ludgate-hill, which is

constantly getting in the way when you wish to see the dome of St. Paul's.

He observed of some friend, that he had thought himself out of a handsome face, and into a fine one.

He said of the French, that they received and gave out sensations too quickly, to be a people of imagination. He thought Moliere's father must have been an Englishman.

According to Mr. Coleridge, common rhetoricians argued by metaphors; Burke reasoned in them.

He considered acuteness as a shop-boy quality compared with subtlety of mind; and quoted Paine as an example of the first, Berkeley as the perfection of the last.

He extolled Bishop Butler's Sermons at the Rolls' Chapel as full of thought and sound views of philosophy; and conceived that he had proved the love of piety and virtue to be as natural to the mind of man as the delight it receives from the colour of a rose or the smell of a lily. He spoke of the Analysis as theological special-pleading.

He had no opinion of Hume, and very idly disputed his originality. He said the whole of his argument on miracles was to be found stated (as an objection) somewhere in Barrow.

He said Thomson was a true poet, but an indolent one. He seldom wrote a good line, but he "rewarded resolution" by following it up with a bad one. Cowper he regarded as the reformer of the Della Cruscan style in poetry, and the founder of the modern school.

Being asked which he thought the greater man, Milton or Shakspeare, he replied that he could hardly venture to pronounce an opinion—that Shakspeare appeared to him to have the strength, the stature of his rival, with infinitely more agility; but that he could not bring himself after all to look upon Shakspeare as anything more than a beardless stripling, and that if he had ever arrived at man's estate, he would not have been a man but a monster of intellect.

Being told that Mrs. Woolstonecroft exerted a very great ascendancy over the mind of her husband, he said—"It was always the case: people of imagination naturally took the lead of people of mere understanding and acquirement."

He spoke of Mackintosh as deficient in original resources: he was neither the great merchant nor manufacturer of intellectual riches; but the ready warehouseman, who had a large assortment of goods, not properly his own, and who knew

where to lay his hand on whatever he wanted. An argument which he had sustained for three hours together with another erudite person on some grand question of philosophy, being boasted of in Coleridge's hearing as a mighty achievement, the latter bluntly answered, "Had there been a man of genius among you, he would have settled the point in five minutes."

He used to speak with some drollery and unction of his meeting in his tour in Germany with a Lutheran clergyman, who expressed a great curiosity about the fate of Dr. Dodd in a Latin gibberish which he could not at first understand. "*Doctorem Tott, Doctorem Tott! Infelix homo, collo suspensus!*"—he called out in an agony of anxiety, fitting the action to the word, and the idea of the reverend divine just then occurring to Mr. Coleridge's imagination. The Germans have a strange superstition that Dr. Dodd is still wandering in disguise in the Hartz forest in Germany; and his *Prison Thoughts* is a favourite book with the initiated.

He once dined in company with a person who listened to him, and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple-dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them than he burst forth "Them's the jockeys for me!" Coleridge adds, "I wish Spurzheim could have examined the follow's head."

He was (as we have said) a remarkably awkward horseman. On a certain occasion he was riding along the turnpike road, in the county of Durham, when a wag, approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and, quite mistaking his man, thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport; when, as he drew near, he thus accosted him: "I say, young man, did you meet a *tailor* on the road?" "Yes," replied Coleridge, "I did; and he told me if I went a little further, I should meet a *goose!*"

Thelwall and Coleridge were sitting once in a beautiful recess in the Quantock hills, when the latter said: "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!" "Nay, citizen Samuel," replied he, "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason!"

"Alas!" says Coleridge, speaking of the difficulty of fixing the attention of men on the world within them, "the largest part of mankind are nowhere greater strangers than at home."

COLERIDGE "DONE UP."

"I have had a good deal to do with Jews, (Coleridge used to say,) although I never borrowed any money of them. The other day I was what you call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last, I was so provoked that I said to him: 'Pray, why can't you say '*old clothes*' in a plain way as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, replied, in a clear and even fine accent: "Sir, I can say 'old clothes' as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say *ogh clo*, as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.

Elsewhere he relates: "It is not easy to put me out of countenance, or interrupt the feeling of the time by mere external noise or circumstance; yet once I was thoroughly *done up*. I was reciting, at a particular house, *the Remorse*, and was in the midst of Athadra's description of the death of her husband, when a scrubby boy, with a shining face set in dirt, burst open the door, and cried out: 'Please, ma'am, master says, will you ha', or will you *not* ha', the pin-round?'"

Coleridge, however, was a better preacher than practitioner of what he so urgently recommends. When in his younger days he was offered a share in the *London Journal*, by which he could have made two thousand pounds a year, provided he would devote his time seriously to the interest of the work, he declined,—making the reply, so often praised for its disinterestedness, "I will not give up the country, and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times two thousand pounds; in short, beyond three hundred and fifty pounds a year, I consider money a real evil." The "lazy reading of old folios" led to laziness, the indolent gratification of mind and sense. Degenerating into an opium-eater, and a mere purposeless theoriser, Coleridge wasted time, talents, and health; came to depend, in old age, on the charity of others; and died at last, with every one regretting, even his friends, that he had done nothing worthy of his genius.

COLERIDGE AND HIS SON HARTLEY.

Of Hartley Coleridge, Southey ominously foretold "that if he lives he will dream away life like his father; too much delighted over his own ideas ever to embody them or suffer them, if he can help it, to be disturbed." Southey writes:

"Moses grows up as miraculous a boy as ever King Pharaoh's daughter found his namesake to be. I am perfectly astonished at him; and his father has the same sentiment of wonder and the same forefeeling that it is a prodigious and an unnatural intellect,—and that he will not live to be a man. There is more in the old woman's saying, 'he is too clever to live,' than appears to a common observer. Diseases which ultimately destroy, in their early stages quicken and kindle the intellect like opium. It seems as if death looked out the most promising plants in this great nursery, to plant them in a better soil. The boy's great delight is to his father to talk metaphysics to him,—few *men* understand him so perfectly;—and then his own incidental sayings are quite wonderful. 'The pity is,'—said he one day to his father, who was expressing some wonder that he was not so pleased as he expected with riding in a wheelbarrow,—'the pity is that *I'se* always thinking of my thoughts.' The child's imagination is equally surprising; he invents the wildest tales you ever heard,—a history of the Kings of England who are to be. 'How do you know that this is to come to pass, Hartley?' 'Why you know it must be something, or it would not be in my head;' and so, because it had not been, did Moses conclude it must be, and away he prophesies of his King Thomas the Third. Then he has a tale of a monstrous beast called the Rabzeze Kallaton, whose skeleton is on the outside of his flesh; and he goes on with the oddest and most original inventions, till he sometimes actually terrifies himself, and says, '*I'se* afraid of my own thoughts.' It may seem like superstition, but I have a feeling that such an intellect can never reach maturity. The springs are of too exquisite workmanship to last long."

THE AMBASSADOR FLOORED.

What dull coxcombs your diplomatists at home generally are! (says Coleridge, in his *Table Talk*). I remember dining at Mr. Frere's, in company with Mr. Canning and a few other

interesting men. Just before dinner, Lord —— called on Frere, and asked himself to dinner. From the moment of his entry he began to talk to the whole party, and in French, all of us being genuine English; and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France, and seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war. Of none of these things did he say a word, but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery, and dress, and the like. At last he paused for a little: and I said a few words, remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioned the grandeur of the Deluge, and preservation of life in Genesis and the *Paradise Lost*, and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton's description, in his Noah's Flood:

> And now the beasts are walking from the wood,
> As well of ravine, as that chew the cud;
> The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,
> And to the Ark leads down the lioness;
> The bull for his beloved mate doth low,
> And to the Ark brings down the fair-eyed cow, &c.

Hereupon Lord R—— resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah's Ark, and said the animals were all walking two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great majesty and filled up the foreground. "Ah! no doubt, my lord," said Canning: "your elephants, wise fellows! staid behind to pack up their trunks!" This floored the ambassador for half an hour.

RICHARD HEBER'S LIBRARY.

The greatest book-sale, probably, that ever took place in the world, was that of the collection of Richard Heber, in 1834. The Catalogue was bound up in five thick octavo volumes. Yet this magnificent collection had but a small beginning—one small chance volume, picked up at a stall, entitled "The Vallie of Varietie," about which he was for a time in doubt whether "to buy or not to buy." Heber lived to think nothing of going hundreds of miles any time in search of a book not in his collection. Nor would one copy suffice him. "No man," he used to say, "can comfortably do without three copies of a book—one for a show copy, at his

country-house ; a second for his own use and reference ; and a third to lend to his friends."

Heber lived and died in a small gloomy house within the gates of Elliot's Brewery, between Brewer-street, Pimlico, and York-street, Westminster: here he had a portion of his extensive and noble library—a second portion occupied the whole of a house, from kitchen to attic, in James-street, Buckingham-gate—a third portion was at Hodnet, his country-seat—and at Paris he had a fourth depôt.

He had a library in the High-street, Oxford, another at Antwerp, another at Brussels, another at Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries, and in Germany. But Heber was no mere collector of books. He was a ripe scholar. The Church and literature at large owe him a debt which centuries will not repay ; and many a modern library is now rich with spoils from the diligence, the perseverance, and learning of Richard Heber.*

Mr. Hill Burton, in his *Book-hunter*, relates the following incident of Heber's experience in the rarity-market. A celebrated dealer in old books was passing a chandler's shop, where he was stopped by a few filthy old volumes in the window. One of them he found to be a volume of old English poetry, which he—a practised hand in that line—saw was utterly unknown as existing, though not unrecorded. Three and sixpence was asked ; he stood out for half-a-crown, on first principles, but, not succeeding, he paid the larger sum, and walked away, book in pocket, to a sale, where the first person he saw was Heber. Him the triumphant book-seller drew into a corner, with "Why do you come to auctions to look for scarce books, when you can pick up such things as this in a chandler's shop for three and sixpence?" "Bless me, ——, where did you get this?" "That's tellings! I may get more there." "——, I must have this." "Not a penny under thirty guineas!" A cheque was drawn, and a profit of 17,900 per cent. cleared by the man who had his eyes about him ; in whose estimation such a sum was paltry compared with the triumph over Heber.

* Dr. Dibdin addressed to him a curious epistle, entitled, "Bibliomania ; or Book Madness : containing some account of the history, symptoms, and cure of this fatal disease."

PORSONIANA.

Moore, in his *Diary*, tells us that the coolness with which Porson received the intelligence of the destruction by fire of his long-laboured *Photius* was remarkable. He merely quoted "To each his sufferings—all are men;" adding, "Let us speak no more on the subject," and next day patiently began his work all again.

At some college dinner, where, in giving toasts, the name was spoken from one end of the table, and a quotation applicable to it was to be supplied from the other, on the name of Gilbert Wakefield being given out, Porson, who hated him, roared forth, "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

The Greek scholar and classical wit, was extremely convivial; but *he never drank alone.* Porson lived in times much more lax than the present; yet his excesses, even in an age of hard-drinking, were frightful. Dr. Parr and Horne Tooke were not addicted to thin potations. The Prince Regent was an excellent toss-pot. Sheridan bore his blushing honours upon his face. John Kemble drank claret from sunset to sunrise. "Seldom," says Sydney Smith, "did gentlemen in the last century come sober into the drawing-room." A three-bottle man at this moment is almost a prodigy. Porson, however, was scarcely more ahead of his contemporaries in Greek than he was in drinking. He had an almost superhuman power of doing without sleep. To be requested to take his hat and go to his lodgings, at two in the morning, was resented by him as inhospitable treatment. *He could drink anything* —ink, it was said. He once drank an embrocation. Here is another instance of this omnivorous drinking:—

When his friend Hoppner, the painter, was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson, one afternoon, unexpectedly arrived there. Hoppner said he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. Hoppner had gone to town, and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson, however, declared that he would be contented with a mutton-chop and beer from the next alehouse; and, accordingly, stayed to dine. During the evening, Porson said, "I am quite certain that Mrs. Hoppner keeps some nice bottle for her private drinking, in her own bed-room; so pray try if you can lay your hands on it." His host assured

him that Mrs. Hoppner had no such stores; but Porson, insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hoppner, and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day, Hoppner, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. "Drunk every drop of it!" cried she. "Good Heavens! it was *spirit of wine for the lamp!*"

Early in life, Porson accepted the situation of tutor to a young gentleman in the Isle of Wight; but he was soon forced to relinquish that office, having been found drunk in a ditch or turnip-field. When in company, he would not scruple to return to the dining-room, after the guests had left it, pour into a tumbler the drops remaining in the wine-glasses, and drink off the *omnium gatherum*. If he left the house soon after twelve o'clock, he would indignantly call it being "turned out of doors like a dog!" When living in the Middle Temple, he often came home dead-drunk, sometimes falling on the floor, to the disturbance of his neighbours; putting out the candle in his fall, then staggering down stairs to re-light it, and dodging and poking about the lantern, and cursing "the nature of things."

THE GOUTY SHOE.

James Smith used to relate this incident, showing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country-house, when a gentleman proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure-grounds.

"Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe?"

"Yes, I see that plain enough, and I wish I'd brought one too; but they are all out now."

"Well, and what then?"

"What then? why, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say that you have really got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to get off being shown over the improvements."

A CLOSE ESCAPE.

One of James Smith's favourite anecdotes related to Colonel Greville. The Colonel requested young James to call at his lodgings, and in the course of their first interview related the

particulars of the most curious circumstance in his life. He was taken prisoner, during the American war, along with three other officers of the same rank. One evening they were summoned into the presence of Washington, who announced to them that the conduct of their Government, in condemning one of his officers to death as a rebel, compelled him to make reprisals: and that, much to his regret, he was under the necessity of requiring them to cast lots, without delay, to decide which of them should be hanged. They were then bowed out, and returned to their quarters. Four slips of paper were put into a hat, and the shortest was drawn by Captain Asgill, who exclaimed, "I knew how it would be; I never won so much as a hit at backgammon in my life." As Greville told the story, he was selected to sit up with Captain Asgill, under the pretext of companionship, but in reality to prevent him from escaping, and leaving the honour amongst the remaining three. "And what," inquired Smith, "did you say to comfort him?" "Why, I remember saying to him, when they left us, '*D—n it, old fellow, never mind!*'" But it may be doubted (added Smith) whether he drew much comfort from the exhortation. Lady Asgill persuaded the French Minister to interpose, and the Captain was permitted to escape.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—NICE SCRUPLES.

Mrs. Richard Trench tells the following story, much after the manner of Horace Walpole, about Lord John Russell, then a rising statesman and literary celebrity.

"The Bishop said, on going down to dinner with the *prima donna*, 'Lord John Russell, take Mrs. Trench.' I felt much pleasure at the thought of sitting by the historian, the political economist, the successful author, and prepared to treasure up his sayings and doings with that due degree of awe for his talents which is always a little unpleasant to me at first, though it soon subsides into a pleasant feeling of respect. Well, we sat down, and he talked of Harrow, and wished he had been at a private clergyman's, saying that he should have read more there, and been much happier; that at Harrow he had been subdued, and that he always had wanted encouragement. 'How amiable!' thought I; 'how modest!' He went on to say, 'If I had been at a private clergyman's, I should have been quite a different person.'

Still more modesty! 'How can a person who is so lauded,' thought I, 'have so moderate an opinion of himself?' Well, he drank his due proportion of wine with everybody, and watched their wants with a scrupulous attention. 'How very attentive to all the little forms of society,' thought I; 'this is so pleasing in an author of eminence.' In the evening, he played cards, and I went into the music-room, and sang in quite another way from what I do when I am *afraid* you are *anxious* I should please. I came home, and gave such an account of the author of *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht*, that all at home were dying to see him. 'Not that he said much to mark him out,' said I; 'but you could see the possession of talent under the veil of simple and quiet manners it pleased him to assume.'

"Well, the Bishop had mistaken the *name*, and I had been led down by one who passes for the greatest proser of his day, Lord John ——, and I had all my feelings of awe for nothing. So much for a *name*."

A few of Mrs. Trench's best points are in her casual commentaries on more ordinary things and ordinary people. For example:

"Lady Buckingham has engaged me for a month's *tête-à-tête*. If our friendship survives this ordeal, it may be immortal." "At Mrs. Walker's masquerade, we supped in the chapel. Some were shocked at this, who, when they heard it was a Roman Catholic chapel, felt their consciences perfectly at ease." In the case of a lady at Madame Recamier's, who was loud in applauding the dancing of another, Mrs. Trench interpellates, "Some women, conscious of envy, take this vulgar mode of hiding it. Frenchwomen, to do them justice, never do; you scarcely ever hear them admire another woman." When a friend of Mrs. Trench was stopping at an hotel in Cheltenham, and the *propriety* of certain other ladies would not allow them to visit her where they might meet so many men on the stairs, she observes, "What strange points people choose for their propriety, and how few are there who may not go up and down stairs with perfect security!"

Mrs. Trench, in imparting her lively gossip to her husband, which she does with a very remarkable tact to allay his apprehensions on account of her unprotected position, says very prettily: "I have a generosity of soul about a good

story which makes me uneasy at having no one to tell it to. I feel about it like a hospitable epicure about a delicacy—quite uneasy if I must feast on it alone."

PRAYING BY ROTE.

Cyrus Redding relates not a bad story told of the sailors of the three nations, in a storm: the Scotchman prayed extempore; the Irishman had his prayers by heart, to the Virgin, and the eleven thousand virgins, perhaps, into the bargain; but the Englishman went through the ship, hunting for a prayer-book, and could not find one, until the storm was over.

* * * * * *

The foregoing story recalls one told by Mr. Polwhele, in whose parish I once resided. The storms from the Atlantic break with great fury upon the coast of Cornwall. There was a solitary inn, upon a cold exposed spot in a hamlet on a cliff near the sea; one dark evening a tremendous storm of wind, thunder, and lightning, rocked the houses to their foundations; there was but one little inn, the mistress of which was the oracle of the hamlet. The frightened cottagers all left their own homes and ran to the inn, the walls of which were substantial, and with such an oracle as the landlady they could not but be safer there! The storm increased in fury, and terror was upon every face; at length it was proposed that some one should read prayers, and a lad of all work, in the service of the landlady, was told to go upstairs and fetch the prayer-book. He was the only one of the party who could read tolerably. The lad obeyed, and, on opening the book, all the party fell upon their knees. The boy began, and read on for a little time uninterruptedly, until he came to the words, "and his man Friday," when the mistress called out—

"Why, Jan, thee art reading *Robinson Crusoe!*"

Being piqued at the interruption, the boy replied—

"An' if I be, missis, I 'spose *Robinson Crusoe* will keep away the thunder as well as the other book!"

There were but two books—the Prayer-Book and De Foe's novel—in the house, and Jan, in his hurry, had brought the wrong one.

We remember a Commissioner of Bail, in a country-town to have similarly disregarded the identity of the Book for a long period: he had sworn the bail by Goldsmith's *History of England* instead of the New Testament, both volumes externally resembling each other.

A POET'S INVITATION TO DINNER.

The following was one of the latest productions of the poet Moore, addressed to the Marquess of Lansdowne:—

"Some think we bards have nothing real—
That poets live among the stars, so
Their very dinners are ideal—
(And heaven knows, too oft they are so:)
For instance, that we have, instead
Of vulgar chops and stews, and hashes,
First course,—a phœnix at the head,
Done in its own celestial ashes:
At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing
All the time its neck was wringing.
Side dishes, thus,—Minerva's owl,
Or any such like learned fowl.
Doves, such as heaven's poulterer gets
When Cupid shoots his mother's pets.
Larks stewed in morning's roseate breath,
Or roasted by a sunbeam's splendour;
And nightingales, be-rhymed to death—
Like young pigs whipp'd to make them tender.
Such fare may suit those bards who're able
To banquet at Duke Humphrey's table;
But as for me, who've long been taught
To eat and drink as other people,
And can put up with mutton, bought
Where Bromham rears its ancient steeple;
If Lansdowne will consent to share
My humble feast, though rude the fare,
Yet, seasoned by that salt he brings
From Attica's salinest springs,
'Twill turn to dainties; while the cup,
Beneath his influence brightening up,
Like that of Baucis, touched by Jove,
Will sparkle fit for gods above!

MEANING IT.

After Mat. Lewis had produced his first novel, he was courted in the highest circles, which was pleasing to his vanity, for his leading foible was a love of great people. "He had always dukes or duchesses in his mouth," remarks

Sir Walter Scott, "and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title." In corroboration of this, Lord Byron relates that at Oatlands, Lewis was observed one morning to have his eyes red, and his hair sentimental. Being asked why, he replied that when people said anything kind to him, it affected him deeply; "and just now, the Duchess (of York) has said something so kind to me, that—": here tears began to flow. "Never mind, Lewis," said Colonel Armstrong to him, "never mind, don't cry: she could not mean it."

A SHARK STORY.

In his *Journal of a West India Proprietor*, Mat. Lewis tells us, that "while lying in Black River Harbour, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship. At length, the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive. What he did without her remains a secret, but what he did with her was clear enough; for, scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice's body, when he stuck his teeth in her, and began to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibility excited by so peculiar a mark of posthumous attachment; and to enable him to perform this melancholy duty more easily, they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat, and proceeded to chop his better half in pieces with their hatchets; while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible, and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed, as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight, and all the avidity imaginable. I make no doubt that all the time he was eating, he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel that went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly! 'She was perfectly consistent,' he said to himself; 'she was excellent through life, and really she's extremely good now she's dead!' I doubt whether the annals of Hymen can produce a similar instance of post-obitual affection."

DELICATE CONTRADICTION.

Mat. Lewis, in reading *Don Quixote* was greatly pleased with this instance of the hero's politeness. The Princess Micomicona having fallen into a most egregious blunder, he never so much as hints a suspicion of her not having acted

precisely as she had stated, but only begs to know her reason for taking a step so extraordinary. "But pray, madam," says he, "why did your ladyship land at Ossima, seeing that it is not a seaport town?"

BOOKSELLERS, AUTHORS, AND CRITICS.

Walpole relates this droll story of Gibbon and a bookseller, when the former lodged at No. 76, St. James's-street, the house of Elmsley, the over-cautious man who would not enter upon "the perilous adventure of publishing 'the Decline and Fall.'" "One of those booksellers in Paternoster-row, who publish things in numbers, went to Gibbon's lodgings in St. James's-street, sent up his name, and was admitted. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am now publishing a *History of England*, done by several good hands. I understand you have a knack of them there things, and should be glad to give you every reasonable encouragement.' As soon as Gibbon had recovered the use of his legs and tongue, which were petrified with surprise, he ran to the bell, and desired his servant to show this messenger of learning down stairs."

Byron relates that Murray was congratulated by a brother publisher upon having such a poet as himself. As if, says the noble writer, one were "a packhorse, or ass, or anything that was his;" or, as Mr. Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after "Odes on Razors," "Lord, sir, we keeps a poet." "Childe Harold and cookeries is much wanted," an Edinburgh bookseller wrote to Murray.

At the close of the first canto of *Don Juan*, its noble author, by way of propitiation, says,

"The public approbation I expect,
And beg they'll take my word about the moral,
Which I with their amusement will connect,
As children cuting teeth receive a coral:
Meantime, they'll doubtless please to recollect
My epical pretensions to the laurel;
For fear some prudish reader should grow skittish,
I've bribed my Grandmother's Review—the British.
I sent it in a letter to the editor,
Who thank'd me duly by return of post.
I'm for a handsome article his creditor;
Yet if my gentle muse he please to roast,

And break a promise, after having made it her,
Denying the receipt of what it cost,
And smear his page with gall instead of honey,
All I can say is—that he had the money."
Canto I. st. ccix. ccx.

Now, *The British* was a certain staid and grave High Church Review, the editor of which received the poet's imputation of bribery as a serious accusation: accordingly, in his next number, after the publication of *Don Juan*, there appeared a postscript, in which the receipt of any bribe was stoutly denied, and the idea of such connivance altogether repudiated; the editor adding that he should continue to exercise his own judgment as to the merits of Lord Byron, as he had hitherto done in every instance! However, the affair was too ludicrous to be at once altogether dropped; and so long as the prudish publication continued to exist, it enjoyed the *sobriquet* of "My Grandmother's Review."

By the way, there is another hoax connected with this poem: one day, an old gentleman gravely inquired of a printseller for a portrait of "Admiral Noah" to illustrate *Don Juan*, canto the first.

Moore relates that having casually intimated, in a letter to his publishers (Longman & Co.), his opinion of one of Wordsworth's poems, the next letter on business he received from them concluded thus:—"We are very sorry you do not like Mr. Wordsworth's last poem, and remain, dear sir, yours obediently, L. H. R. O. and B."

Here is a story of earlier date than either of the preceding. An adventurous bookseller had printed a large edition of Drelincourt's *Book of Consolation against the Fears of Death*, which proved unsuccessful in sale, and lay a dead stock on the hands of the publisher. In this emergency he applied to De Foe, whose genius and audacity devised a plan, which, for assurance and ingenuity, is unrivalled; for who but himself would have thought of summoning up a ghost from the grave to bear witness in favour of a halting body of divinity? The apparition of Mrs. Veal is represented as appearing to a Mrs. Bargrave, her intimate friend, as she sat in her own house in deep contemplation of certain distresses of her own. After the ghostly visitor had announced herself as prepared for a distant journey, her friend and she began to talk in the homely style of middle-aged ladies, and Mrs. Veal proses concerning

the conversations they had formerly held, and the books they had read together. Her very recent experience probably led Mrs. Veal to talk of death and the books written on the subject, and she pronounced, *ex cathedra*, as a dead person was best entitled to do, that "Drelincourt's book on Death was the best book on the subject ever written." She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, two Dutch books which had been translated, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and the future state of any who had handled that subject. She then asked for the work, and lectured on it with great eloquence and affection. Dr. Kenrick's *Ascetick* was also mentioned with approbation by this critical spectre (the Doctor's work was no doubt a tenant of the shelf in some favourite publisher's shop), and Mr. Norris's poem on *Friendship*, a work which, though honoured with the ghost's approbation, we may now seek for in vain. The whole account is so distinctly circumstantial, that, were it not for the impossibility, or extreme improbability at least, of such an occurrence, the evidence could not but support the story. The effect was wonderful. Drelincourt *upon Death*, attested by one who could speak from experience, took an unequalled run. The copies had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of bullets. They now traversed the town in every direction, like the same balls discharged from a fieldpiece. In short, the object of Mrs. Veal's apparition was perfectly attained.—*Scott's Memoir of De Foe.*

When the *bon vivant* Duke of Norfolk lay at the point of death at Norfolk House, St. James's-square, in 1815, a servant was dispatched to a bookseller's in Pall Mall, for a copy of Drelincourt's book, which, being obtained, afforded the repentant Duke consolation in his last moments.

"Publishers now-a-days," says Mr. Pycroft, "employ critical readers, but this is only to report as to the execution of a work: whether the subject will command a sale, they can judge better for themselves. But for the most part, in the last century, every publisher was his own critic. We cannot, therefore, be surprised to hear that some of the best works went begging from publisher to publisher. Prideaux's *Connection between the Old and New Testament*, Mrs. Thompson reminds us, was bandied from hand to hand between five or six booksellers for two years. By one publisher the author was gravely told that the subject was too dry: it should 'be

enlivened by a little humour.' *Robinson Crusoe* was refused by many publishers. *Tristram Shandy* was rejected as dear at fifty pounds. Blair's *Sermons* and Burn's *Justice*, valuable copyrights both, with difficulty found a publisher. Fielding was on the point of taking 25*l.* for his *Tom Jones*, when Andrew Millar surprised him almost out of his senses by offering 200*l.* And yet for very easy and trifling work, when an author's name is established, he has earned as much, or more. For instance, Goldsmith received for his *Selections of English Poetry*, 200*l.* For this he did nothing but mark passages with a red-lead pencil; but then he used to add, with much gravity, 'A man shows his judgment in these selections, and a man may be twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment.'"

WILLIAM COBBETT. BY HIMSELF.

"At eleven years of age, my employment was clipping of box-edges and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens; and a gardener, who had just come from the King's gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in these gardens. The next morning, without saying a word to any one, off I set, with no clothes except those upon my back, and with thirteen half-pence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on, from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese and a pennyworth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one halfpenny which I had lost somehow or other, left threepence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond, in my blue smock-frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when, staring about me, my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written: 'Tale of a Tub; price 3d.' The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the 3d., but, then, I could have no supper. In I went, and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of the Kew-garden, where

there stood a hay-stack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before, it was something so new to my mind, that, though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond description; and it produced what I have always considered a sort of birth of intellect; I read on till it was dark, without any thought about supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put my little book in my pocket, and tumbled down by the side of the stack, where I slept till the birds in Kew-gardens awakened me in the morning; when off I started to Kew, reading my little book. The singularity of my dress, the simplicity of my manner, my confident and lively air, and, doubtless, his own compassion besides, induced the gardener, who was a Scotsman, to give me victuals, find me lodging, and set me to work. And it was during the period that I was at Kew, that the present King (William IV.) and two of his brothers laughed at the oddness of my dress, while I was sweeping the grass-plot round the foot of the Pagoda. The gardener, seeing me fond of books, lent me some gardening books to read; but these I could not relish after my 'Tale of a Tub,' which I carried about with me wherever I went, and when I, at about twenty years old, lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, in North America, the loss gave me greater pain than I have ever felt at losing thousands of pounds. This circumstance, trifling as it was, and childish as it may seem to relate it, has always endeared the recollection of Kew to me."

Equally touching are the following Recollections by Cobbett, at a late period of his life:

"After living within a hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own window into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appeared mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. *How small!* It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the country parts of it for sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters, that I could jump over, called rivers. The Thames was but 'a creek.' But when, in

about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross in my post-chaise the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned, before, the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill,' meant with us the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick, a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The postboy, going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind, all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle, and tender-hearted, and affectionate mother. I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer, I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's, in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries. I had had nobody to assist me in the world; no teachers of any sort; nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and nobody to counsel me to good, behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth, all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment (less than a month after my arrival in England), I resolved never to bend before them."

COBBETT UPON BACON.

A certain utilitarian inductive philosopher had gravely propounded the view, how greatly to be hoped it was that the time might come when the poor man, after the labour of the day, might refresh himself by reading Bacon. "Much more to the purpose," said Mr. Cobbett, "if the time could come when the poor man, after the labour of the day, might refresh himself by *eating* bacon."

Cobbett had great contempt for those enthusiasts who gravely proposed "useful knowledge" as a panacea for the poor man's evils. Riding one day, in the country, Cobbett was passing a flour-mill which had just been converted into a paper-mill; he remarked, "they seem to think the people can *eat books*."

LATE HOURS.

The Rev. Mr. Barham, (Ingoldsby,) when a student at Oxford, was taken to task by Mr. Hodson, afterwards Principal of Brazenose, for his continued absence from morning chapel. "The fact is, sir," urged his pupil, "you are too late for me." "Too late," repeated the tutor, in astonishment. "Yes, sir, I cannot sit up till seven o'clock in the morning: I am a man of regular habits: and unless I get to bed by four or five, at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day."

GOOD ADVICE.

"What do you mean to do with K?" said a friend of Theodore Hook, alluding to a man who had grossly vilified him. "Do with him?" replied Hook; "why, I mean to let him alone most severely."

VERY LIKE.

Two silly brothers about town, being twins, were nearly alike, and dressed similarly, to deceive their friends as to their identity. Tom Hill was expatiating on these modern Dromios, when Hook "pooh-pooh'd" them. "Well," said Hill, "you will admit that they resemble each other wonderfully. They are as like as two peas." "They are," rejoined Hook, "and quite as green."

FAMILY FAILINGS.

Hood has sketched a sea-toper, who never saw a flask, or pewter measure, that he did not seize it, and, gauger-like, try the depth of it. He had a son equally fond of potations; on which a neighbour remarked, that he took after his father. Whereupon the would-be Trinculo retorted, "Father never leaves none to take."

BROKEN ENGLISH.

The editor of a new morning newspaper inquired of Alderman B—— one day, what he thought of his journal. "I like it all," said the Alderman, "but its broken English." The editor stared, and asked for an explanation. "Why the List of Bankrupts, to be sure."—*T. Hood.*

PUNS AND FANCIES BY THOMAS HOOD.

Enjoyable as ever (says a reviewer in the *Athenæum* journal,) are his old perfectest of puns, whether in picture or verse. Hood's puns flash every time they go off,—being for all, not one, time. As, for example,—

> His death, which happened in his bert
> At forty-odd befell;
> They went and told the sexton,
> And the sexton tolled the bell.

Or, speaking of Orient nations,

> Where woman goes to mart the same as Mangoes.

Who ever tires of that scene where the heads of two Quakers are visible just above the ice on a bitter winter's day, and there they hang surveying each other in what he would call *an ice fix*, or state of suspended animation? This he entitles a "coolness between Friends." Or the view of a bald old gentleman who has just upset a beehive, and how doth the little busy bee improve each shining second on the bald head; This Hood calls an "Unfortunate Bee-ing."

Then, who can forget, "last in bed to put out the light," where the worthy couple, in all haste, dash at the bed-clothes, making ends meet and heads clash at the same moment.

Hood's early punning propensity was shown in the "Lion's Head" of the *London Magazine*, wherein one writer is

informed that his "Night" is too long, for the moon rises twice in it. The "Essay on Agricultural Distress would only increase it." The "Tears of Sensibility had better be dropped." "B is surely humming." The "Echo will not answer." Whilst it is suggested the "Sonnet to the Rising Sun must have been written for a Lark."

What fine antithetical passages are there in Hood's serious poems. In the "Song of the Shirt' the singer sat—

> Sewing at once with a double thread
> A shroud as well as a shirt.

And she exclaims—

> Oh, God, that bread should be so dear,
> And flesh and blood so cheap.

In the *Dream of Eugene Aram*, he makes the murderer say of himself, and his victim—

> 'A dozen times I groaned; the dead
> Had never groaned but twice.

What exquisite fancy and feeling are there in this apology to one whose birthday was in November:—

> I have brought no roses, sweetest,
> I could find no flowers, dear;
> It was when all sweets were over
> *Thou wert born to bless the year.*

Hood is said to have written an entertainment for Mathews at Home: the bill upon the wall was "Two Faces under a Hood."

The publisher's ledger shows that, for many years, Hood received large sums for the sales of his *Comic Annual;* and, as he was both author and artist, the profits must have been very considerable.

ORIGIN OF "THE PICKWICK PAPERS."

The *Sketches by Boz* having attracted the attention of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers, in the Strand, led to an interview between Mr. Dickens and the late Mr. Hall, the circumstances of which are best related in the author's own words, extracted from the preface to the cheap edition of *Pickwick*, published in 1847:—

"I was a young man of three-and-twenty when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers. . . . The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a "Nimrod Club," the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that, although born and partly bred in the country I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognised, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a Club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, everybody now knows."

In the same preface Mr. Dickens clears up another point: —"Boz," my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, appended to the monthly issue of this book, and retained long after-

wards, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

Here is an interesting record of the popularity of this masterpiece of humour. Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Chesney up the Euphrates, was, for a time, in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. "Pickwick" happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the Pacha had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon another occasion, some passages from these unrivalled Papers to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasy with what he heard, that he exclaimed, he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.

JOHN BLACK, THE MORNING CHRONICLE, AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS.

This fearlessly honest journalist, who was editor of the *Morning Chronicle* nearly a third of a century, was one of the old school, and lived at his workshop, in the upper storey of the then office, in Norfolk-street, Strand. He was twice married: his second wife was Miss Cromeck, sister of the artist of that name, in Newman-street, Oxford-street, and where Black temporarily lodged. Mrs. Black was herself a remarkable woman—something like *Meg Merrilies* in person. The garret habits of the couple were a frequent source of amusement to their friends. Black's rooms, including the bed-room, were so encumbered with books, both on the walls and on the floor—the gleanings of nearly half a century—that it was difficult to walk through them. At one time, the pair were obliged to creep into bed at the end, the bedsides being piled up with dusty volumes of divinity and politics.

Black had a very wide circle of political and literary associates, and personally knew every leading Liberal of his time. Every eminent man in the wide world of British and Irish politics sought his aid; and he kept the secrets entrusted to

him with scrupulous fidelity: he never professionally betrayed his contributors. The Duke of Sussex was an active purveyor for him, especially during the illness of George III., and the Regency. His other frequent writers were, Sheridan, Adair, D. Kinnaird, General Palmer, Mr. E. Dubois, the Rev. Mr. Colton, Lord Holland (very often), John Allen, Porson, Jekyll, "Tommy Hill" (facetiously reported to have been older than the Monument, the Great Fire of 1666 having destroyed his baptismal register!), Horace Smith, and other worthies. To these especially, and as more eminent political writers, may be added the names of Albany Fonblanque, James Mill, David Ricardo, C. P. Thomson (afterwards Lord Sydenham), Mr. McCulloch (one of his most steady and attached friends), and Mr. Senior. These gentlemen wrote chiefly on subjects of political economy. Mr. Chadwick provided Mr. Black with ample material on the Poor-laws. Mr. Francis Place, though a Charing-cross tailor, supplied Mr. Black, as also did Mr. Hume, with invaluable material in the discussion of the Repeal and Alteration of the Combination Laws, and the Export of Machinery, in 1824–5. Many members of the Upper House also favoured Mr. Black with contributions, especially the "Jockey of Norfolk" (called the first Protestant Duke), the Lords Erskine, Moira, Lauderdale, Essex, and Durham. Charles Buller, then a student in Mr. Coulson's chambers, first used his pen for Black. The supposed ghost of Junius also haunted the editor's room. Sir Philip Francis *was* the author of the "Historical Questions" which appeared in the *Chronicle;* and Proby, the sub-editor, was struck by the similitude of the handwriting to the facsimiles of the Letters of Junius in the *Public Ledger*.

Lord Brougham's handwriting was well known during the Queen's Trial, and for fully a quarter of a century afterwards. The Right Hon. Edward Ellice, the member for Coventry, was a frequent and valued correspondent. His handwriting could scarcely be deciphered by any one but Black, and occasioned no little difficulty to the compositors. On one occasion, the overseer brought down the manuscript of the right honourable member into Black's room in despair: "Sir, I wish the gentleman of the hieroglyphics would write legibly—the men can't make out his signs." Black would reply, "The asses! let them try again; no man writes a finer hand or a more rocket leader!"

Mr. Joseph Parkes was a constant contributor on Tithes, and Municipal, Parliamentary, and Law Reforms; Colonel Thompson, on the Corn-law Question; and Colonel Jones, as "Radical." Tom Moore deposited with Black occasional leaders on Irish party subjects; he also contributed poetry to the *Chronicle*. Black's old friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Thomas Young, was another invaluable friend, especially in the crisis of the Reform Acts, writing numerous articles for the *Chronicle*, and also keeping the press *au courant* in such information as Lord Melbourne (to whom Mr. Young was then Private Secretary) considered important for the right direction of public opinion. Sir Robert Peel, with all his prudery, did not think it inconsistent with his dignity to send a "communication," now and then, with "Sir Robert Peel's compliments." He also had communications from Windsor, in subsequent reigns. George III. was more than suspected by Mr. Black of the perpetration of a leading article, the subject being himself. Nor was Black's useful connexion confined only to noblemen and gentlemen: he had a powerful corps of female contributors, amongst whom were Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Marcet, and Lady Caroline Lamb.

Our editor was twice engaged in "affairs of honour"—the first time with a colleague on the press, for provocation arising out of a personal squabble or argumentation on politics; and the second time with Mr. Roebuck, in consequence of an article in the *Chronicle*, which, however, Mr. Black did not write. Both these affairs were, happily, bloodless.

Mr. Black retired from the management of the *Morning Chronicle* in 1844, when he was compelled to sell his valuable library, the collection of which had been the great charm of his life. Every reader of the *Chronicle* must remember it as an authority upon bibliographical matters. With the proceeds of the sale of the library, added to a sum contributed by the proprietors of the *Chronicle*, and other moneys raised for him among the leaders of the Liberal party, Black bought himself a small annuity. Lords Melbourne and Campbell contributed the sum of 100*l.* each. The annuity thus purchased was amply sufficient for the simple tastes and moderate wants of Mr. Black; and from 1844 to his decease, in 1855, his years were passed in the calm and rational enjoyment of a well-earned repose. Mr. Coulson, it should be added, gave his friend a cottage, at a nominal rent, and a piece of land to

cultivate. Here the ancient editor read Greek, walked with his dogs, fed pigs, weeded his garden, and heard afar off the roar of that great world which he had quitted for ever. It was here—at Birling, near Town Malling—that the philosopher died, bequeathing to his friend, Mr. Coulson, his books and papers.

Our editor was a great favourite with Lord Melbourne, who, on one occasion, said to him: "Mr. Black, you are the only person who comes to see me who forgets who I am." The editor opened his eyes with astonishment. "You forget that I am the Prime Minister!" Mr. Black was about to apologise; but the Premier continued: "Every body else takes especial care to remember it; but I wish they would forget it, for they only remember it to ask me for places and favours. Now, Mr. Black," added his Lordship, "you never ask me for anything, and I wish you would; for, seriously, I should be most happy to do anything in my power to serve you." "I am truly obliged," said Mr. Black, "but I don't want anything. I am Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*—I like my business, and I live happily on my income." "Then, by G—," said the Peer, "I envy you; and you're the only man I ever did!".

It should be noted that Mr. Black had a keen eye for the discovery of youthful genius—a warm heart to appreciate, a sound head to advise, and a liberal hand to reward it. It was Mr. Black who was among the first to discover and encourage the extraordinary gifts of the young Charles Dickens, when he was a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. Many other instances might be mentioned, among living authors, of Black's literary friendship and kind encouragement, bestowed upon them when support was most needed; to him they owed their first footing on the ladder of fortune.[1]

Mr. Black was distinguished by two or three *sobriquets*. In early life, his love of argumentation led to his being called "Professor of Logic," and "The Flying Scotchman." Cobbett abused him in his *Register* as the "Feelosopher," and "*Doctor* Black." The latter led to some droll mistakes. Mr. Place, of Charing-cross, having printed a political pamphlet, desired his publisher to send a copy to Black, for review in the *Chronicle*. This was done; but the review appeared not.

[1] Abridged from a Contribution to *The Illustrated London News*, July 7, 1855.

Another copy was sent, but with no better effect. It seemed that the publisher had been misled by Cobbett's *sobriquet*, and had addressed both pamphlets to "*Doctor* Black"—a mistake which converted the application into an affront.

TABLE-TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

Many smart sayings are assigned to Mr. Rogers, with which he had nothing whatever to do. The Rev. Mr. Dyce[1] has selected the genuine from the false, of the many good things attributed to the banker-poet. The following, also, truly and unmistakably his, are given by Mr. Peter Cunningham.

Of Lord Holland, whose face was full of sunshine, Rogers observed most happily: "Lord Holland always comes to breakfast like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune has just fallen." On another occasion, he exclaimed, (alluding to the same nobleman,)

"His was the smile that spoke the mind at ease"—

a line of Rogers's own composing, though not in his printed works.

He could, however, be severe upon his own friends. Of the same nobleman he observed: "Painting gives him no pleasure, and music absolute pain."

"In Italy," he said, "the memory sees more than the eye."

Rogers envied no man of his time any saying, so much as he envied Lord John Russell that admirable definition of a proverb—"The wisdom of many and the wit of one."

"What a lucky fellow you are," said Rogers to Moore: "surely you must have been born with a rose in your lips, and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed."

"There are two parties before whom everybody must appear—the Hollands and the Police."

Lady Holland was always lamenting that she had nothing to do—that she did not know what to be at, or how to employ her time. She was one day more on this subject than ever, and Rogers could not resist recommending her to try a novelty—try to do a little good.

Whenever Lady Holland heard that a person of any

[1] *Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers*, 2 vols., to which we are considerably indebted.

consequence had said an ill word of her, she immediately invited him to dinner.

Rogers said: "When Croker wrote his review in the *Quarterly* of Macaulay's *History*, he intended murder, but committed suicide."

Of Sydney Smith, Rogers observed: "Whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. There is this difference between Luttrell and Smith: after Luttrell you remembered what good things he said—after Smith you merely remembered how much you laughed."

On some one remarking that Payne Knight had become very deaf—"'Tis from want of practice," replied Rogers, "he is the worst listener I know."

An old gentleman asleep before the fire was awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons at his feet. "What! going to bed without one kiss?" he exclaimed. He mistook one noise for another.

When Dean Milman observed, in Rogers's hearing, that he should read no more prose translations from poets—"What," exclaimed Rogers, "not the Psalms of David to your congregation?"

That was a happy reply of Sydney Smith. "When I began to light my dinner-table from the reflection of the pictures about me, I was not very successful. The light was thrown above the table, and not on it. I asked Sydney what he thought of the attempt. We were at dinner at the time. 'I do not like it at all,' was the reply; 'all is light above, and all below is darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

"I was pleased with what I saw you about this morning," Rogers observed once at Broadstairs to an artist, who naturally expected, from such a commencement, some reference to the labours of his pencil: "I was greatly pleased: I saw you brushing your own coat. A gentleman who can brush his own coat is very independent."

Sheridan told Rogers that he was aware he ought to have made a love-scene between Charles and Maria, in the *School for Scandal*, and would have done it, but that the actors who played the parts were not able to do justice to such a scene.

J. T. Smith told Rogers that the little landscape by Claude, for which the Poet gave at West's sale two hundred guineas,

was bought by West at an old iron-shop for ten shillings and sixpence.

Mr. West said that Beckford called upon him before he went to Spain to borrow two small pictures, to take in his carriage with him, wherever he went, and that the two pictures he selected were the little octagon Claude, and the Domenichino, [afterwards in Mr. Rogers's collection.]

Lord Holland read to Rogers his character of Sheridan. The wind-up he particularly remembered:—'He died with great Christian resignation, joining fervently in the prayers that were read to him when the sacrament was administered.' Now Rogers asked Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, what Sheridan's end was like; "he was insensible," said Howley; "Mrs. Sheridan put his hands together in the attitude of supplication, and I read the prayers."

There is a couplet in Cowper which Rogers admired exceedingly:—

> Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
> Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Rogers adds: "When I am at Fine Arts Commissions, where good paper and pens abound, I copy out these lines for the people who trouble me for my autograph.—'How much he improves,' was the remark of one who mistook them for mine. These lines (and they are very good)—

> Oh! if the selfish knew how much they lost,
> What would they not endeavour, not endure,
> To imitate, as far as in them lay,
> Him who his wisdom and his power employs
> In making others happy!

I transcribe in the same manner."

Lady Holland, who was always inquisitive, was particularly anxious to have Sir Philip Francis asked if he was Junius. She would not ask him herself, and it fell, I know not how, says Rogers, to my lot to ask him. I asked the question, and met with this brief answer:—"Ask that again, sir, at your peril." This was enough. Next time I saw Lady Holland, she asked, "What success?—is Francis Junius?" To which I replied, "I don't know whether he is Junius, but I know he is Brutus."

Rogers was observing one day to Sydney Smith, that he should not sit again for his portrait unless he was taken in an

attitude of prayer. "Yes," said Sydney, "yes, with *your face in your hat.*"

"Here is Hallam, who has spent a whole life in contradicting everybody, is now obliged to publish a volume to contradict himself." [Mr. Rogers referred to the Supplemental volume to the *Middle Ages.*]

Lord Byron wrote the following verses on Mr. Rogers, in Question and Answer:—

QUESTION.

Nose and chin would shame a knocker,
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker;
Mouth which marks the envious scorner,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you,
In the place that most may wring you;
Eyes of lead-like hue, and gummy;
Carcase pick'd out from some mummy;
Bowels (but they were forgotten,
Save the liver, and that's rotten);
Skin all sallow, flesh all sodden—
From the Devil would frighten God in.
Is 't a corpse stuck up for show,
Galvanised at times to go?
With the Scripture in connexion,
New proof of the resurrection?
Vampyre, ghost, or ghoul, what is it?
I would walk ten miles to miss it.

ANSWER.

Many passengers arrest one,
To demand the same free question.
Shorter's my reply, and franker—
That's the Bard, the Beau, the Banker.
Yet if you could bring about,
Just to turn him inside out,
Satan's elf would seem less sooty,
And his present aspect—Beauty.
Mark that (as he marks the bilious
Air so softly supercilious)
Chastened bow, and mock humility,
Almost sickened to servility;
Hear his tone (which is to talking
That which creeping is to walking:
Now on all-fours, now on tiptoe;)
Hear the tales he lends his lips to;
Little hints of heavy scandals;
Every friend in turn he handles;

All which women, or which men do,
Glides forth in an inuendo,
Clothed in odds and ends of humour—
Herald of each paltry rumour,
From divorces, down to dresses,
Women's frailties, men's excesses,
All which life presents of evil
Make for him a constant revel.
You're his foe, for that he fears you,
And in absence blasts and sears you;
You're his friend, for that he hates you,
First caresses, and then baits you;
Darting on the opportunity;
When to do it with impunity.
You are neither—then he'll flatter
Till he finds some trait for satire;
Hunts your weak point out, then shows it
Where it injures to disclose it,
In the mode that's most invidious,
Adding every trait that's hideous,
From the bile whose black'ning river,
Rushes through his Stygian river.

Then he thinks himself a lover—
Why, I really can't discover,
In his mind, eye, face, or figure;
Viper-broth might give him vigour;
Let him keep the cauldron steady,
He the venom has already.
For his faults—he has but *one*—
'Tis but envy, when all's done.
He but pays the pain he suffers;
Clipping, like a pair of snuffers,
Lights which ought to burn the brighter
For this temporary blighter.
He's the cancer of his species:
And will eat himself to pieces,
Plague personified, and famine;
Devil, whose sole delight is damning!

For his merits, would you know 'em?
Once he wrote a pretty poem.

Rogers was silent about these verses, while he would turn with satisfaction to the following entry in the Diary of Sir Walter Scott: "At parting, [they were at Holland House together,] Rogers gave me a gold-mounted pair of glasses, which I will not part with in a hurry. I really like S. R., and have always found him most friendly."

Boddington had a wretchedly bad memory; and, in order to improve it, he attended Feinagle's lectures on the Art of

Memory. Soon after, somebody asked Boddington the name of the lecturer; and, for his life, he could not recollect it. When Rogers was asked if he had attended the said lectures on the Art of Memory, he replied—"No: I wished to learn the Art of Forgetting."

Witticisms are often attributed to the wrong people. It was Lord Chesterfield, not Sheridan, who said, on occasion of a certain marriage, that "Nobody's son had married Everybody's daughter." Lord Chesterfield remarked of two persons dancing a minuet, that "they looked as if they were hired to do it, and were doubtful of being paid." Rogers once observed to a Scotch lady, "how desirable it was in any danger *to have presence of mind.*" "I had rather," she rejoined, "*have absence of body.*"

We first hear of Rogers as an author in print in the year 1786, when he published with Cadell, in the Strand, his *Ode to Superstition*, leaving his poem at the shop of the publisher, with a bank-note to pay for any loss by the publication.

Lord Byron wrote the following complimentary lines on a blank leaf of a copy of the *Pleasures of Memory*, presented to him by the author:

Absent, or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn, thy converse, and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come,
By friendship ever deemed too nigh,
And "Memory" o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay,
Thy homage offered at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with thine.

The *Pleasures of Memory* was the means of introducing Mr. Rogers to Mr. Fox—an introduction that coloured the whole career of the poet. No one could be ten minutes in Mr. Rogers's company without hearing some friendly reference to the name of Fox. He really loved him on this side of idolatry, and Mr. Fox is known to have evinced a sincere regard for the poet. Mr. Fox brought him from Highbury Barn and Ball's Pond to the Court-end of the town—to Conduit-street, and St. James's-place. When Mr. Rogers removed

to the latter, Mr. Fox was the leading guest at the house-warming dinner; and when [1806] Mr. Fox was buried in Westminster Abbey, the poet of "Memory" gave expression to his grief in some of the best-turned and most tender of his verses.

Mr. Rogers relates that—Fox used to read Homer through once every year. On R. asking him, "Which poem had you rather have written, the 'Iliad' or the 'Odyssey?'" he answered, "I know which I had rather read" (meaning the "Odyssey").

He was a constant reader of Virgil, and had been so from a very early period. There is at Holland House a copy of Virgil covered with Fox's manuscript notes, written when he was a boy, and expressing the most enthusiastic admiration of that poet.

Fox said that *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, were the best of Shakspeare's works; that the first act of *Hamlet* was pre-eminent; that the ghost in that play was quite unequalled—there was nothing like it, and that *Hamlet* was *not* mad. On another occasion he said that the character of *Macbeth* was very striking and original—that at first he is an object of our pity, and that he becomes gradually worse and worse, till at last he has no virtue left except courage.

One of Rogers's poems, *Jacqueline*, glided into public notice anonymously. In August, 1814, appeared from the shop of Mr. Murray a thin duodecimo volume, entitled "Lara, a Tale;" "Jacqueline, a Tale;" to which was prefixed a brief advertisement, written anonymously by Lord Byron, in which he hints at his own authorship of "Lara," and states that "Jacqueline" is the production of a different author; "added at the request of the writer of the former tale, whose wish and entreaty it was that it should occupy the first pages of the volume." The union was not thought happy. Murray, the publisher, solicited a divorce. "Jacqueline," Jeffrey wrote to Moore, "is not advantageously placed with Lara as a companion." Byron himself was fond of making fun of this joint production—"Larry and Jacky," as he delighted to nickname them. An acquaintance of Byron, who was reading the book in the Brighton coach, was asked by a passenger the name of the author, and on replying that there were two, "Ay, ay," rejoined the querist, "a joint concern, I suppose—"*summot* like Sternhold and Hopkins."

In Rogers's third publication, his *Epistle to a Friend*, the poet had admitted the description of an ice-house, of very inferior description to other parts of the poem, and somewhat out of place. That no lines of so careful a writer may be lost, Mr. Peter Cunningham has transcribed them from the quarto copy of the first edition :—

> But hence away! yon rocky cave forbear!
> A sullen captive broods in silence there.
> There though the dog-star flame, condemn'd to dwell,
> In the dark centre of its inmost cell,
> Wild winter ministers his dread control,
> To cool and crystallise the nectar'd bowl!
> His faded form an awful grace retains;
> Stern though subdued, majestic yet in chains!

Few will recognise in this description a cartload of ice from an adjoining pond, packed for summer use in a solitary ice-house, half concealed at the end of an overgrown shrubbery.

Our nonagenarian poet's recollections of changes in Dress and Manners are curious. He remembered when gentlemen wore cocked hats, and he himself used to chase butterflies in a cocked hat. He recollected also when it was the fashion for gentlemen to wear swords, and had seen Haydn play at a concert in a tie-wig with a sword at his side. Looking on the plain *bandeaux* of ladies' hair before him as they graced his pleasant breakfasts, he could recall the preposterous head-dresses of their grandmothers; and could remember having gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady who was obliged to sit upon a stool placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress not allowing her to occupy the regular seat.

Their tight lacing was equally absurd. Lady Crewe told Rogers, that, on returning home from Ranelagh, she had rushed up to her bed-room, and desired her maid to cut her laces without a moment's delay, for fear she should faint.

Further, he could remember how, during his youth, umbrellas were far from common. At that time every gentleman's family had *one umbrella*—a huge thing made of coarse cotton—which used to be taken out with the carriage; and which, if there was rain, the footman held over the ladies' heads, as they entered, or alighted from, the carriage.

He also recollected how, at Paris, a bottle of English porter was placed on the table by a French nobleman as a great rarity, the dark "Entire" being sipped from tiny glasses as if it were Tokay.

The poet's recollections of Sheridan are very characteristic. Mr. Rogers was present on the second day of Hastings' Trial in Westminster Hall, when Sheridan was listened to with such attention that you might have heard a pin drop. Rogers had seen Sheridan in company with the famous Pamela, Madame de Genlis's adopted daughter, who was married at Tournay, in 1792, to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. She was lovely—quite radiant with beauty; and Sheridan either was, or pretended to be, violently in love with her. On one occasion he kept labouring the whole evening at a copy of verses in French, which he intended to present to her, every now and then writing down a word or two on a slip of paper with a pencil. The best of it was, that he understood French very imperfectly. Sheridan was in the habit of putting by, not only all papers written by himself, but all others that came into his hands. Ogle said that, after his death, he found in his desk sundry unopened letters written by his (Ogle's) mother, who had sent them to Sheridan to be franked. Sheridan, Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott, and Moore were one day dining with Rogers, and Sheridan was talking in his very best style, when, to Rogers's great vexation, Moore (who had that sort of restlessness which never allowed him to be happy where he was) suddenly interrupted Sheridan by exclaiming, "Isn't it time to go to Lydia White's?" Sheridan had very fine eyes, and he was not a little vain of them; he said to Rogers on his death-bed, "Tell Lady Besborough that my eyes will look up to the coffin-lid as brightly as ever."

"At a great party given by Henry Hope in Cavendish-square, Lady Jersey said she had something particular to tell me; so, not to be interrupted, we went into the gallery. As we were walking along it, we met the Prince of Wales, who, on seeing Lady Jersey, stopped for a moment, and then, drawing himself up, marched past her with a look of the utmost disdain. Lady Jersey returned the look to the full; and, as soon as the Prince was gone, said to me with a smile, "Didn't I do it well?" I was taking a drive with Lady Jersey in her carriage, when I expressed (with great sincerity) my regret at being unmarried, saying that "if I had a wife, I should have somebody *to care about me.*" "Pray, Mr. Rogers," said Lady J., "how could you be sure that your wife would not *care more about somebody else than about you?*"

Mrs. Richard Trench tells the following characteristic dialogue story of Rogers, and a gentleman whom he did not estimate very highly:

"So, Mr. Wilmot, you are going to the Duchess of ——'s? Mr. Wilmot.—Yes, immediately. R.—How *fat* you'll grow! Mr. W.—*Fat!* how so? R.—You will sleep so much. They go to bed so early. Mr. W.—No, I never go to bed early. R.—You will, indeed. Mr. W.—No. I always read in my own room. R.—You will not. *Measure your candle.* (*Exit* Mr. Wilmot.) Rogers (to the remaining circle).—That Mr. Wilmot is a sensible man. I don't say so from my own knowledge; not the least. He wrote a book, too. That, you'll say, was *nothing*. And printed it. I don't say that from my own knowledge either, for I never read it—never met anybody that had."

Mr. Rogers left several Reminiscences of the Metropolis which are curious. He tells us that before his going abroad, Garrick's attraction had much decreased; Sir William Weller Pepys said that the pit was often almost empty. But, on his return to England, people were mad about seeing Garrick; and Sir George Beaumont and several others used frequently to get admission into the pit, before the doors were open to the public, by means of bribing the attendants, who bade them "be sure, as soon as the crowd rushed in, to pretend to be in a great heat, and to wipe their faces, as if they had just been struggling for entrance."

At the sale of Dr. Johnson's books, General Oglethorpe, then very, very old, the flesh of his face looking like parchment, told Rogers that he had shot snipes in Conduit Street!

It is curious how fashion changes pronunciation. In Rogers's youth everybody said "Lonnon," not "London:" Fox said "Lonnon" to the last; and so did Crowe.

As Mr. Rogers advanced in life, the colour retreated altogether from his face, and his looks afforded a fine field for sarcastic comment. Theodore Hook recommended his friends to induce him to abstain from attending Lord Byron's funeral. He stood in danger, he said, of being recognised by the undertaker as a corpse he had screwed down some six weeks before.

A critic annoyed Mr. Rogers in the *Quarterly Review* by asserting that his author was a hasty writer: yet his literary life extended over sixty years, and the produce of his life

only fills a pocket volume: his were hard-bound brains, and not a line he ever wrote was produced at a single sitting. This was well exemplified in a favourite saying of Sydney Smith: "When Rogers produces a couplet, he goes to bed, and the knocker is tied up, and straw is laid down, and the caudle is made, and the answer to inquiries is, that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected."

Captain Gronow relates that, at an evening party, at Lady Jersey's, every one was praising the Duke of B—, who had just come in, and who had lately attained his majority. There was a perfect chorus of admiration to this effect:—"Everything is in his favour; he has good looks, considerable abilities, and a hundred thousand a year." Rogers listened to these encomiums for some time in silence, and at last remarked, with an air of great exultation, and in his most venomous manner, "Thank God, he has got bad teeth!" His well-known epigram on Mr. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley,

> They say that Ward's no heart, but I deny it,
> He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it,—

was provoked by a remark made at table by Mr. Ward. On Rogers observing that his carriage had broken down, and that he had been obliged to come in a hackney-coach, Mr. Ward grumbled out in a very audible whisper, "In a hearse, I should think;" alluding to the poet's corpse-like appearance. This remark Rogers never forgave; and he is said to have pored for days over the retaliatory epigram.

Comparatively few men have attained very great age, and enjoyed it to the end, like Mr. Rogers. Even so late as 1843, four years before his death, Rogers continued his yearly epicurean visits to Paris, to enjoy the Italian opera, and other refined sources of pleasure. The hand of age had then begun to bow him down, but his intellect was clear as ever, and his talents and taste for society were in full vigour. He would sit for two or three hours continually conversing, and giving anecdotes of all the conspicuous persons who had figured within the last sixty years, with most of whom he had been on terms of intimacy. He had refined upon the art of telling a story, until he has brought it to the most perfect simplicity, where there was not a word too much or too little, and where every word had its effect.

In his 90th year, Rogers's memory began to fail in a manner

that was painful to his friends. He was no longer able to relate his shortest stories, or welcome his constant companions with his usual complimentary expressions. He began to forget familiar faces, and at last forgot that he had ever been a poet.

On the morning of the 18th of December, 1855, the Tithonus of living poets was taken from among us, in his 93rd year: he died in his own house, surrounded by the works of art, which his fine taste had brought about him.

"He expired," writes Dr. Beattie, who was with him, "at half-past twelve this morning. A more tranquil and placid transition I never beheld. His devoted niece closed his eyes, and his faithful domestics stood weeping round his bed. Some of the attendant circumstances reminded me of Campbell; but *this* was more calm, solemn, and impressive—quite in keeping with the scene in his 'Human Life.'" He rests in his chosen grave in Hornsey churchyard.

Mr. Rogers was a link between the days of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, and our own time [1855]. He had rambled over St. Anne's Hill with Fox and Grattan. Sheridan addressed to him the last letter he ever wrote, begging for pecuniary assistance, that the blanket on which he was dying might not be torn from his bed by bailiffs; and Rogers answered the call with a remittance of 200*l*. No man had so many books dedicated to him. Byron inscribed to him his *Giaour*. Moore owed substantial favours to the old poet. By his mediation his quarrel with Byron was adjusted. His benefactions were almost of daily occurrence. "There is a happy and enviable poet," said Thomas Campbell, one day, on leaving Rogers's house: "he has some four or five thousand pounds a-year, and he gives away fifteen hundred in charity." He enjoyed life—had money, fame, honour, love, and troops of friends. His recipe for long life was "temperance, the bath and flesh-brush, and *don't fret*."

In the north garden of Holland House is a favourite retreat of the poet, in his frequent visits to this resort of wits, painters, poets, scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. This is an arbour, inscribed with the following distich by Lord Holland:

> Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
> With me those "Pleasures" which he sang so well.

Beneath are some lines added, in 1818, by Henry Luttrell.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, A MIDSHIPMAN.

From Sheerness, his birthplace, Jerrold passed into His Majesty's service as midshipman: his son relates:

"He had gone ashore with Capt. Hutchinson, and was left in command of the gig. While the commander was absent, two of the men in the midshipman's charge requested permission to make some trifling purchase. The good-natured officer assented, adding—'By the way, you may as well buy me some apples and a few pears.'—'All right, sir,' said the men; and they departed. The captain presently returned, and still the seamen were away on their errand. They were searched for, but they could not be found. They had deserted. Any naval reader whose eye may wander over this page will readily imagine the disgrace into which Midshipman Douglas Jerrold fell with his captain. Upon the young delinquent the event made a lasting impression, and years afterwards he talked about it with that curious excitement which lit up his face when he spoke of anything he had felt. He remembered even the features of the two deserters; as he had, most unexpectedly, an opportunity of proving. The midshipman had long put his dirk aside, and washed the salt from his brave face. He had become a fighter with a keener weapon than his dirk had ever proved, when, one day strolling eastward, possibly from the office of his own newspaper to the printing premises of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, in Whitefriars, he was suddenly struck with the form and face of a baker, who, with his load of bread at his back, was examining some object in the window of the surgical instrument-maker, who puzzles so many inquisitive passers-by, near the entrance to King's College. There was no mistake. Even the flour dredge could not hide the fact. The ex-midshipman walked nimbly to the baker's side, and rapping him sharply upon the back, said—'I say, my friend, don't you think you've been rather a long time about that fruit?' The deserter's jaw fell. Thirty years had not calmed the unquiet suggestions of his conscience. He remembered the fruit and the little middy, for he said—'Lor! is that you, sir?' The midshipman went on his way laughing."

LORD COCHRANE AND DOUGLAS JERROLD.

When the father of young Jerrold was manager of the theatre (the barn), at Sheerness, good company sometimes appeared among the audience. While his ship, the *Pallas*, lay in Sheerness roadstead, Lord Cochrane, (afterwards Earl Dundonald,) was often at the play; and he was remembered by the old doorkeeper, not less for his naval renown, than by his good-natured whim of always paying for his box twice. Little Douglas was then a flaxen-haired boy; in whom Lord Cochrane was to find, in after-life, one of the stanchest of his friends and defenders, as acknowledged in the following letter, one of the few preserved by Jerrold:

"8, Chesterfield Street, 10th May, 1847.

"SIR,—Your generous and very powerful advocacy of my claim to the investigation of my case has contributed to promote that act of justice, and produced a decision of the Cabinet Council, after due deliberation, to recommend to Her Majesty my immediate restoration to the Order of the Bath, in which recommendation Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to acquiesce. I would personally have waited on you, confidentially to communicate this (not yet promulgated) decree; but as there is so little chance of finding you, and I am pressingly occupied, I shall postpone that pleasure and duty.—I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient servant.

"DUNDONALD."

"Douglas Jerrold, Esq."

The thousand-pound note with which Lord Cochrane paid the fine inflicted on him when he was found guilty, is, we believe, still preserved in the Bank of England, and bears this endorsement:—"My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of my property or life, I submit to robbery to save myself from murder, in the hope that I may live to bring the delinquents to justice."

TABLE-WIT OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.

In repartee, Jerrold excelled most of his contemporaries: he was a man of cheerful nature, who loved to raise a hearty laugh, though the means were sometimes misunderstood and

misrepresented. A jest's prosperity often reaches sore places, and causes the hearers to wince; although the jester has not in his mind's-eye the persons who take to themselves the fitting cap. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, in his gracefully-written Life of his father, has recorded the following instances of his ready wit: they are full of point and finish; still, in reading, they have not the instantaneous effect—the flash and fire, which none but those who heard them could fully enjoy. The utter absence of effort in their utterance, or conceit as to their worth, was their great recommendation. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold *loquitur*:

"A dinner is discussed. Douglas Jerrold listens quietly, possibly tired of dinners and declining pressing invitations to be present. In a few minutes he will chime in, 'If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.'

"A friend drops in, and walks across the smoking-room to Douglas Jerrold's chair. The friend wants to enlist Mr. Jerrold's sympathies in behalf of a mutual acquaintance who is in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend has already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. ——'s hat is becoming an institution, and friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which I now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by my father with evident dissatisfaction. 'Well,' said Douglas Jerrold, 'how much does —— want this time?' 'Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight,' the bearer of the hat replied.—*Jerrold*: 'Well, put me down for one of the noughts.'

"An old gentleman, whom I will call Prosy Very, was in the habit of meeting my father, and pouring long pointless stories into his impatient ears. On one occasion Prosy related a long limp account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that the effect of the joke was so potent, 'he really thought he should have died with laughter.'—*Jerrold*: 'I wish to heaven you had.'

"The 'Chain of Events,' playing at the Lyceum Theatre, is mentioned. 'Humph!' says Douglas Jerrold, 'I'm afraid the manager will find it a door-chain strong enough to keep everybody out of his house.'

"Then some somewhat lack-a-daisical young members drop

in. They opine that the club is not sufficiently west; they hint at something near Pall Mall, and a little more style. Douglas Jerrold rebukes them. 'No, no, gentlemen; not near Pall Mall; we might catch coronets.'

"Another of these young gentlemen, who has recently emerged from the humblest fortune and position, and exulting in the social consideration of his new elevation, puts aside his antecedents. Having met Douglas Jerrold in the morning, while on horseback, he ostentatiously says to him, 'Well, you see I'm all right at last!' 'Yes,' is the reply, 'I see you *now ride upon your cat's-meat.*'

"*The conversation turns upon the fastidiousness of the times.* '*Why,*' says a member, 'they'll soon say marriage is *improper.*' 'No, no,' replies Douglas Jerrold, 'they'll always consider marriage good breeding.'

"A stormy discussion ensues, during which a gentleman rises to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he begins: 'Gentlemen, all I want is common sense ——' 'Exactly,' Douglas Jerrold interrupts; 'that is precisely what you *do* want.' The discussion is lost in a burst of laughter.

"The talk lightly passes to writings of a certain Scot. A. member holds that the Scot's name should be handed down to a grateful posterity. D. J.: 'I quite agree with you that he should have an itch in the Temple of Fame.'

"Brown drops in. Brown is said by all his friends to be the toady of Jones. The appearance of Jones in a room is the proof that Brown is in the passage. When Jones has the influenza, Brown dutifully catches a cold in the head. D. J. to Brown: 'Have you heard the rumour that's flying about town?' 'No.' 'Well, they say Jones pays the dog-tax for you.'

"Douglas Jerrold is seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends, and has expressed his disappointment.—*Friend:* 'I hear you said —— was the worst book I ever wrote.'—*Jerrold:* 'No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.'

"Of Nelson he would talk by the hour, and some of his more passionate articles were written to scathe the government that left Horatia—Nelson's legacy to his country—in want. It was difficult to persuade him, nevertheless, that a man did wisely in sending his son to sea. A friend called on him one

day to introduce a youth, who, smitten with a love for the salt, was about to abandon a position he held in a silk manufacturer's establishment for the cockpit. "'Humph!' said the ex-midshipman of the *Ernest;* 'so you're going to sea. To what department of industry, may I inquire, do you now give your exertions?' 'Silk,' briefly responded the youth. 'Well, go to sea, and it will be worsted.'"

A supper of sheep's heads is proposed, and presently served. One gentleman present is particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, and, as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims, "Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I!"—*Jerrold:* "There's egotism!"

From *Our Club*, a social weekly gathering, which Douglas Jerrold attended only three weeks before his death, some of his best sayings went forth to the world. Here, when some member, hearing an air mentioned, exclaimed, "That always carries me away when I hear it." "Can nobody whistle it?" asked Douglas Jerrold.

"My father ordered a bottle of old port; not *elder* port," he said.

Asking about the talent of a young painter, his companion declared that the youth was mediocre. "Oh!" was the reply; "the very worst ochre an artist can set to work with."

Walking to the club, with a friend, from the theatre, some intoxicated young gentlemen reeled up to the dramatist, and said, "Can you tell us the way to the Judge and Jury?" "Keep on as you are, young gentlemen," was the reply; "you're sure to overtake them."

He took the chair at one of the anniversary dinners of the Eclectic Club—a debating society, consisting of young barristers, authors, and artists. The *pièce de resistance* had been a saddle of mutton. After dinner, the chairman rose and said, "Well, gentlemen, I trust that the noble saddle we have eaten has grown a woolsack for one among you."

Jerrold defined dogmatism as "puppyism come to maturity."

At a dinner of artists, a barrister present, having his health drunk in connexion with the law, began an embarrassed answer, by saying he did not see how the law could be considered as one of the arts, when Jerrold jerked in the word *black*, and threw the whole company into convulsions.

"Have you any railway shares?" said Jerrold to a friend,

during the mania of 1846. "No," was the reply. "When a river of gold is running by your door," rejoined Jerrold, "why not put out your hat, and take a dip?"

When, in 1854, Jerrold proposed to visit Venice, the Austrian Kaiser forbad. "We have orders not to admit you into any part of the Austrian Empire," said the official to whom Jerrold applied for a passport. "That shows your weakness, not my strength," said the applicant.

"I should, perhaps, not have known dear old Jeremy Taylor so well," said Jerrold to a friend, "if I had been taught as a boy what they teach *all* the tailors now."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

Lessing, the German author, was, in his old age, subject to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home, one evening, after he had knocked at his door, the servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognising his master in the dark, and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, "The professor is not at home." "Oh, very well," replied Lessing; "no matter—I'll call another time!"

NICE EVASION.

The subject of M. Thiers's parentage was once discussed in his presence, and the question was mooted whether his mother was not a *cusiniere* (a cook). "She was," he said, apologetically adding, with the view of showing she deserved a higher destiny, "but I assure you *she was a very bad one.*"

MACAULAY'S BOYHOOD.

Many a strong passage in Lord Macaulay's writings shows how familiar he had been with Scripture phraseology in early youth. He used himself to tell a droll story of a scene in his nursery. For every one who came to his father's house he had a Biblical nickname: Moses, Holofernes, Melchisedek, and the like. One visitor he called The Beast. Kind mamma, prudent papa, frowned at their precocious child, and set their brows against this offensive name; but Thomas stuck to his point. Next time, the Beast made a morning call, the boy ran to the window which hung over the street—to turn back laughing, crowing with excitement and delight. "Look here,

mother," cries the child, "you see I am right. Look, look at the number of the Beast!" Mrs. Macaulay glanced at the hackney-coach; and, behold, its number *was* 666!

ELECTION BALLAD, BY MACAULAY.

Almost the only sprightly specimen of the verse of Macaulay is the following Ballad, which might have been mistaken at the time, as we know from a passage of *Moore's Diary* that it was, for a political squib of that superlative song-writer. The passage will be found under the date June, 1831. Moore says:—"Went (Lord John and I together in a hackney-coach) to breakfast with Rogers.. The party, besides ourselves, Macaulay, Luttrell, and Campbell. Macaulay gave us an account of the state of the *Monothelite* controversy, as revived at present among some of the fanatics of the day. . . . In the course of conversation Campbell quoted a line—

"Ye diners out from whom we guard our spoons;"

and, looking over at me, said significantly, 'You ought to know that line.' I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said, 'It is a poem that appeared in the *Times*, which every one attributes to you.' But I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our general surprise, 'That is mine;' on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better on the subject of William Bankes's candidateship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. 'That was mine also,' said Macaulay, thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess."[1] The latter squib is the following:

"THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE. AN ELECTION BALLAD. (1827.)

As I sate down to breakfast in state,
At my living of Tithing-cum-Boring,
With Betty beside me to wait,
Came a rap that almost beat the door in.

[1] *Times* journal.

I laid down my basin of tea,
And Betty ceased spreading the toast,
'As sure as a gun, Sir,' said she,
'That must be the knock of the post.'

A letter—and free—bring it here—
I have no correspondent who franks.
No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,
'Tis our glorious, our protestant Bankes.
'Dear Sir, as I know you desire
'That the Church should receive due protection,
I humbly presume to require
Your aid at the Cambridge election.

'It has lately been brought to my knowledge,
That the ministers fully design
To suppress each cathedral and college,
And eject every learned divine.
To assist this detestable scheme
Three nuncios from Rome are come over;
They left Calais on Monday by steam,
And landed to dinner at Dover.

'An army of grim Cordeliers,
Well furnished with relics and vermin,
Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,
To effect what their chiefs may determine.
Lollards' bower, good authorities say,
Is again fitting up for a prison;
And a wood-merchant told me to-day
'Tis a wonder how fagots have risen.

'The finance scheme of Canning contains
A new Easter-offering tax;
And he means to devote all the gains
To a bounty on thumbscrews and racks.
Your living so neat and compact—
Pray, don't let the news give you pain!—
Is promised, I know for a fact,
To an olive-faced Padre from Spain!'

I read, and I felt my heart bleed,
Sore wounded with horror and pity;
So I flew with all possible speed,
To our Protestant champion's committee.
True gentlemen, kind and well-bred!
No fleering! no distance! no scorn!
They asked after my wife who is dead,
And my children who never were born.

They then, like high-principled Tories,
Called our Sovereign unjust and unsteady,
And assailed him with scandalous stories
Till the coach for the voters was ready.

That coach might be well called a casket
Of learning and brotherly love:
There were parsons in boot and in basket;
There were parsons below and above.

There were Sneaker and Griper, a pair
Who stick to Lord Mulesby like leeches;
A snug chaplain of plausible air
Who writes my Lord Goslingham's speeches.
Dr. Buzz, who alone is a host,
Who with arguments weighty as lead,
Proves six times a week in the *Post*
That flesh somehow differs from bread.

Dr. Nimrod, whose orthodox toes
Are seldom withdrawn from the stirrup;
Dr. Humdrum, whose eloquence flows,
Like droppings of sweet poppy syrup;
Dr. Rosygill puffing and fanning,
And wiping away perspiration;
Dr. Humbug, who proved Mr. Canning,
The beast in St. John's Revelation.

A layman can scarce form a notion
Of our wonderful talk on the road;
Of the learning, the wit, and devotion
Which almost each syllable showed;
Why divided allegiance agrees
So ill with our free constitution;
How Catholics swear as they please,
In hope of the priest's absolution;

How the Bishop of Norwich had bartered
His faith for a legate's commission;
How Lyndhurst, afraid to be martyr'd,
Had stooped to a base coalition;
How Papists are cased from compassion
By bigotry, stronger than steel;
How burning would soon come in fashion,
And how very bad it must feel.

We were all so much touched and excited
By a subject so direly sublime,
That the rules of politeness were slighted,
And we all of us talked at a time;
And in tones which each moment grew louder,
Told how we should dress for the show,
And where we should fasten the powder,
And if we should bellow or no.

Thus from subject to subject we ran,
And the journey passed pleasantly o'er,
Till at last Dr. Humdrum began;
From that time I remember no more.

At Ware he commenced his prelection,
In the dullest of clerical drones;
And when next I regained recollection
We were rumbling o'er Trumpington stones."

MR. MACAULAY AND THE BALLAD BOY.

In a paper on "Ballads for the People," in the *Westminster Review*, it was stated that our most brilliant historian, being lately desirous of obtaining information upon this subject as material for his new volumes, took his way from the Albany to Whitechapel, and bought a roll of London ballads from a singing boy; happening to turn round as he reached home again, he perceived the youth, with a circle of young friends, was keeping close on his heels. 'Have I not given you your price, sir?' was the great man's indignant remonstrance. 'All right, guv'ner,' was the response, 'we're only waiting till you begin to sing.'"

Mr. Carruthers, in the *Inverness Courier*, however, gives the following more correct version of the above incident, as he heard it related at one of Mr. Rogers's breakfast-parties, in St. James's-place. Mr. Macaulay had set off on a long solitary walk (an ordinary occurrence) from the Albany, and about Islington fell in with a singing boy, and purchased for 1*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* his stock of ballads. Dipping into the collection, and reading aloud to himself with energy, as is his wont, the warlike and military strains of the street minstrels, Mr. Macaulay observed that the boy still accompanied him. He stopped, and asked why he followed him? "I do like, sir," replied the urchin, "to hear you read the ballads—you read them so grand and fine." The historian pursued his journey, and the thought occurred—"What, if we had ballads of this kind respecting the old heroic deeds of Greece and Rome?" The idea gathered force, and ultimately a resolution was formed to attempt embodying in ballad poetry some of the legends related by Livy, and alluded to by Cicero and others. The result was *The Lays of Ancient Rome.*

Talking of Ballads, Mr. John Hill Burton, author of the *Book Hunter*, tells the following sad example of the way in which some ancient ballads have come into existence. Some mad young wags, wishing to test the critical powers of an experienced collector, sent him a new-made ballad, which they

had been able to secure only in a fragmentary form. To the surprise of the fabricator it was duly printed; but what naturally raised his surprise to astonishment, and revealed to him a secret, was, that it was no longer a fragment, but a complete ballad—the collector, in the course of his industrious inquiries among the peasantry, having been so fortunate as to recover the missing fragments! This ballad has been printed in more than one collection, and admired as an instance of the inimitable simplicity of the genuine old versions!

A GOOD TALKER.—MR. BUCKLE.

At Cairo, Miss Marguerite Power had the good fortune to meet, a few weeks before his premature death, in 1862, Mr. Buckle, who, in his researches for fresh materials for his *History of Civilization*, was now on his way back from a journey up the Nile. He had, on his arrival in Egypt, brought letters of introduction to the R—'s, so that as they were already acquainted he came almost immediately to call, and was asked to dinner on an early day. "I have known, (says Miss Power,) most of the celebrated talkers of—I will not say how many years back—of the time, in a word, when Sydney Smith rejoiced in his green bright old age; and Luttrell, and Rogers, and Tommy Moore were still capable of giving forth an occasional flash; and when the venerable Lord Brougham, and yet more venerable Lord Lyndhurst, delighted in friendly and brilliant sparring at dinner-tables, whose hosts are now in their half-forgotten graves. I have known some brilliant talkers in Paris—Lamartine and Dumas, and Cabarrus, and brightest, or at least most constantly bright of all, the late Madame Emile de Girardin. I knew Douglas Jerrold; and I am still happy enough to claim acquaintance with certain men and women whose names, though well known, it were perhaps invidious now to mention. But, for inexhaustibility, versatility, memory, and self-confidence, I never met any to compete with Buckle. Talking was meat, and drink, and sleep to him: he lived upon talk. He could keep pace with any given number of interlocutors on any given number of subjects, from the abstrusest point on the abstrusest science to the lightest *jeu d'esprit*, and talk them all down, and be quite ready to start fresh. Among the hundred and one anecdotes with which he entertained us I may be permitted

to give, say the hundred and first. 'Wordsworth,' said Charles Lamb, 'one day told me that he considered Shakspeare greatly over-rated.' 'There is an immensity of trick in all Shakspeare wrote,' he said, 'and people are taken in by it. Now, if *I* had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakspeare.'—'So you see,' proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, 'it was *only the mind* that was wanting!' We met Buckle on several subsequent occasions, and his talk and his spirits never flagged; the same untiring energy marked all he said, and did, and thought, and fatigue and depression appeared to be things unknown to him."

DIDEROT AND THE BLIND.

Diderot wrote a work, in which he said that *people who are born blind have some ideas different from those who are possessed of their eyesight.* This assertion is by no means improbable, and it contains nothing by which any one need be startled. The men, however, who then governed France, discovered in it some hidden danger. Whether they imagined that the mention of blindness was an allusion to themselves, or whether they were merely instigated by the perversity of their temper, is uncertain; at all events, the unfortunate Diderot, for having hazarded this opinion, was arrested, and without even the form of a trial, was confined in the dungeons of Vincennes.

Yet Dugald Stewart, who has collected some important evidence upon the subject, has confirmed several of the views put forward by Diderot. Since then, greater attention has been paid to the education of the blind, and it has been remarked that "it is an exceedingly difficult task to teach them to think accurately." These passages unconsciously testify to the sagacity of Diderot; and they also testify to the stupid ignorance of a Government, which sought to put an end to such inquiries by punishing the author.—*Buckle's History of Civilization in England,* vol. i. p. 681.

CLERICAL LIFE.

SHORT PRAYERS.

Dr. King relates that, in 1715, at a dinner-party at the Duke of Ormonde's, at Richmond, a jocular dispute arose concerning short prayers. Sir William Wyndham said, the shortest prayer he had ever heard was the prayer of a common soldier, just before the battle of Blenheim—"O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" This was followed, indecorously, by a general laugh. But, Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who was present, addressing Sir W. Wyndham, said: "Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short: but I remember another as short but much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances, 'O God, if, in the day of battle, I forget thee, do thou not forget me.'" This, as Atterbury pronounced it with his usual grace and dignity, was a very gentle and polite reproof, and was immediately felt by the company.

AN OLD STUDENT.

Soon after Louis XIV. had collated the celebrated Bossuet to the bishopric of Meaux, the king asked the citizens how they liked their new bishop. "Why, your majesty, we like him pretty well." "Pretty well! why, what fault have you to find with him?", "To tell your majesty the truth, we should have preferred having a bishop who had finished his education; for, whenever we wait upon him, we are told that he is at his studies."

VIRTUES OF TAR-WATER.

Bishop Berkeley having received benefit from the use of Tar-Water, when ill of the colic, published a work *On the Virtues of Tar-Water;* and a few months before his death, a sequel, entitled *Further Thoughts on Tar-Water;* and when accused of fancying he had discovered a nostrum in Tar-Water, he replied, that, "to speak out, he freely owns he suspects Tar-Water is a panacea." Walpole has preserved the following epigram on Berkeley's remedy:

> "Who dare deride what pious Cloyne has done?
> The Church shall rise and vindicate her son;
> She tells us all her bishops shepherds are,
> And shepherds heal their rotten sheep with tar."

In a letter, written by Mr. John Whishaw, solicitor, May 26, 1744, we find this note of Berkeley's panacea: "The Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, has published a book, of two shillings price, upon the excellencies of Tar-Water, which is to keep ye bloud in due order, and a great remedy in many cases. His way of making it is to put, I think, a gallon of water to a quart of tar, and after stirring it together, to let it stand forty-eight hours, and then pour off the clear and drink a glass of about half a pint in ye morn, and as much at five in ye afternoon. So it's become as common to call for a glass of tar-water in a coffee-house, as a dish of tea or coffee."

A PUNNING ARCHBISHOP.

Sir William Dawes, Archbishop of York, was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him, for the first time after he had lost his Lady, he told them he feared they did not find things in so good order as they used to be, in the time of poor *Mary;* and looking extremely sorrowful, added with a deep sigh—"She was, indeed, *Mare pacificum.*" A curate, who pretty well knew what she had been, called out: "Aye, my Lord, but she was *Mare mortuum* first." Sir William gave him a living of 500*l.* per annum within two months afterwards.

AN INTRIGUING BISHOP.

Hinchliffe, bishop of Peterborough, was the son of a livery-stable keeper, and was educated at Westminster, of which school he was appointed head-master in 1764. He married the sister of his liberal friend and pupil, Mr. Crewe. Hinchliffe had been employed by the latter to persuade the lady not to entertain the suit of an officer in the Guards; and he did this so effectually that the lady graciously listened to his own, and bestowed on him a hand that carried a large fortune with it. The prelate was strongly opposed to the American war: he acquired the name of the "Bloody Bishop," in 1774, being the only member of the episcopal bench who supported severe measures against the Arminians.

A BISHOP'S HUMOUR.

Bishop Marley had a good deal of the humour of Swift. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. To this the coachman objected, that *his* business was to *drive*, not to run on errands. "Well, then," said Marley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside, and *drive* to the well;" —a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of the village.

BISHOP WARBURTON'S MARRIAGE.

Pope was on a visit to his friend, Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, near Bath, of whom he wrote

> "Let humble Allen with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

One day, during the visit, a letter was put into Pope's hands, which appeared to cause him some embarrassment. Allen, making some inquiry as to its contents, Pope informed him that the letter was from "a Lincolnshire parson," to whom he was under some obligation, who proposed to be with him in a day or two at Twickenham. The difficulty was immediately obviated by Allen, who suggested that "the Lincolnshire parson," who was no other but Warburton, should be invited to Prior Park, adding, that a carriage should meet him at Chippenham. The plan was approved of by Pope, and the

invitation accepted by Warburton. The latter arrived in a few days, and shortly afterwards succeeded in gaining the affections of Allen's niece, Gertrude Tucker, who, in 1735, became the wife of Warburton; and in right of whom, after their marriage, he succeeded to the possession of Prior Park, and to the bulk of Allen's property.

WORLDLY DISTINCTION.

It is curious to see Warburton instructing Hurd how to make way in the world. "In your commerce with the great," he says, "if you would have it turn to your advantage, you should endeavour, when the person is of great abilities, to make him satisfied with *you;* when he is of none, to make him satisfied with *himself.*"

WARBURTON AND LOWTH.

Lowth was a match for Warburton, and something more: he spoke of the Bishop contemptuously, as having been "hardily brought up in the keen atmosphere of wholesome severities;" when Lowth, remembering that Warburton had served five years' apprenticeship to the study of the law, replied: "Pray, my Lord, what is it to the purpose where I have been brought up? You charge me with principles of intolerance, adding a gentle insinuation also of disaffection to the present royal family and government; you infer these principles, it seems, from the place of my education. Is this a necessary consequence? Is it even a fair conclusion? May not one have had the good sense, or the good fortune, to have avoided, or to have gotten the better of the ordinary prejudices of education? . . . To have made a proper use of the advantages of a good education is a just praise; but to have overcome the disadvantages of a bad one, is a much greater. In short, my Lord, I cannot but think that this inquisition concerning my education is quite beside the purpose. Had I not your Lordship's example to justify me, I should think it a piece of extreme impertinence to inquire where you were bred; though one might justly plead in excuse for it a natural curiosity to know where and how such a phenomenon was produced."

WARBURTON AND QUIN.

Quin was another match for the Bishop, whom he scorched by the fire of his wit. When Warburton projected his edition of Shakspeare, the matter was mentioned in the green-room. "He had better," growled Quin, "stick to his own Bible, and leave ours to us!" The prelate and the player met at Prior Park. Warburton, in his talk with Quin before the company, always addressed him in such a way as to remind him that he was but a player; and as some accounts say, took opportunities of admonishing him on his luxury and looseness of life. One evening, however, with much apparent civility, he requested Quin, whom he should never see on the stage, to give him a specimen of his acting, in presence of a large number of guests, in Mr. Allen's drawing-room. Quin replied, carelessly, that plays were then almost out of his head, but that he believed he could repeat a few verses of "Venice Preserved," and, standing up, declaimed, *ore rotundo*, the passage in which occur the lines,

> "Honest men
> Are the soft easy cushions on which knaves
> Repose and fatten;"

and, as he pronounced the words "honest men" and "knaves," directed his looks so pointedly towards Allen and Warburton, that none of the hearers could mistake the intended application. Warburton never afterwards asked the actor for a specimen of his skill.—*Watson's Life of Warburton.*

WARBURTONIANA.

Warburton when a young man was sometimes exceedingly absent in company. He would often sit silent or doze in the chimney-corner. One evening, while the company was very lively, he seemed more than usually thoughtful—not a word dropped from his lips; when one of his acquaintance, with a view to raise another laugh, said, "Well, Mr. Warburton, where have you been? And what will you take for your thoughts?" He replied, with a firmness to which they had thought him an entire stranger: "I know very well what you and others think of me; but I believe I shall one day or other convince the world that I am not so ignorant, nor so great a fool, as I am taken to be."

In Warburton's time, few clergymen thought it incumbent

on them to do more than perform the services of the Church decently; and Warburton might justly allege that he was more clerically employed in a ceaseless round of study than were not a few of his clerical neighbours in hunting thrice a-week, and getting drunk daily. Yet, as satire is generally the echo of some rumour, and a rumour has generally some basis in fact, the following lines of Churchill render it probable that Warburton was not the most watchful of shepherds:

> "A curate first, he read and read,
> And laid in—while he should have fed
> The souls of his neglected flock—
> Of reading such a mighty stock
> That he o'ercharged the weary brain
> With more than she could well contain."

When Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, died, in 1768, Warburton wrote thus oddly of him to Dr. Hurd: "A bishop more or less in the world is nothing; and, perhaps, of as small amount in the next. I used to despise him for his antiquarianism; but of late, since I grew old and dull myself, I cultivated an acquaintance with him for the sake of what formerly kept us asunder."

Warburton said many smart things. When Lord Lyttelton, who had held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer for a short time, was obliged to retire from incapacity, and was succeeded by Mr. Dowdeswell, Warburton observed to Hawkins Browne that there was a curious contrast between the two ministers; for "the one could never in his life learn that two and two made four, while the other knew nothing else." This is very similar to his sarcasm on Dean Tucker and Dr. Squire. His remark on Mallet's *Life of Bacon*, and projected *Life of Marlborough*, is well known,—that Mallet would perhaps forget that "Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher." To him also is attributed the saying that "there are two things for which every man thinks himself competent, managing a small farm, and driving a whiskey." He has the credit, too, of the famous distinction between orthodoxy and heterodoxy: "Orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is another man's doxy."

In one of his letters he says: "The people are much more reasonable in their demands on their patriots than on their ministers. Of their patriots they readily accept the will for

the deed, but of their ministers they unjustly interpret the deed for the will!"

Warburton had an only child, a son. Being asked to what profession he should devote him, he said he would determine according to his ability. If he proved himself a lad of good parts, he should make him a lawyer; if but mediocre, he should breed him a physician; but that if he turned out a very dull fellow, he should put him into the Church. The boy gave such proofs of talent that he was destined for the law, but died in his nineteenth year.

About this time, Warburton became almost imbecile, and continued to take little interest in anything for several years, till, just before his death, a momentary revival of intellect took place, and he asked his attendant, in a quiet, rational tone, "Is my son really dead, or not?" The servant hesitated how to reply, when the Bishop repeated the question in a firmer voice. The attendant then answered, "As your Lordship presses the question, I must say, he is dead." "I thought so," said Warburton, and soon after expired. Cradock relates the above, but only as a report.—*Life, by Watson.*

"WITH THE STREAM."

When Sherlock, bishop of Salisbury, was Master of the Temple, the Sees of Canterbury and London were vacant about the same time (1748); which occasioned this epigram upon Sherlock:

> "At the Temple one day Sherlock taking a boat,
> The waterman asked him 'which way he would float?'
> 'Which way?' says the Doctor; 'why fool, with the stream!'
> To St. Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him."

The tide in favour of Sherlock was running to St. Paul's: he was made Bishop of London.

HEATHENISH TALK.

Walpole asked Prideaux, grandson of the Dean, if he had ever seen Stosch's collection. He replied, very few of his things, for he did not like his company; that he had never heard so much heathenish talk in his days. Walpole inquired what it was, and found that Stosch had one day said before him that "the soul was only *a little glue.*" "I laughed at this," says Walpole, "so much, that he walked off; I suppose, thinking that I believed so too."

A RHYMING CANON.

The father of Miss Seward was a minor canon of Lichfield Cathedral, and Mrs. Delany calls him "a learned clergyman." Walpole has an amusing anecdote of the value he put upon his metrical compositions. He was travelling-tutor to Lord Charles Fitzroy, who was taken dangerously ill at Genoa. Through the remedies applied by the physician, the crisis appeared to have passed; and Mr. Seward went to his room, and began a complimentary ode to the Esculapius; but before it was finished, a relapse took place, and the patient died. The tutor, however, was so well pleased with the commencement of his poem that he finished it, despite the failure in the moral of the tale.

SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIANISM.

Professor Dalzel, of Edinburgh, used to agree with those who say, that it is partly owing to its Presbyterianism that Scotland is less classical than Episcopal England. Sydney Smith asserted that he overheard the Professor muttering one dark night in the street to himself, "If it had not been for that confounded Solemn League and Covenant we should have made as good longs and shorts as they."—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

In comparing the performances of two competitors, one man observed, "I think our minister did weel; ay, he gars the stour flee out o' the cushion;" to which the other rejoined, with a calm feeling of superiority, "Stour out o' the cushion! hout! our minister, sin' he cam' wi' us, has dung the guts out o' twa Bibles." So, also, when a minister who had been caught in the wet, and was solicitous about going damp into the pulpit, inquired of another, "Do you think I'm dry; do you think I'm dry eneuch nóo?" his ingenious colleague could resist no longer, but, patting him on the shoulder, comforted him with the assurance, "Bide a wee, Doctor, and ye'se be dry eneuch when ye get into the pu'pit." (Charles Mathews, the elder, as an old Scotch woman, used to tell this story with wonderful effect.)

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCE.

In Scotland there is a tendency to a revolution of feeling as regards church ornament, which is conceived by Dean Ramsay to be symbolized in a conversation overheard by a friend of his; and in which an English gentleman was asking a person, who happened to be a building contractor, what was the difference between two places of worship which were springing up close to each other—meaning, of course, the difference in the theological tenets of the two congregations. The contractor, who thought only of architectural differences, innocently replied, "There may be a difference of sax feet in length, but there's no aboon a few inches in the breadth." But, as Dean Ramsay observes, there is still room for the aspiration, in which we join, that all our religious differences could be brought within so narrow a compass.

Here is another example in a conversation indicative of this feeling, and which the Dean had overheard between an Edinburgh inhabitant and a friend from the country. They were passing St. John's, which had just been finished, and the countryman asked, "Whatna kirk was that?" "Oh," said the townsman, "that is an English chapel," meaning Episcopalian. "Aye," said his friend, "there'll be a walth o' images there." Another story is told of a Presbyterian nurse, who was taken by her mistress to church to hear a musical service, then recently instituted, and who, when asked on her return what she thought of the music, said, "Ou, it's varra bonny, varra bonny. But ou, my leddie, it's an awfu' way of spending the Sabbath." The organ was then a great mark of distinction between Episcopalian and Presbyterian places of worship.

WEATHER PRAYER.

In one of the northern counties of Scotland, the harvest work had been seriously affected by continuous rains, and the crops being much laid, wind was desired in order to restore them into a condition fit for the sickle. A minister, in his Sabbath sermon, expressed their wants in prayer as follows: "O Lord, we pray thee to send us wind, no a rantin', tantin', tearin', wind, but a noohin' (noughin?), soughin', wiruin' wind." "More expressive words than these," says Dean Ramsay, "could not be found in any language."

WEEPING FOR WANT OF WORDS.

Dr. Pitcairn, going about the streets of Edinburgh one Sunday, was obliged, by a sudden pelt of rain, to take refuge in a place he was not often in—a church. The audience was scanty, and he sat down in a pew where there was only another sitter besides—a quiet, grave-looking countryman, listening to the sermon with a face of the utmost composure. The preacher was very emphatic—so much so, that at one passage he began to shed tears copiously, and to use his handkerchief. Interested in this as a physiological fact, for which he could not in the circumstances see any sufficient cause, Pitcairn turned to the countryman, and asked in a whisper, "What the deevil gars the man greet?" "Faith," says the man, slowly turning round, "ye wad maybe greet yoursel', if ye was up there, and had as little to say."

SCOTTISH MINISTERS.

In old times, when Scottish names carried with them the moral features as characteristic of each division, the morning litany of an old laird of Coltoquhay, when he took his early draught at the cauld well was in these words: "Frae the ire o' the Drummonds, the pride o' the Græmes, the greed o' the Campbells, and the wind o' the Murrays, guid Lord deliver us." On being reproved by the Duke of Athole for taking such liberties with noble names, his answer was,—"There, my lord, there's the wind o' the Murrays!"

The Rev. Mr. Laurie of Kirkmichael, Ayrshire, was in the habit of giving an exhortation to those attending a funeral after the grave was filled up. On the last occasion that he thus addressed them, William M'Murtie, keeper of the village inn, was at the funeral, and had got something more than enough. He was on very intimate terms with the minister. William saw the trouble which it would take to replace a very large "through stane" on the grave, and when the minister began to intimate that though they had now put dust to dust, yet the day was not far distant when he would assuredly rise again, "My faith," said William, "if ye ettle him to rise again, ye're no his freen' to put that stane on him, for the rest will be up and past the Clawbag wood afore he gets frae 'neath it, and the stoor shaken off again."

An Episcopal clergyman married the widow of a blind gentleman, who fitted herself out with such a *trousseau* as made people wonder, for she said, "I was married to a moudiewart last, but now I am getting a husband who can *see* me."

A CUNNING ELDER.

A canny Scot had got himself installed in the eldership of the kirk, and, in consequence, had for some time carried round the ladle for the collections. He had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each Sunday, with a boll of meal at New Year's Day. When the time arrived, he claimed his meal, but was told he had been hoaxed. "It may be sae wi' the meal," he said, coolly, "but I took care of the saxpence mysel'."

A DOUBLE CURE.

Dr. Carlyle once, when at Carlisle, sent to invite his friend Chancellor Wedderburn to sup with him and his wife at his inn; but he learnt that the Chancellor was preparing to go to bed, as he was very hoarse. The Doctor, however, sent to say he would infalliby cure his hoarseness before the next morning. The Chancellor came, but was very hoarse. The supper was good enough, but the liquors were execrable —the wine and porter were not drinkable. They made a bowl of the worst punch Carlyle ever tasted. Wedderburn said, if they would mix it with a bottle of the bad porter, it would be improved. They did as he directed, and to their surprise it became drinkable, and they were a jolly company. The counsellor did not forget the receipt to cure his hoarseness. This was nothing more than some Castille soap shaven into a spoon and mixed with some white wine or water, so that it could be swallowed: this he took, and next morning he was perfectly cured, and as sound as a bell.—*Carlyle's Autobiography.*

A PIOUS JOKE.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander relates that there lived in Peeblesshire a half-witted man, who was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field behind a turf-dyke. One day he was followed to this spot by some waggish persons, who secreted

themselves on the opposite side, listening to the man at his devotions, who expressed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, and that even were the turf-dyke at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this than the persons on the opposite side pushed the dyke over him; when, scrambling out, he was heard to say, "Hech, sirs! its an awfu' world, this; a body canna say a thing in a joke but it's ta'en in earnest."

A BORDER MINISTER.

Some curious traits are related of the minister of Harwick, named Lawrie. It appears that a water-spout had fallen into a mountain-stream, had destroyed a mill, drowned one of the millers, and threatened the whole town with inundation; but as it had come down in the night, it abated early in the forenoon. Lawrie was not a little rallied for his having delayed calling the people to prayers on the morning of the inundation, till he saw from his garden the flood a little abating; and then continuing so long in prayer, (for a full hour,) when it had fallen so much that a man on horseback could pass below the mill, which the good people ascribed to the fervency of their pastor, and would have continued to believe in the efficacy of his prayer, had not the surviving miller assured them that the inundation had fallen six inches before the church-bell rang. Lawrie was perfectly pleased with so much address being ascribed to him, though he lost a little in the article of interest in heaven which was imputed to him.

Lawrie, upon a visit to London, in 1739 or 1740, founded many marvellous stories of his intimacy with secretaries of state and courtiers, with whom he pretended to have become quite familiar. When he alleged that he had been quite at his ease with the Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and could call on them at any hour, and remain to dinner or supper, without being invited, Dr. Carlyle used to call to him, "Halt there, Lawrie; if you don't know the boundary between truth and falsehood, you should draw the line between what is probable and what is not so.—*See Carlyle's Autobiography.*

"THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE."

In Scottish church-discipline of old offenders, previously convicted before the minister and his kirk session, were made to receive public censure from the pulpit, in the time of divine service; the guilty person standing up before the congregation on a raised platform, called the *cutty-stool*, and receiving a rebuke. This, like the penance in a white sheet in England, went out of use; and "the stool of repentance" became a household phrase, without serious meaning.

Dean Ramsay relates an instance of the extermination of the repentance stool in Ayrshire. A young farmer being cited to appear upon it on a certain Sunday, on the previous evening, he called upon the beadle, whom he bribed to open the church-door, and having seized the abominable stool, he broke it into a thousand pieces, which was easily done, as it was far decayed. On the following day it could not be found, and it was never again replaced.—*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, Second Series.

SCOTTISH SABBATH.

An eminent professor of geology visiting in the Highlands, met an old man on the hills on Sunday morning. The professor, partly from the effect of habit, and not adverting to the very strict notions on Sabbath desecration entertained in Ross-shire, had his pocket-hammer in his hand, and was thoughtlessly breaking the specimens of minerals he picked up by the way. The old man for some time eyed the geologist, and going up to him quietly said, "Sir, ye're breaking something there forbye the stanes!"

An English artist, travelling professionally through Scotland, had occasion to remain over Sunday in a small town in the north. In a walk in the environs, the picturesque ruin of a castle met his eye. He asked its name of a countryman who was passing: the reply was—"It's no' the day to be speering sic things."

A POPULAR CHAPLAIN.

Robert M'Pherson, had been bred at Aberdeen for the Church, but before he passed trial as a probationer, was offered a company in his regiment of Highlanders by Simon

Fraser, and accepted; but the captains' commissions being all disposed of, he was offered a lieutenancy, or a chaplaincy if he liked it better. He chose the last; and soon made himself acceptable to the superiors as well as the men; and after they landed in Nova Scotia, in every skirmish or battle it was observed that he always put himself on a line with the officers at the head of the regiment. He was asked how he came to be so foolish. He answered, that being a grown man, while many of the lieutenants and ensigns were but boys, as well as some of the privates, and that they looked to him for example as well as precept, he had thought it his duty to advance with them, but that he discontinued the practice after the third time of danger, as he found that they were perfectly steady.

In one of the winters in which he was at Quebec, he had provided himself with a wooden house, which he had furnished well, and in which he had a tolerable soldier's library. While he was dining one day with the mess, his house took fire, and was burned to the ground. Next morning the two sergeant-majors of the two Highland regiments came to him, and lamenting the great loss he had sustained, told him that the lads, out of their great love and respect for him, had collected a purse of four hundred guineas, which they begged him to accept of. He was much moved by their generosity, and by-and-bye answered, "That he was never so much gratified in his life as by their offer, as a mark of kindness and respect, of which he should think himself entirely unworthy if he could rob them of the fruits of their wise and prudent frugality;" and added, that, by good fortune, he had no need of the exertions of their generosity. Dr. Carlyle, who relates the above, (in his *Autobiography*,) adds, "The annals of private men I have often thought as instructive and worthy of being recorded as those of their superiors."

PARENTHESIS.

Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle, and father of the Chief Justice Ellenborough, as a writer, indulged more frequently in parenthetical observations than Lord Clarendon himself. When one of his works was passing slowly through the press at Carlisle, the bishop complained of the delay. The printer excused himself on the ground that he had been compelled

to wait till he had received from a type-foundry at Glasgow a *pound* of parentheses. Some one remarked that parentheses in a speech often have the effect of making an unskilful orator drunk. The speeches of Sir Francis Burdett abounded in parentheses, which have been compared to a nest of pill-boxes.

A DILIGENT BISHOP.

Harford relates of Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury, that of his literary labours and self-denying life "few can have any conception." Harford was frequently admitted to see him on business, even as early as six in the morning. Often he kindly remarked, "Your time is not your own, and is as precious to you as mine; scruple not to send to me when you really want to see me." On one of Harford's early morning visits, about eight o'clock, in the winter, he found the bishop seated in his great coat and hat, writing at a table, in a room without a carpet, the floor covered with old folios, his candles only just extinguished. "I have been writing and reading," he said, "since five o'clock." At another time Harford found him at eight o'clock, about Christmas, writing by candlelight; the whole room being strewed with old books, collected from various places in the metropolis. The untiring perseverance with which he prosecuted his researches for evidence on any particular subject is inconceivable.

A GHOST STORY.

In the hot summer of 1794, the Bishop of Chichester was waked in his palace at four o'clock in the morning by his bed-chamber door being opened, when a female figure, all in white, entered, and sat down near him. The prelate, who protested he was not frightened, said in a tone of authority, but not with the usual triple adjuration, "Who are you?" Not a word of reply; but the personage heaved a profound sigh. The bishop rang the bell; but the servants were so sound asleep that nobody heard him. He repeated his question: still no answer, but another deep sigh. Then the apparition took some papers out of its pocket, and began to read them to itself. At last, when the bishop had continued to ring, and nobody to come, the spectre rose and departed as sedately as it had arrived. When the servants did at

length appear, the bishop cried, "Well, what have you seen?" "Seen, my lord?" "Ay, seen; or who, what is the woman that has been here?" "Woman, my lord?" In short, when my lord had related his vision, his domestics did humbly apprehend that his lordship had been dreaming, and so did his whole family the next morning; yet it is most certain that the good man had been in no dream, and told nothing but what he had seen; for, as the story circulated, and diverted the ungodly at the prelate's expense, it got at last to the ears of the keeper of a madhouse in the diocese, who came and deposed that a female lunatic under his care had escaped from his custody, and, finding the gate of the palace open, had marched up to my lord's chamber. The deponent further said, that his prisoner was always reading a bundle of papers. "I have known stories of ghosts," says Walpole, "solemnly authenticated, less credible; and I hope you will believe this, attested by a father of our own Church."

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

A Scottish minister one day inflicted upon his own wife a censure for the above offence. He had observed one of his flock asleep during his sermon. He paused, and called him to order, "Jeems Robson, ye are sleepin'; I insist on your waking when God's word is preached to ye." "Weel, sir, ye may look at your ain seat, and ye'll see a sleeper forbye me," answered Jeems, pointing to the clergyman's lady in the minister's pew. "Then, Jeems," said the minister, "when ye see my wife asleep again, haud up your hand." By-and-bye, the arm was stretched out, and sure enough the fair lady was caught in the act. Her husband solemnly called upon her to stand up, and receive the censure due to her offence. He thus addressed her, "Mrs. B., anybody kens that when I got ye for my wife I got nae beauty. Yer frien's ken that I got nae siller; and if I dinna get God's grace, I shall have a puir bargain indeed."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

Dr. Buchsel, in his *Ministerial Experiences,* relates the following instance:—"I was surprised to observe that, for some Sundays, a rustic, whom I had never seen there before, now regularly made his appearance in church, but in the most open way in the world settled himself to sleep as soon as he was seated, and snored so loud that one heard him even during

the singing. A boy to whom I had often spoken, and who had an open, merry expression of face, was in the habit of placing himself not far from the snorer, and I now requested him to sit more immediately behind him, and to touch him from time to time in order to keep him awake. At first the lad refused to do this, but the promise of a *groschen* led him to comply. During the whole service I could see the contest carried on between the little fellow and his somnolent neighbour, and by a glance of my eye I tried to encourage the former to keep up the rousing process. On the following Sunday the rustic came again, and so did the boy, whom I begged to continue his good offices as before, but he declined; and when I held out the bribe of the *groschen*, told me that the peasant had already given him two, on condition that he should not be disturbed. When the service was over, throughout the whole of which the man had slumbered unmolested, I went up to him in the churchyard, and asked him what motive he could have for coming to church; to which he answered, quite unconcernedly, 'There are too many flies in the house for a man to get his rest, but in the church it's fine and cool; in winter there's never any need why I should come.'"

The reader, we daresay, will recollect Dean Swift's admirable sermon on sleeping in church. The humour of "opium is not so stupefying to many persons as an afternoon sermon."

LET WELL ALONE.

Malherbe, having dined with the Bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him to adjourn from the table to the church, where he was then going to preach. "Pardon me," said Malherbe, "but I can sleep very well where I am."

A CLEAR CASE.

At King's College, Cambridge, one Sunday morning, when not above two of the Fellows had been at chapel with the the Provost, Dr. Snape, the latter, at evening service said to Dr. Wilmot, the Vice-Provost, a man of wit, who wrote upon the English particles, "Upon my word, Mr. Vice-Provost, there was a scandalous appearance at chapel this morning!" "Why do you apply to me?" said Wilmot; "I did not contribute to make it."

A THIRD WIFE.

Dr. Middleton having taken a third wife, the relict of a Bristol merchant, Bishop Gooch called to make a matrimonial visit, when he told Mrs. Middleton that "he was glad she did not dislike the *ancients* so much as her husband did." She replied that she hoped his lordship did not reckon her husband among the ancients yet. The bishop answered, "You, madam, are the best judge of that."

BAPTISMAL BLUNDER.

Lucifer—the light-bringer—is a very good name, but few parents would desire to give it to a child; indeed, if the attempt were made the sponsor would probably meet with the treatment which was once suffered by mistake. "Name this child," said a parson. "Lucy, sir," replied the humble sponsor. "Lucifer! I shall give him no such name; I shall call him John!" and John the girl was for the rest of her life.

LADY HUNTINGDON'S CONNEXION.

We dare say the reader will recollect the large chapel in North-street, Brighton, to build which Lady Huntingdon sold all her jewels. Some years later she was in perplexity how to raise money for a chapel she wished to build at Birmingham. She was accustomed to keep in her house the sum of 300*l.*, to defray the expenses of her funeral; and it was her wish to be buried in white satin. This money was considered so sacred that on no account was it to be touched. On this occasion she said to Lady Anne Erskine, her friend and companion, "I want 300*l.*; I have no money in the house but that put by for my funeral; for the first time in my life I feel inclined to let that go." Lady Anne said, "You can trust God with your soul—why not with your funeral?" The Countess took the money; and the very day she did so a gentleman, who could know nothing of the circumstance, sent her a cheque for precisely 300*l.*

Lady Gertrude Hotham, Lord Chesterfield's sister, was an active Methodist: her brother, the Earl, being very ill, she went with her Primate, Lady Huntingdon, to try to tempt

him to one of their seminaries in Wales, hoping to get at his soul by a cranny in his health. They extolled the prospects, and then there were such charming mountains! "Hold, ladies," said he, "I don't love mountains; when your Ladyships' faith has removed the mountains, I will go thither with all my heart!"

HAT AND HEAD.

A deputation of Quakers was waiting in an anteroom at Carlton Palace, to present an Address of Congratulation to the Prince Regent, when one of the pages advanced to take off the hats of the Quakers. Dr. Waugh, the Nonconformist, who was standing by, and who loved a joke, said to the foremost Quaker, in an audible whisper, "Persecution, brother;" to which the brother significantly replied, while pointing upwards (? to the portrait of Charles I.), "Not so bad to take off the hat as the head."

WESLEY AND THE MORAVIANS.

In the vessel which conveyed John Wesley and his associates to America were several families of the Moravians, or (as they call themselves) the United Brethren, who, under the patronage of Government, were proceeding to join some of their society already established in Georgia. During the voyage, which was tedious and stormy, Wesley had been greatly impressed and affected by their humility, meekness, and patience. Southey tells us that "Those servile offices, which none of the English would perform for the other passengers, they offered themselves to undertake, and would receive no recompense; saying, it was good for their proud hearts, and their Saviour had done more for them. No injury could move their meekness; if they were struck or thrown down, they made no complaint, nor suffered the slightest indication of resentment to appear. Wesley was curious to see whether they were equally delivered from the spirit of fear, and this he had an opportunity of ascertaining. In the midst of the psalm with which they began their service, the sea broke over, split the main-sail, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks, as if, he says, the great deep had already swallowed us up. A dreadful screaming was

heard among the English colonists: the Moravians calmly sung on. Wesley afterwards asked one of them if he was not afraid at that time. He replied, 'I thank God, no.' He was then asked if the women and children were not afraid. His answer was, 'No; our women and children are not afraid to die.' "

This good opinion was confirmed by all which Wesley observed in their conduct and manners after his arrival in the new world.

WESLEY'S RECLAMATIONS.

With all the enthusiasm, and the incidental evil consequences, of Wesley's system, he might boast of much direct and evident good produced, of many sinners reclaimed, of many ignorant persons enlightened, of many disappointed and broken hearts relieved by the balm of religion. Southey relates that a woman, overwhelmed with affliction, went out one night with the determination of throwing herself into the New River. As she was passing the Foundry, she heard the people singing: she stopped, and went in; listened, learnt where to look for consolation and support, and was thereby preserved from suicide.

Wesley had been disappointed of a room at Grimsby, and when the appointed hour for preaching came, the rain prevented him from preaching at the Cross. In the perplexity which this occasioned, a convenient place was offered him by a woman, "which was a sinner." Of this, however, he was ignorant at the time, and the woman listened to him without any apparent emotion. But in the evening he preached eloquently upon the sins and the faith of her who washed our Lord's feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head; and that discourse, by which the whole congregation were affected, touched her to the heart. She followed him to his lodging, crying out, "O, sir, what must I do to be saved?" Wesley, who now understood that she had forsaken her husband, and was living in adultery, replied, "Escape for your life! Return instantly to your husband!" She said she knew not how to go; she had just heard from him, and he was at Newcastle, above an hundred miles off. Wesley made answer, that he was going to Newcastle himself the next morning; she might go with him, and his companion should take her behind him. It was late in October: she

performed the journey under this protection, and in a state of mind which beseemed her condition. "During our whole journey," he says, "I scarce observed her to smile; nor did she ever complain of any thing, or appear moved in the least with those trying circumstances which many times occurred in our way. A steady seriousness, or sadness rather, appeared in her whole behaviour and conversation, as became one that felt the burden of sin, and was groaning after salvation."—"Glory be to the Friend of sinners!" he exclaims, when he relates the story; "He hath plucked one more brand out of the fire! Thou poor sinner, thou hast received a prophet in the name of a prophet, and thou art found of Him that sent him." The husband did not turn away the penitent; and her reformation appeared to be sincere and permanent.

OPPOSITION TO METHODISM.

It may well be supposed, that exertions of a nature so novel as those made in the early days of Methodism, were not likely to be carried on in England without great and violent opposition. Nor was this opposition confined to the bloodless weapons of argument or verbal censure. Furious mobs arose against them in many places both of England and Ireland; and the magistrates, in some instances, showed a scandalous neglect of their duty, and even encouraged whatever excesses had the suppression of Methodism for their object. Whitefield, while preaching in Moorfields, was not only assailed with all the usual missiles of a brutal rabble, but was attacked with a drawn sword by a person with the appearance of a gentleman; and Wesley was twice in very serious danger, once at Walsall, in Staffordshire, where some of the mob cried out "Crucify him!"—once in Cornwall, where a crowd, headed by the crews of some privateers, broke into the house where he was visiting a sick lady, with avowed intentions of killing him, which were only prevented by his firm and quiet manner of addressing them.

In Ireland some of his helpers were exposed, if possible, to still greater danger: a mob paraded the streets of Dublin armed with swords, staves, and pistols, wounding many persons, and offering five pounds for the head of a Methodist; and a Grand Jury, instead of affording justice to the injured party, preferred bills against Charles Wesley and nine of his

friends, as persons of ill fame, vagabonds, and common disturbers of His Majesty's peace, praying that they might be transported.

Nor was the life of an itinerant without trials of another kind. Wesley's long journeys on horseback, at a time when turnpikes were unknown, and accommodation of all kinds execrable, were often wearisome, and sometimes even dangerous, when they led him through the fens of his own county when the waters were out, and over the hills of Northumberland when they were covered with snow. Southey tells us that he and John Nelson rode from common to common, in Cornwall, preaching to a people who heard willingly, but seldom or never proffered them the slightest act of hospitality. Returning one day in autumn from one of these hungry excursions, Wesley stopped his horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. "Brother Nelson," said he, "we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst that I ever saw for getting food. Do the people think we can live by preaching?" They were detained some time at St. Ives, because of the illness of one of their companions; and their lodging was little better than their fare. "All that time," says John, "Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor: he had my great-coat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here near three weeks, one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but one side.'"

BURIAL OF JOHN WESLEY.

Wesley's decay was gradual and without suffering, till in the middle of the year 1790, he confessed that "though he felt no pain, yet nature was exhausted, and, humanly speaking, would sink more and more, till

'The weary springs of life stand still at last.'"

In the following February, he had still strength to write a long letter to America, in which he enjoined those who desired to say any thing to him to lose no opportunity, "for Time," he continued, "has shaken me by the hand, and death is not far behind:" words which his father had used in one

of the last letters that he addressed to his sons at Oxford. He died, in fact, peaceably and without pain, in little more than a fortnight afterwards, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry.

At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel opposite Bunhill Fields burial-ground, the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown, cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand, and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great, that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour. Mr. Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to that part of the service, "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of our dear *brother*," his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father;* and the feeling with which he did this was such, that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

This warm-hearted pastor of Calvinistic Dissenters, (who had been admitted to deacon's orders in the Church of England,) constantly preached in Surrey Chapel for nearly fifty years; and dying in 1833, he was buried in a vault under the chapel.

During this long ministry, he interlarded his sermons with many piquant anecdotes and witticisms, and sallies of humour unorthodox. However, he thought the end justified the means, and certain it is that it drew very large congregations.

On one occasion he was preaching for a public charity, when a note was handed up to him, inquiring if it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute. He noticed the matter in the course of his sermon, and pronounced decidedly that such a person could not do so in Christian honesty. "But, my

friends," he added, "I would advise you who are not insolvent not to pass the plate this evening, as the people will be sure to say: 'There goes the bankrupt!'" At St. John's church, Wapping, he declared: "I am come to preach to great sinners, notorious sinners, profane sinners—yea, to *Wapping* sinners." And one day, on announcing from the pulpit the amount of a liberal collection, he remarked: "You have behaved so well on this occasion, that we mean to have another collection next Sunday. I have heard it said of a good cow, that the more you milk her the more she will give."

One wet day a number of persons entered his chapel to take shelter from a heavy shower of rain, when he remarked, that many people were blamed for making religion a *cloak*, but he did not think those were much better who made it an *umbrella!* Petitions were frequently handed to him in the pulpit, requesting the prayers of the congregation for certain persons. A wag handed up, "The prayers of the congregation are requested for the Reverend Rowland Hill, that he will not ride in his carriage on Sunday." Not being aware of the peculiar nature of the request till he had read it too far to recede, he went on to the end, and then added: "If the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is at present in the congregation, and will come into the vestry after service, and allow me to put a saddle on his back, I shall be willing to ride home upon him instead of in my carriage."

He was very kind and charitable to the poor, but had a great intolerance of dirt and slovenliness. On noticing anything of the kind, he would say: "Here, mistress, is a trifle for you to buy some soap and a scrubbing-brush: there is plenty of water to be had for nothing." In impressing upon his hearers the duty of owing no man anything, he would remark: "I never pay my debts, and for the best of all reasons, because I never have any debts to pay." Speaking to tradesmen he would say: "You are sometimes more in the path of duty in looking into your ledgers than into your Bibles. All things should be done decently and in order."

A sentimental-looking lady one morning made her *entrée* into his study in the most solemn manner. Advancing by measured steps towards the preacher, she began: "Divine shepherd"——

"'Pon my word, ma'am!"

"I hear you have great influence with the Royal family."

"Well, ma'am, and did you hear anything else?"

"Now, seriously, sir—my son has most wonderful poetic powers. Sir, his poetry is of a sublime order—noble, original, fine!"

Hill muttered to himself: "Well, I wonder what will come next!" and his visitor continued:

"Yes, sir, pardon the liberty, and I therefore called to ask you to get him made *poet laureate!*"

"Ma'am, you might as well ask me to get him made Archbishop of Canterbury!" Whereupon the colloquy terminated.

Rowland paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the same Gospel. You said, 'Supposing you were attending to hear a will read where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was reading in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not: you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the Gospel.'" This was excellent advice, and well worth remembering sixty-five years.

Hill was very severe in rebuking hypocrisy, and those persons who had disgraced their religious profession by some discreditable action. An individual in this predicament met him one morning as he was going out, and saluted him with: "How do you do, Mr. Hill? I am delighted to see you once more."

"What! ar'n't you hanged yet?" was the reply.

An adherent of Antinomianism, who was rather given to the bottle, asked him one day: "Now, do you think, Mr. Hill, a glass of spirits will drive grace out of my heart?"

"No," he replied, "for there is none in it!"

A lady, who led rather a gay and worldly life, once remarked to him: "Oh! I am afraid lest, after all, I should not be saved!"

"I am glad to hear you say so," answered Hill, "for I have been long afraid for you, I assure you."

On one occasion he was addressing a number of candidates for the ministry, and said: "I will tell you a story. A barber, having amassed a comfortable independence, retired to his native place, where he became a preacher in a small chapel. Another person from the same village being similarly fortunate, settled there also, and attended the ministry of the barber. Wanting a new wig, he said to his pastor: '*You* might as well make it for me,' to which he assented. The wig was sent home, badly made, but charged at nearly double the usual price. The good man said nothing; but when anything particularly profitable escaped the lips of the preacher, he observed to himself: 'Excellent—but, *oh! the wig.*' When the barber prayed with apparent unction, he also, 'Though this should touch my heart, but, *oh! the wig.*' Now, my dear young brethren, wherever you are placed, *remember the wig!*"

It is related that he used, in the pulpit, to make personal allusions to his wife. In lecturing on the vanities of dress, he is reported to have said, "Ladies love fine caps; so does Mrs. Hill. Yesterday, came home a five-guinea one; but she will never wear it, for I poked it into the fire, bandbox and all." One Sunday morning, he is represented as apostrophising his wife, when entering chapel, with, "Here comes my wife with a chest of drawers on her head! She went out to buy them, and spent all the money in that hoity-toity bonnet!" These stories were, however, fictions, and Hill expressed great indignation on learning the tales ascribed to him in reference to Mrs. Hill. "It is an abominable untruth," he would exclaim, "derogatory to my character as a Christian and a gentleman—they would make me out a bear!"

In the course of his ministry, Rowland Hill paid three visits to Scotland. His style of preaching was made the subject of animadversion by the General Assembly of the Church, who issued a "pastoral admonition" against countenancing such irregular and itinerant preachers as Rowland Hill. In connexion with this subject, it is related of him that, on his being asked the reason why his carriage-horses bore such strange names (one of the quadrupeds being denominated *Order*, and the other *Decorum*), he answered, "Oh, they said in the North, 'Mr. Hill rides upon the backs of *order* and *decorum*;' so I called one of my horses *Order*, and the other *Decorum*, that they might tell the truth in one way, if they did not in another."

A SURFEIT OF SALMON.

A certain *abbé*, who was uncommonly fond of fish, often visited the Roche de Cançale, at Paris. Upon one occasion, having dined copiously off a salmon, a heavy indigestion was the consequence. Three days afterwards, whilst saying mass, the idea of the fish came across his mind, and instead of saying the *Mea culpa* of the *Confiteor*, he was heard to repeat, in striking his breast, "Ah, le bon saumon! ah, le bon saumon!"

Dr. Gastaldy, physician to the late Duke of Cumberland, fell a victim to his love of salmon. He dined at Cardinal Belloy's, Archbishop of Paris, where, having eaten three times of the belly-part of the salmon, he died of the effects of this invincible gluttony. The Doctor would have gone to the salmon a fourth time, but that the prelate tenderly upbraided him for his imprudence, and ordered the desired dish to be removed. "But alas!" says the author of *Host and Guest*, it was [illegible]—the gulosity of Gastaldy caused his death, and he was hastily buried the day after his demise. Let this be a warning to priests in high places, whether Protestant, Popish, or Presbyterian, as to helping their guests too often to the choicest part of a salmon."

CATECHISM.

Sir Isaac Gideon, the noted rich Jew, bred his children strictly. He had a mind to know what proficiency his son had made in his new religion; "so," said he, "I began, and asked him who made him?" He said, 'God!' I then asked him who redeemed him? He replied very readily, 'Christ!' Well, then, I was at the end of my interrogatories, and did not know what other question to put to him. I said, 'Who —who'—I did not know what to say; at last, I said, 'Who gave you that hat?' 'The Holy Ghost,' said the boy. Did you ever hear a better Catechism?"

A READY ANSWER.

Miss Martineau relates that Mr. K., a missionary among a tribe of northern Indians, was wont to set some simple refreshment—fruit and cider—before his converts, when they came from a distance to see him. An old man, who had no

pretensions to be a Christian, desired much to be admitted to the refreshments, and proposed to some of his converted friends to accompany them on their next visit to the missionary. They told him he must be a Christian first. "What was that?" He must know all about the Bible. When the time came he declared himself prepared, and undertook the journey with them. When arrived, he seated himself opposite the missionary, wrapped in his blanket, and looking exceedingly serious. In answer to an inquiry from the missionary, he rolled up his eyes, and solemnly uttered the following words, with a pause between each:

"Adam—Eve—Cain—Noah—Jeremiah—Beelzebub—Solomon——"

"What do you mean?" asked the missionary.

"Solomon—Beelzebub—Noah——"

"Stop, stop. What do you mean?"

"I mean—cider."

AGREEABLE VALEDICTION.

Before the first Bishop of New Zealand left England, Sydney Smith, in taking leave, affected to impress upon his friend the dangers of his mission. "You will find," he said, "in preaching to cannibals, that their attention, instead of being occupied by the spirit, will be concentrated on the flesh; for I am told that they never breakfast without a cold missionary on the sideboard." In shaking hands with the new prelate, as he was leaving the house, Smith added, "Good-bye. We shall never meet again; but let us hope that you may thoroughly disagree with the savage that eats you."

BISHOP BLOMFIELD'S RISE.

Blomfield, when a boy, on being asked as to his views of a profession, replied, "I mean to be a bishop!"—and he kept his word.

The Bishop's fortunes were built up by the munificence of various patrons. He boasted once—though rather *mal-à-propos*—to a poor clergyman who was grumbling that he never had got a single thing he asked for, "And I never asked for anything I got." "But (says a writer in the *Saturday Review*) he might have added that he never refused anything that was offered him, when, perhaps, a little more severe

sense of duty would have counselled some self-abnegation. Quarrington, in Lincolnshire, was held with the curacy of Chesterford, in Cambridgeshire; then with the rectory of Dunton, a queer little place in Bucks, with seventy-two inhabitants, where the parish clerk was a female between seventy and eighty, who being unable to read, when she stole the church communion-plate, took it to the nearest pawnbroker's, in ignorance that the name of the parish was engraved upon it. Then he held Great and Little Chesterford, with Tuddenham, in Suffolk. When promoted to the rich living of Bishopsgate in 1820, and shortly after to the archdeaconry of Colchester, he still retained Great Chesterford; and when elevated to the (comparatively poor) see of Chester, he retained Bishopsgate. When a rather cross-looking picture of him was painted on his accession to the mitre, he said it might be supposed to be 'inscribed, without permission, to the non-resident clergy of the diocese of Chester.'"

The Bishop was no friend to lazy incumbents: he insisted on them residing on their livings, even if these were in the worst part of the Essex marshes. If a curate could live there, a rector might. "Besides," as he said, "there are two well-known preservatives against ague. The one is a good deal of care and a little port-wine; the other a little care and a good deal of port-wine." He preferred the former; but, he added, "if any of the clergy prefer the latter, it is at all events a remedy which incumbents can afford better than curates."

SAVING RIGHTEOUSNESS.

While Dr. Blomfield was Rector of Chesterford, it was the permanent annoyance of every Easter Day that a stream of carriages was passing through the village, giving it the appearance, and too much of the reality, of a noisy fair, while conveying the racing men of the day to Newmarket. The aristocratic sporting men would drive up to the inn in open carriage, playing at whist, and throwing out their cards, would call to the waiter for fresh packs. To remove the scandal, it was only slowly that the Jockey Club was induced to alter the first day of the meeting to Easter Tuesday. The Duke of York, when applied to on the subject by Bishop Howley,

declined to alter his practice, but added that, "Though it was true he travelled to the races on Sunday, he *always had a Bible and Prayer-Book in the carriage!*"

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND BISHOP BLOMFIELD.

The Bishop's acquaintance with the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William the Fourth, had the following singular commencement. The Bishop addressed a letter to the Countess of Dysart, at Ham House, requesting permission to see that ancient mansion. The Countess, hospitable as she generally was, at first declined, saying, "I never saw any Bishop here in my brother's time." Afterwards, however, she relented, and, as the most agreeable arrangement to all parties, desired Sir George Sinclair, who had married her granddaughter, to fix a day for the Bishop to dine there, adding that he might invite William the Fourth, then Duke of Clarence, and a large party to meet him. Sir George was not aware that the Duke had taken great offence at the Bishop for his recent speech and vote on Catholic emancipation. Observing that they took no notice of each other, he presented the Bishop to the Duke, who immediately addressed him in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the company, "I had lately the pleasure of seeing the Bishop of —— along with me in the lobby of the House of Lords, but I had not the pleasure of seeing the Bishop of London." The Bishop courteously replied, "It is with regret that I ever vote on a different side from your Royal Highness." The Duke resumed, "I was the more surprised, and I consider you the more in the wrong, because I thought I had reason to expect the reverse." "Whether I was actually in the wrong or not," replied the Bishop, "my conscience told me that I was in the right." The Duke was about to continue, when dinner was fortunately announced. At table, the Bishop drew him into conversation, and so completely conciliated his good opinion that some days afterwards he said to Sir George Sinclair, "I like the Bishop far better than I expected, and I do not care how soon you invite him to meet me again." He felt that he had gone too far, and asked, "How did the Bishop look when I told him my mind?" "I did not see," replied Sir George, "for my eyes were fixed upon the ground." "Did any one else observe how he looked?" "No; I believe their eyes were turned

in the same direction." This anecdote is given on the authority of Sir George Sinclair in the *Life of Bishop Blomfield*, by his Son.

Dr. Blomfield asked Dr. Carr, Bishop of Chichester, to unite with him in asking the sanction of George the Fourth for a dispensation from wearing wigs. Nothing came of it; but when William the Fourth was told that the Bishop of London, in obeying his commands to dine with the King, would be glad to come without his wig, the monarch replied, "I dislike wigs as much as he does, and shall be glad to see the whole Bench wear their own hair."

THE BISHOPS' SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sydney Smith, on the bare suggestion that Lord John Russell's Church Commission should collect the Church revenues, and pay the hierarchy out of them, imagined and described the scene of payment in the following irresistible words:

"I should like to see this subject in the hands of H. B. I would entitle the print—

'The Bishops' Saturday Night; or, Lord John Russell at the Pay-table.'

The Bishops should be standing before the pay-table, and receiving their weekly allowance; Lord John and Spring Rice counting, ringing, and biting the sovereigns, and the Bishop of Exeter insisting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given him one which was not weight; Viscount Melbourne, in high chuckle, should be standing, with his hat on, and his back to the fire, delighted with the contest; and the Deans and Canons should be in the background, waiting till their turn came, and the Bishops were paid; and among them, a Canon, of large composition, urging them not to give way too much to the Bench. Perhaps I should add the President of the Board of Trade, recommending the truck-principle to the Bishops, and offering to pay them in hassocks, cassocks, aprons, shovel-hats, sermon-cases, and such-like ecclesiastical gear."

A SMALL CHARGE.

The following version of a charge delivered to his clergy by Bishop Blomfield, the Rev. Sydney Smith solemnly declared he did *not* write:

"Hunt not, fish not, shoot not,
Dance not, fiddle not, flute not;
Be sure you have nothing to do with the Whigs,
But stay at home and feed your pigs:
And above all I make it my particular desire,
That at least once a week you dine with the squire."

KEEN YET KINDLY SATIRE.

Many years ago, on the occasion of an attack upon the Church, believed to have been made by Brougham, Archdeacon Blomfield (afterwards Bishop of London), launched the following admirable piece of sarcasm:

The reviewer asks—"Who can pretend to doubt that religious instruction might be *afforded far cheaper* to the people than in either England or Ireland?" He seems to consider that religious instruction is a sort of staple commodity of invariable goodness, and that by a judicious application of the principles of political economy, a bargain may be made with the ministers of religion to *do* the people in theology at so much a head. But you, Sir, know perfectly well that if the instructor be meanly paid the instruction will fall proportionably in goodness, although the subject-matter of instruction may remain the same. I can with ease find a tailor who "can afford me my clothes far cheaper" than I am accustomed to get them; but if my coat hangs loosely upon me, and the seams give way, and the nap wears off in a week or two, I shall not gain by the exchange. I have seen, not long since, an advertisement in one of the papers of a classical tutor professing to teach the Greek language "according to the method of the late Professor Porson" in six lessons for one guinea. This is selling Greek at a much cheaper rate than that at which the public schools and universities can afford it; and, upon the reviewer's principles, I suppose we should soon have a "London Commercial Divinity Company," who would favour the public with religious instruction, unadulterated, at the lowest wholesale price.

But perhaps the secret of this inveterate rancour against the Establishment may be that which is well expressed in the Greek proverb:—

When an oak falls, every man scuffles for a faggot.

Some great proprietor of coal-mines may, perhaps, anticipate with conscious delight the auspicious day—

When Troy shall fall—
And one prodigious ruin bury all—

when of the slices which shall be carved out of the patrimony of the See of Durham no inconsiderable share shall be added to his own territories, while you, perhaps, may carry to your tent an estate or two from some other northern diocese. . . . Such are ever the disinterested statesmen who exclaim against the Church, "Babylon shall be overthrown," and who look to accomplish in their own persons the remainder

of the prophecy, which declares that "her palaces shall be inhabited only by owls and satyrs."—From *A Remonstrance addressed to H. Brougham, Esq., by one of the Working Clergy.*

WHAT IS AN ARCHDEACON?

When Lord Althorp was Chancellor of the Exchequer, having to propose to the House of Commons a vote of 400*l.* a-year for the salary of the Archdeacon of Bengal, the Chancellor was puzzled by a question from Mr. Hume, "What are the duties of an Archdeacon?" So he sent one of the subordinate occupants of the Treasury Bench to the other House, to obtain an answer to the question from one of the Bishops. The messenger first met with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who described an Archdeacon as "*aide-de-camp* to the Bishop;" and then with Bishop Copleston, of Llandaff, who said, "the Archdeacon is *oculus Episcopi.*" Lord Althorp, however, declared that neither of these explanations would satisfy the House. "Go," said he, "and ask the Bishop of London; he is a straightforward man, and will give you a plain answer." To the Bishop of London accordingly the messenger went, and repeated the question, "What is an Archdeacon?" "An Archdeacon?" replied the Bishop in his quick way; "an Archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer, who performs archidiaconal functions;" and with this reply Lord Althorp and the House were perfectly satisfied.

DR. BLOMFIELD'S HUMOUR.

When a friend of the Bishop's was once interceding with him on behalf of a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talents and eloquence, he concluded his eulogium by saying, "In fact, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul." "Yes," replied the Bishop drily, "*In prisons oft.*" And when, at the consecration of a church, where the choral parts of the service had been a failure, the incumbent had asked him what he had thought of the music, he replied, "Well, at least, it was according to Scriptural precedent: *The singers went before, the minstrels followed after.*"

Bishop Maltby, having objected to receive the diminished income which the arrangements of the Ecclesiastical Commission had fixed for the see of Durham on the death of Bishop Van Mildert, Bishop Blomfield, in allusion to Dr. Maltby's

former classical labours, remarked that, probably, he did not wish for *an abridgment of his Thesaurus.*

"A curate of one of the Bishop's pet Bethnal Green churches, who has since won high rank among the educational benefactors of his age, had preached a sermon which was rather 'strong'—on auricular confession, if we remember. The Bishop, who was doubly sensitive about ecclesiastical mistakes in that particular locality, brought up his man at once, and rated him soundly. The curate was a man of true dignity; he waited till it was all over, and then said—'My Lord, you are my "Father in God;" I venture to ask, have you spoken to me like a father now?' The Bishop paused for a few moments, the better Blomfield reasserted itself at once, he burst into a flood of tears, and they were thorough friends and intimates from that moment. There was none of the grudge that inferior people bear against persons who have for once unveiled them to themselves, and been present at the revelation." (*Saturday Review.*)

The Bishop had been bitten by a dog in the calf of the leg, and, fearing possible hydrophobia in consequence, he went, with characteristic promptitude, to have the injured piece of flesh cut out by a surgeon before he returned home. Two or three on whom he called were not at home; but, at last, the operation was effected by the eminent surgeon, Mr. Keate. The same evening the Bishop was to have dined with a party where Sydney Smith was a guest. Before dinner, a note arrived, saying that he was unable to keep his engagement, a dog having rushed out from the crowd and bitten him in the leg. When this note was read aloud to the company, Sydney Smith's comment was, "*I should like to hear the dog's account of the story.*" When this accident occurred to him, Bishop Blomfield happened to be walking with Dr. D'Oyly, the Rector of Lambeth. A lady of strong Protestant principles, mistaking Dr. *D'Oyly* for Dr. *Doyle*, said that she considered it was a judgment upon the Bishop for keeping such company.—*Life of the Bishop*, by his Son.

Dr. Blomfield used to tell a story of one clergyman whom he had reproved for certain irregularities of conduct which had been brought under his notice by his parishioners, and who had replied, "Your Lordship, as a classical scholar, knows that lying goes by districts; the Cretans were liars, the Cappadocians were liars, and I can assure your Lordship

that the inhabitants of —— are liars also." Intoxication was the most frequent charge against the clergy. One was so drunk, while waiting for a funeral, that he fell into the grave; another was conveyed away from a visitation dinner in a helpless state by the Bishop's own servants. A third, when rebuked for drunkenness, replied—"But, my Lord, I never was drunk on duty." "On duty!" exclaimed the Bishop; "when is a clergyman not on duty?" "True," said the other, "I never thought of that."

We remember waiting at London House for more than a long hour, to take our turn for an interview with the Bishop. In the large dining-room was a long array of dark mahogany, and one solitary book, a volume of the *British Critic*, containing a review of Bishop Blomfield's classical labours. Our only companion in waiting was a fidgetty country clergyman, who strode up and down the room with that intensity of impatience which has scarcely any parallel save in a locomotive engine on a railway, panting to start. On leaving London House, we were impressed with the business-like arrangement of the interview with the Bishop; his noble yet kindly bearing, and the readiness with which he gave his advice; all which was the more likely to increase the number of such interruptions. An amusing instance is thus related in the Life of the Bishop, by his son. "A deputation, headed by a colonel in the army, waited upon him at London House, to represent to him the condition of the inmates of lunatic asylums, and to request him to make provision for their being regularly visited by the parochial clergy. The Bishop replied that he did not know whether the clergy would be prepared to undertake this additional burden; and that, even if they were, he did not think that the security thus afforded for the proper treatment of lunatics would be a very great one. 'But,' rejoined the colonel, 'we would hail with satisfaction *any* additional security; for I can assure your Lordship that there is not a single member of this deputation *who has not himself, at some time or other, been an inmate of a lunatic asylum!*' It may be imagined that, after this confession, the Bishop was not a little relieved when the deputation withdrew, and its members were seen quietly making their way past Norfolk House into Pall Mall."

THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

The Rev. Edward Irving, the popular minister of the National Scotch Church in London, was at first very unsuccessful. His sermons were not liked. He was a most unpopular preacher, and had to wait long before he was recognised. At last Dr. Chalmers heard him, took a liking to him, and asked him to become his assistant in Glasgow. Even there his eloquence was not relished, and as often as he entered the church to officiate as minister of the day he had the mortification to see crowds quitting it because "*himsel'*" —that is, Chalmers himself—was not on duty. This recognition by Chalmers, however, made Irving popular.

Had Edward Irving been a Roman Catholic priest he would have been canonized among the greatest of saints. Being a Protestant and a Presbyterian, he was turned out of his church, he was treated as a madman, and he died an outcast heretic. There was no harm in the man, and what errors he entertained or extravagances he allowed in connexion with supposed miraculous gifts were certain in due time to burn themselves out. It was not so much the error of his doctrine, as the peculiarity of his manner, the torrent of his eloquence, his superlative want of tact, that provoked his enemies, and frightened his friends. The strength of his faith was wonderful. Once, when he was called to the bedside of a dying man late at night, he went forth at once. Presently he returned, and beckoned one of his friends to accompany him. The reason was that he really believed in the efficacy of prayer, and held to the promise—"If *two* of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done." It was necessary, therefore, that two should go to the sick man. So, also, he had a child that died in infancy, to whom he was in the habit of addressing "words of godliness, to nourish the faith that was in him;" and Irving adds that "the patient heed of the child was wonderful." He really believed that the infant, by some incomprehensible process, could grasp what he was saying, and profit by it. His love for children was very great, and he, a very popular man in London at that time, might be seen day by day marching along the Pentonville streets of an afternoon, his wife by his side, and his baby in his arms.

His sermons had a large sale, going through many editions. But Irving complains that in spite of these large sales, he could never get the religious publishers to whom he had intrusted his book to give him anything but a pitiful return. It is amusing to find him in one letter complaining that there is neither grace nor honour in the religious booksellers, and requesting his wife in negotiating the sale of his next venture to "try Blackwood or some of these worldlings," in the evident expectation that "these worldlings" were a good deal more liberal in their dealings, not to say honest, than those whom he regarded as his peculiar friends.

His friend Carlyle bears this testimony to his worth :— "But for Irving I had never known what the communion of man with man means: his was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came into contact with. I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or hope to find."

FATHER MATHEW.

"Here goes, in the name of God!" said Father Mathew, the Capuchin friar, on the 10th of April, 1838, when he pledged his name in the cause of Temperance, and, together with the Protestant priest Charles Duncombe, the Unitarian philanthropist Richard Dowden, and the stout quaker William Martin, publicly inaugurated a movement at Cork, destined in a few years to count its converts by millions, and to spread its influence as far as the English language was spoken.

A little room in Cove-street was the abode of Temperance, whither the converts flocked by thousands: there was scarcely a tap-room in Cork which smelt so fearfully of whisky, as the boys often came to his "Riverance" in the midst of a debauch. In this abode, however, there was one still greater than the master, and that was his servant John, a wizened old bachelor, with a red nose privately nourished by Bacchus. John did not see things in the same light as his master: he detested the poor who flocked to the door, he neither liked the pledge nor those who received it; least of all did he admire the charitable spirit of his master, which led him to ransack his pantry in order to find cold meat for his wearied visitors. He tyrannized over his master in the most unscrupulous manner, and was only checked when the apostle, more

exasperated than usual, exclaimed, "John, if you go on in this way I must certainly leave this house!" and the worst of it was, this dreadful John often scandalized his master when his friends were partaking of his hospitality. On one occasion there was a frightful smack of whisky pervading the pure element which graced the board, which he accounted for by saying he had placed the forbidden liquid with which he "cleaned his tins" in the jug by mistake. From the manner in which John retired for the night to his bed, it is thought that the whisky was more often used for inward than outward application.

While the Temperance cause was prospering, it was, however, impossible for Father Mathew, whose chief pleasure in life was giving, to keep out of debt. At the very time he was making the most prodigious exertions in the cause of Temperance, the black horseman, Care, was ever riding behind him, filling his mind with anxiety, and depriving him of rest at night, and all for the sake of the public good. "My heart is eaten up by care and solicitude of every kind," he once exclaimed at a festive meeting at Cork; and the hour of his deepest bitterness was not far off, for, while publicly administering the pledge in Dublin, he was arrested for the balance of an account due to a medal manufacturer, the bailiff to whom the duty was intrusted kneeling down among the crowd, asking his blessing, and then quietly showing him the writ! The moment the fact became known steps were taken to relieve him of his difficulties, and to a certain extent this was done; but he was never thoroughly free of debt, and it was only by generously appropriating the annuity of 300*l.* per annum granted to him by Her Majesty from her Civil List to pay the heavy premiums on the insurances he made upon his life that he was saved from the slur of leaving behind him heavy debts incurred purely in the Temperance movement.—*Times review.*

The honour of entertaining Father Mathew was greatly prized, but he generally declined pressing invitations, on the plea that it would be incompatible with his mission to take up his residence in a private mansion. A member of the Society of Friends, however, managed to evade this rule in a most ingenious manner:

"The Quaker invited him to stay at his house, and received the usual reply—that he was to stop at the hotel for the con-

venience of those who required to see him at all hours. The Friend would not be put off, but intimated that his house was an hotel, whereon Father Mathew gladly consented to 'put up' at it while in Wakefield. A board with the word 'hôtel' was placed on the outside of the mansion, and the private residence for the time became a most comfortable inn. Father Mathew was greatly pleased with the quiet and order, the wonderful neatness, and simple elegance which pervaded the entire establishment; while the agreeable manners of its master, which combined the cordiality of a friend with the politeness of the most gentlemanly host, filled him with astonishment. The servants of the house were also different from the usual class to be found in ordinary hotels; they were kind, attentive, and respectful; and, though they seemed to anticipate his every wish, they were neither fussy nor obtrusive. Then the bells of this Quaker hotel were singularly quiet, so that the 'boots,' and the 'chambermaids,' and the 'waiters' must have known by intuition when and where their services were required. Truly it was a model establishment, which any visitor might leave with very natural regret. The kindly deceit was not discovered until the time of his departure drew near, when the master of the house, no longer fearing the abrupt departure of his guest, appeared in his true character—as a generous and thoughtful host."—*Life, by Mr. Maguire, M.P.*

HOMAGE TO FATHER MATHEW.

"The Missionary of Temperance had arrived in the dusk of the evening at the house of a parish priest in a remote part of the county Galway, where he was to preach in aid of the funds of a school, convent, or chapel, and afterwards administer the pledge. The best room in the house was prepared for the honoured guest, who was conducted to it by his host. The room was on the ground-floor, and was lighted by a large bay window, which was without blind or curtain of any kind. Father Mathew, whose bed-room was as plain and simple as this apartment, only thought of preparing himself, by a good night's rest, for the labours of the following day; and turning his face to the wall, and his back to the window, he soon fell into a deep slumber. Awaking, as was usual with him, at an early hour in the morning, he opened his eyes, blessed himself, repeated a prayer, and turned towards the window. But

imagine his dismay, when he beheld a crowd of people—men, women, and children—in front of the blindless and curtainless bay window, and at least a score of noses flattened against the glass, the better to enable their respective proprietors to obtain a peep at his reverence.

"A more modest man did not exist than Father Mathew; and great was his embarrassment at this indication of his popularity. He glanced at the head of the bed, and at the table near him, to see if a bell were in reach; but such a luxury in the house of a priest, in a mountain parish of Galway, was not to be thought of. No help, therefore, from that quarter. There was something resembling a bell-pull at one side of the fire-place; but if it were a real bell-pull, and not a mockery and a delusion, it might as well have been twenty miles away, for any practical advantage at that moment; for it would be difficult to say what *would* induce Father Mathew to quit the shelter of the bed-clothes, and walk across the room to grasp that tantalising cord. The crowd outside was momentarily on the increase, and the deepening murmur of their voices testified to the animation of the conversation carried on. Occasionally might be heard such as the following:—"Do ye see him, Mary, asthore?"—"Danny, agra, lave me take a look, an' God bless you, child!"—"Where are you pushing with yerself?—hould off ov my foot, will ye?"—"Oh, wisha! there's the blessed priest!"—"Honest man, would ye be plazed to lift off ov our back—one 'ud think 'tis a horse I was."—"'Tis a shame for ye to be there—what curiosity is in yes all?"—"Mammy, mammy! there he is!—I sees his poll!"—"Whisht, an' don't be after wakin' him." Father Mathew ventured another peep; but the slightest movement on his part only evoked increased anxiety outside; and it seemed to him as if the window-panes were every moment accommodating a larger number of flattened noses. The poor man felt himself a prisoner, and listened with eagerness for any sound which gave hope or promise of deliverance; but it was not till after three mortal hours of his guest's comical captivity that the considerate host, who would not "disturb" his guest too early, entered the apartment, and thus became aware of the presence of the admiring crowd, who, it need scarcely be said, were quickly dispersed, to Father Mathew's ineffable relief."—*Life, by Mr. Maguire, M.P.*

TOO LATE AT CHURCH.

An old clergyman relates:—"I had a servant with a very deceptive name, Samuel Moral, who, as if merely to belie it, was in one respect the most *immoral*, for he was much given to intoxication. This, of course, brought on other careless habits; and, as I wished to reclaim him, if possible, I long bore with him, and many a lecture I gave him. 'Oh, Samuel, Samuel,' said I to him very frequently, 'what will become of you?' On one occasion, I told him he was making himself a brute, and then only was he roused to reply angrily, 'Brute, sir—no brute at all, sir—was bred and born at T——.' But the incident which would inevitably have upset the equilibrium of your gravity was this. I had given him many a lecture for being too late at church, but still I could not make him punctual. One Sunday, as I was reading the first lesson, which happened to be the third chapter, first book of Samuel, I saw him run in at the church-door, ducking down his head, that he should not be noticed. He made as much haste as he could up into the gallery, and he had no sooner appeared in the front, thinking of nothing but that he might escape observation, than I came to these words, 'Samuel, Samuel.' I never can forget his attitude, directly facing me. He stood up in an instant, leaned over the railing, with his mouth wide open, and, if some one had not pulled him down instantly by the skirt of his coat, I have no doubt he would have publicly made his excuse."—*The Doctor.*

PIETY AND LEARNING.

"Do you think piety to be a more important qualification for the ministry than learning?" once asked Mr. Wilberforce of an eminent prelate. "Certainly I do," he answered: "they can cheat me as to their *piety*, but they can't as to their learning."

THE BISHOP AND THE PREMIER.

Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and Lord Palmerston were on a visit in the country. The Premier offered to take the Bishop to church in his carriage; the Bishop chose to go on foot. A shower came on, just as the carriage overtook the

pedestrian: the Prime Minister put his head out of the window, with—

> How blest is he who ne'er consents
> By ill advice to *walk;*

and the Bishop immediately retorted with—

> Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
> Where men profanely talk.

—*From the Athenæum.*

NOT AT CHURCH.

"What keeps our friend farmer B—— away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by a vigilant minister to his clerk. "I have not seen him amongst us," continued he, "these three weeks. I hope it is not Socinianism that keeps him away." "No, your honour," replied the clerk; "it is something worse than that." "Worse than Socinianism? God forbid it should be Deism!" "No, your honour; it is something worse than that." "Worse than Deism? Good heavens! I trust it is not Atheism?" "No, your honour; it is something worse than that." "Worse than Atheism? Impossible!—nothing can be worse than Atheism!" "Yes, it is, your honour; it is *Rheumatism!*"

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S WIT AND HUMOUR.

Dr. Whately, after he had received the mitre, still continued the same jovial, free-and-easy man in manners that he had been as a Fellow and College Master at Oxford. With an abundant fund of anecdote, enlivened with humour and brilliant flashes of wit, he was quite at home in convivial meetings of an intellectual kind in Dublin. All sorts of stories are current about his love of fun—how he got rid of a pompous professor of grammar, by challenging him to decline the word "cat," and, when the professor came to the vocative case, "O cat," laughing at him, and asking him who ever called to a cat "O cat," and not "puss!"; how, on another occasion, he invited the Provost of Trinity, the Commander of the Forces, and all sorts of big-wigs to dinner, and then gravely asked the company, as a scientific question, "Why the white sheep eat more than the black sheep?"—the answer

being one which a *savan* would certainly not expect from a distinguished theologian—"Simply because there are more of them." To these stories may be added that of the English clergyman on a visit to Dublin, who, on being chaffed by the Archbishop more than he thought proper, stopped him by saying, "You forget, your Grace, that I am not in your Diocese." In 1831, when he was appointed to the Archbishopric, Dr. Arnold could write of him thus: "In point of essential holiness, there does not live a truer Christian than Whately. It grieves me that he is spoken of as dangerous and latitudinarian, because his intellectual nature keeps pace with his spiritual, instead of being left as Low Churchmen leave it—a fallow field for all unsightly creeds to flourish in. He is a truly great man, in the truest sense of the word; and if the safety and welfare of the Protestant Church in Ireland depend on human instruments, none could be found in the whole empire so likely to maintain it." Blanco White called Whately a "sensible and refined John Knox."—*Athenæum.*

SERMON ANECDOTES.

Sermons and Sermon-makers have been favourite anecdotic topics from a very early date. We shall not, however, go further back than the seventeenth century.

Charles the Second had peculiar notions of sermon-making. His Majesty was altogether in favour of extempore preaching, and was unwilling to listen to the delivery of a written sermon. Patrick excused himself from a chaplaincy, "finding it very difficult to get a sermon without book." On one occasion, the King asked the famous Stillingfleet, "How it was that he always read his sermons before him; when he was informed that he always preached without book elsewhere?" Stillingfleet answered something about the awe of so noble a congregation, the presence of so great and wise a prince, with which the King himself was very well contented. "But pray," continued Stillingfleet, "will your Majesty give me leave to ask you a question? Why do you read your speeches, when you can have none of the same reasons?" "Why, truly, Doctor," replied the King, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked the two Houses so often and for so much money, that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

On one occasion, when unable or unwilling to sleep, Charles II. was so much pleased with a passage in a sermon by South, that he laughed outright; and, turning to Lawrence Hyde, Lord Rochester, "Odds fish! Lory," said he, "your chaplain must be a Bishop; therefore, put me in mind of him next vacancy." Of Barrow, he said that he was an unfair preacher, because, as it had been explained, he exhausted every subject, and left no room for others to come after him; but the King's allusion was made somewhat slyly to the length as well as excellence of Barrow's sermons.

Charles had an odd notion on Nonconformist perception. Of Woolley, afterwards Bishop of Clonfert, he observed that he was a very honest man, but a very great blockhead—that he had given him a living in Suffolk, swarming with Nonconformists—that he had gone from house to house, and brought them all to church—that he had made him a Bishop for his diligence; but what he could have said to the Nonconformists he could not imagine, except he believed that his nonsense suited their nonsense.

An undesigned piece of symbolism once lost an Irish divine the mitre. Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Dean Swift, was requested by a country clergyman to take his duty for him on the next Sunday. The Doctor, then in high favour at Dublin Castle, complied, and preached an old sermon on the words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Now, the Sunday in question was the anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover, and the supposed insult was never forgiven.

An odd circumstance occurred in 1772. On Feb. 21, complaint was made in the House of Commons of Dr. Nowel's sermon, preached before them on the 30th of January, in which he vindicated Charles I., and drew a parallel between him and King George III. T. Townshend, jun., moved to have it burned by the hands of the common hangman; but as the House had, according to usual custom, thanked the parson for his sermon, without hearing or reading it, they could not censure it now, without exposing themselves to great ridicule. However, it was subsequently resolved in the House, by 152 to 41, to expunge the thanks; Gen. Keppel, Col. Fitzroy, and Charles Fox, all descendants of Charles I., voting against the sermon, as did even Dyson, and many other courtiers.

The pulpit of St. Margaret's, Westminster, has been a very controversial one. Here, in Charles's time, all the Fast-day sermons were preached before Pym, Cromwell, Harrison (Praise God Barebones), and the rest of the then Parliament of England. Here, also, Hugh Peters preached, exciting the Parliament to bring Charles to trial; and from that same pulpit were subsequently delivered many brilliant discourses in execration of the Martyrdom. The sermon preached in this church by Dr. Croxall, before the House of Commons, on January 30, 1730, from the text, "Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness," however, so offended Sir Robert Walpole, that he prevented the thanks of the House being presented to the preacher. This was not lost upon Henley, the tub-orator, who wrote for the motto of his next lecture:—

Away with the wicked before the king,
Away with the wicked behind him;
His throne it will bless
With righteousness,
And we shall know where to find him.

In the above year—a time of general distress—charity sermons were delivered from various pulpits in London, but with such small results as to excite the jokers. On nine-and-twenty shillings being collected after a charity sermon at a chapel in Bishopsgate, a copy was found posted on the wall:—

So little given at the chapel door!
This people, doubtless, must be poor.
So much at gaming thrown away!
No nation, sure so rich as they.
Britons! 'twere greatly for your glory,
Should those who shall transmit your story,
Their notions of your grandeur frame
Not as you give, but as you name.

We find a congenial oddity in the *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces*, by W. Creech, F.R.S.: "Abridgment of a Sermon, which took up an hour in delivering, from these words:—'Man is born to trouble.'"

"My Friends,

"The subject falls naturally to be divided into four heads:
1. Man's entrance into the world.
2. His progress through the world.

3. His exit from the world; and
4. Practical reflections from what may be said.

First, then:

1. Man came into the world naked and bare,
2. His progress through it is trouble and care;
3. His exit from it none can tell where.
4. But if he does well here, he'll be well there.

Now I can say no more, my brethren dear,
Should I preach on this subject from this time to next year. Amen.

Another piece of pulpit eccentricity was the persuasive reminder preached by a curate named *Joseph*, at Dublin Cathedral, by permission of Swift, before an oblivious great man, *Butler*, Duke of Ormond, from the significant text, "Yet did not the chief *Butler* remember *Joseph*, but forgot him."

Preaching at individuals has been carried to great lengths. Bishop Warburton, in a sermon at Court, asserted that all preferments were bestowed on the most illiterate and worthless objects; and, in speaking, turned himself about, and stared at the Bishop of London. He added, that if any arose distinguished for merit and learning, there was a combination of dunces to keep him down. [Warburton expected the Bishopric of London himself when Terrick got it.]

Most persons, not very hard-hearted, can feel for the divine, who, on being asked to preach a funeral sermon, did not find out, till he was in the pulpit, that the manuscript which he had taken from his stock had for text, "And the beggar died." He, at least, could sympathize with a friend of his who found himself in nearly as awkward a predicament, having to "improve" the death of a pious lady from the warning words, "Remember Lot's wife."

Then there was the curious specimen of electioneering zeal, preached by a clergyman of the established church, at Bradford, from the text, "Are not two *sparrows* sold for one farthing?" when Mr. Whitbread and Howard, the philanthropist, were candidates for the representation of that town, in opposition to a Mr. William Wake, and a *Mr. Sparrow;* the comforting encouragement to the former pair being declared: "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many *sparrows.*"

In another sermon, something like the following enigmatical questions are proposed: Who is it that was *not born*, but

died? Who was *born*, but did not *die?* Who went through both *birth* and *death*, but knew no corruption?—the respective answers being *Adam, Enoch*, and *Lot's Wife.*—Communicated to *Notes and Queries*, No. 321.

Dr. Warner, in a letter to Selwyn, tells of a trick of the neighbouring Lincolnshire parsons to hold a convocation on Saturdays—and then for whist, backgammon, and tobacco, till they could not see, hear, or speak. Roger, the servant of one of them, asked Humphrey, the servant of another, what the deuce could be the meaning that their masters met so on *Saturdays*, of all days? "Why! what do'st think, fool," cried Numps, archly, "but to change sarmunts among one another?"—"Neay, then," said Roger, "I'm zure as how they uses my measter very badly, for he always has the worst."

A clergyman preaching a wedding sermon, chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text: "And let there be abundance of peace while the moon endureth."

A dull preacher in a country church sent all the congregation to sleep, except an idiot, who sat with open mouth, listening. The parson enraged, and thumping the pulpit, exclaimed, "What! all asleep but this poor idiot!" "Aye," quoth the natural, "and if I had not been a poor idiot, I should have been asleep too."

Short sermons have been patronized in high places. Bishop Newton relates that when George II. had to receive the Holy Eucharist, his main anxiety was that the sermon on that day might be a short one, since otherwise, he was, to use his own words, "in danger of falling asleep, and catching cold." The Bishop had taken care in his sermons at Court to come within the compass of twenty minutes; but after this, especially on great festivals, he never exceeded fifteen minutes, so that the King sometimes said to the Clerk of the Closet, "a good short sermon."

Sterne's Sermons are, in general, very short, which circumstance gave rise to the following joke at Bull's Library, at Bath:—A footman had been sent by his lady to purchase one of Smallbridge's sermons, when, by mistake, he asked for a *small religious* sermon. The bookseller being puzzled how to reply to his request, a gentleman present suggested, "Give him one of Sterne's." Once he was invited to preach before the Ambas-

sador, at Paris. The little chapel in the Faubourg St. Honoré, "pres barrière du Louvre," had echoed the dull utterances of a Dr. Trail, who wearied Wilkes sadly. But now it was filled to overflowing with the most motley congregation: there were all nations, believers and unbelievers, Humes, Diderots, D'Holbachs, all gathered to hear famous Parson Yorick. The sermon was worthy of the occasion, and was perhaps the strangest of all his strange sermons. He selected Hezekiah ("an odd subject, you and mother will say," he wrote to Lydia)—and giving out the following text—"*And he said, What have they seen in thine house? And Hezekiah answered, All the things that are in mine house have they seen: there is nothing among all my treasures that I have not showed them,*" —startled the audience with, "And where was the harm, you'll say, in all this?" He then proceeded to explain the whole story in a pleasant discourse, admirable in style, and very practical in tone. Nothing can be more admirable than his remarks on the motive of human actions.—(Fitzpatrick's *Life of Sterne.*)—One of Sterne's congregation was heard to say he greatly admired his sermon, but he expected every moment to see the preacher throw his *wig*, in playful humour, at one of his hearers.

Of the wonderful preaching of George Whitefield we have many special records. The prodigious effects produced by his words are said to have been chiefly due to the tone and manner which set them off. Whitefield spoke so loudly, and with so perfect an intonation, that Franklin, by going to the furthest point at which he was distinctly audible, and allowing two square feet to each person in a semi-circle, of which the pulpit was the centre, found he could be easily heard by 30,000 people. His voice was captivating as powerful. Franklin states that it produced the same kind of pleasure with beautiful music, and that without being interested in the subject it was impossible not to be gratified with the perfection of the elocution. His vehemence was excessive. A poor man said he preached like a lion. Sometimes he stamped; sometimes wept, sometimes stopped, exhausted by emotion, and appeared as if about to expire. He usually vomited after his exertions, and sometimes brought up blood. But all this tempest of passion was managed with art so admirable that it wore the appearance of uncontrollable nature. Passages which repel

the reader by their extravagance and impropriety, entranced the most fastidious auditors by the sheer force of his extraordinary delivery. Nothing which was intended to be reverent could well seem less so than his address to the attendant angel, whom he supposed to be about to ascend from his station among the multitude without being able to report that a single person had been turned from error. He stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, "Stop, Gabriel! stop, Gabriel! stop ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God." This impetuous apostrophe to an imaginary being as to a real messenger between heaven and earth, which appears to the cool judgment no less ludicrous than profane, was accompanied with such animated, yet natural action, that the philosophic Hume declared it to have surpassed anything he had ever witnessed. Another highly-wrought passage of questionable taste, in which, after exclaiming, "Look yonder, what is that I see?" he depicted the agony of the Saviour in the garden, as though the scene were passing before the eyes of his congregation, was frequently repeated in his addresses, and, strange to relate, those who were familiar with it were not less affected than the first time they were present.

Whitefield's first sermon was preached to a crowded audience in the church of his native parish. He had, when a boy, been no contemptible actor, a circumstance which, in his journals, he wishes to be able to record in tears of blood, but which was, probably, of great advantage to him on his first appearance in the pulpit. He had, indeed, many natural advantages. He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, though at that time slender, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, his eyes small and lively, of a dark blue colour: in recovering from the measles he had contracted a squint with one of them; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more rememberable, than any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled both in melody and compass, and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite of an orator.

Whitefield made his first essay in *field-preaching* at Kings-

wood, near Bristol, to the poor colliers, February 17, 1739. The deep silence of his rude auditors was the first proof that he had impressed them; and it may well be imagined how greatly the consciousness and confidence of his own powers must have been increased, when, as he says, he saw the white gutters made by the tears which plentifully fell down their black cheeks—black as they came out of their coal-pits. "The open firmament above me," says he, "the prospect of the adjacent fields, with the sight of thousands and thousands, some in coaches, some on horseback, and some in the trees, and at times all affected and drenched in tears together; to which sometimes was added the solemnity of the approaching evening, was almost too much for, and quite overcame me."

Wesley's eloquence was recommended by a dignified manner, an harmonious voice, and a thorough persuasion of the truth and importance of all which he asserted, employed on the most awful truths; and deriving fresh effect from the apparent condescension of the speaker to persons little accustomed to tenderness or solicitude from those in a superior station, might well thrill the heart and give any direction to their feelings which he thought proper. "Oh!" said John Nelson, one of his most ardent converts, speaking of the first time he heard Wesley preach, "that was a blessed morning for my soul! As soon as he got upon the stand, he stroked back his hair and turned his face towards where I stood, and I thought he fixed his eyes on me. His countenance struck such an awful dread upon me before I heard him speak, that it made my heart beat like the pendulum of a clock; and when he did speak, I thought his whole discourse was aimed at me." Nelson might well think thus, for it was a peculiar characteristic of Wesley in his discourses, that in winding up his sermons—in pointing his exhortations and driving them home—he spoke as if he were addressing himself to an individual, so that every one to whom the condition which he described was applicable, felt as if he were singled out; and the preacher's words were then like the eyes of a portrait which seem to look at every beholder. "Who," said the preacher, "Who art thou, that now seest and feelest both thine inward and outward ungodliness? Thou art the man! I want thee for my Lord, I challenge *thee* for a child of God by faith. The Lord hath need of *thee*. Thou who feelest thou art just fit

for hell, art just fit to advance his glory—the glory of his free grace, justifying the ungodly and him that worketh not. O come quickly! Believe in the Lord Jesus: and *thou*, even *thou*, art reconciled to God."

This discourse must have been nearly akin to what has, in our times, been termed "terrific preaching." Mr. Leifchild, the Nonconformist, in one of his sermons, at the close of a striking description of the alarm felt by a sinner at the approach of death, exclaimed in a wild tone, "His friends rush to him—he is gone!" Then, with solemn impressiveness, the preacher added, "*He is dead!*" and at last, in a voice that came on the ear like low thunder, he pronounced, "*He is damned!*" Talfourd describes the effect as "petrifying and withering: it seemed as though he had actually witnessed, while he spoke, the passage of a soul into eternity, and the sealing of its irrevocable doom."

When Bishop Blomfield was Rector of Dunton, he had, in 1816, to preach the visitation sermon to the clergy at Aylesbury. In writing to a friend on the choice of a subject, he says, "I was thinking of discussing the utility of learning to the clerical profession, but the mention of this might give offence to my worthy brethren in the Archdeaconry of Bucks; as it would be unpolite to hold forth in praise of a fair complexion to a party of negresses." This sort of smartness, combined with peremptory manners in transacting parochial business, made him as much feared as admired by the country-folk, one of whom remarked, "I call him Mr. Snaptrace."

At Chesterford he preached on the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." He preached *ex tempore*, for the first and only time in his life, having forgotten his written sermon. Anxious to know how he had succeeded, he asked one of his congregation, on his way home, how he liked the discourse:—"Well, Mr. Blomfield," replied the man, "I liked the sermon well enough; but I can't say I agree with you; *I* think there *be* a God!"

Dr. Blomfield confessed that he had never heard but one good preacher, and that was Rowland Hill. Dr. Maltby accompanied Dr. Blomfield, and greatly admired the discourse; but when Mr. Hill floundered in attempting two pieces of Greek criticism, the two future bishops sat and winked at each other. One clergyman, at least, paid the Bishop the

compliment of stealing his sermon, in which he stoutly denied that the fall of the Brunswick Theatre was a divine judgment on the particular sufferers, and applied it to the visitation of the cholera.

Andrewes, of St. James's, Piccadilly, "had the merit of preaching not his own sermons; he used to preach Paley;" and when asked to publish his sermons, "declined, saying he could not publish his manner with them."

When, in 1764, the Duke of York's remittances were stopped, and he was ordered home on account of the Prince's extravagance abroad having made a public clamour,—a popular preacher delivered a sermon on the following text: "The *younger son* gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living."—*St. Luke* xv. 13.

Irish divines have ever been noted for their eccentricities. None but a clergyman from beyond the Channel would, on being appointed to preach a "condemned" sermon, have selected an old University discourse, and have promised the unfortunate criminal, who was to be hanged on the morrow, that the remainder of the homily should be given on the next Sunday. None but a son of Erin would have divided his sermon into two parts, first addressing those who were present, then those who were absent. We doubt not that the dissenting minister, who declared that "God takes care of all his living creatures—animate and inanimate," was of Celtic origin, and own brother to him who said that "the heart of man is an empty vacuum, full of tigers and unclean deceits." The history of misquotation would form a goodly volume. Two instances must suffice. "My dear friends," said a female preacher of the sect *Trembleurs*, "never forget those beautiful words of Holy Writ, All's well that ends well." An unlucky parson intended to take for his text, "We shall not die, but be all changed;" but, reading it from an old Bible, where the *c* was rubbed out, he made it *not die, but be all hanged!*"

Dr. Parr preached the Spital sermon, at Christ Church, on the invitation of the Lord Mayor, Harvey Combe, and, as

they were coming out of the church together, "Well," said Parr, "how did you like the sermon?" "Why, Doctor," replied his Lordship, "there were four things in it that I did not like to hear." "State them." "Why, to speak frankly, then, they were the quarters of the church-clock, which struck four times before you had finished." Yet Parr's Spital Sermon, in 1799, occupied nearly three hours in its delivery!

Richard Baxter preached a sermon before Charles II., which is supposed to have occupied an hour and a half in the delivery; and, though the title-page states it to have been preached "contractedly," certain "enlargements" are stated to have been made. The length of Barrow's Sermons has been alluded to at page 200. He is said to have once preached three hours and a half. (Pope's Life of *Bishop Ward*, quoted in Abraham Hill's "Life of Barrow," prefixed to the Oxford edition of his *Works*, 1830, i. xxi.)

A Correspondent of *Notes and Queries* observes: "Very respectable precedents might be urged on this head. The Apostle Paul, as Eutychus knew to his cost, on one occasion, at least, was "so long preaching" as to keep his hearers until midnight. The Puritans were remarkable for the wordy and elaborate way in which they "opened" even a very simple text; and many of Bunyan's discourses would form a good-sized pocket volume. Hogarth has represented a clergyman preaching by the hour-glass, with the witty accompaniment of a copy of Warwick's *Spare Minutes*—a conceit that tells its own story very pleasantly. But what is the length of the above sermons compared with the test of a man's religious earnestness as suggested by some Puritan in *Old Mortality*: "Can he sit *six hours* on a wet hill-side listening to a sermon?"

Mr. Canning was once asked by an English clergyman how he had liked the sermon he had preached before him. "Why, it was a short sermon," quoth Canning. "Oh, yes," said the preacher; "you know I avoid being tedious." "Ah, but," replied Canning, "you *were* tedious."

Speaking of a popular preacher, Lord Brougham once said: "His style is so inflated that one of his sermons would fill the Nassau Balloon!"

A woman in humble life was asked one day, on her way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon, a stranger having preached. "Wud I hae the presumption!" was her simple and contented answer.

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious labourer, who was a constant attendant; "Well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day; for you are always to be seen at church!" "Ay, sir," replied Jackson; "it is, indeed, a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week; and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and *thinks o' nothing.*"

Robert Hall was once rebuked by Matthew Wilks of the Tabernacle, for "talking nonsense." at a private party, after having just before preached an eloquent sermon. "Matthew," replied Hall, "the difference between us is this: I talk my nonsense in the parlour, thou talkest thine in the pulpit."

Dr. Arnold once preached a sermon against taking in the monthly numbers of *Nicholas Nickleby.* The sermon was not very effective; but the protest against uninterrupted excitement, which was the pith of the discourse, was not unneeded.

A friend accused another of sleeping in church, which he flatly denied, insisting that he had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said the accuser, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," was the answer, "it was about half-an-hour too long."

Among pertinent texts is that which Paley had chosen to preach on Mr. Pitt's visit to Cambridge University, when he was Prime Minister: "There is a lad here who has two loaves and five small fishes—but what are they *among so many?*"

MIND YOUR FIGURES.

On the occasion of the death of the Duke of York, in 1827, funeral sermons were preached in the various churches in London, and amongst them, at St. Andrew's, Holborn; where the following mistake arose in giving out the psalm to be sung. The rector, the Rev. W. Beresford, had directed, "three verses, from the 62d Psalm, beginning at the 5th verse;" when his curate, the Rev. Mr. Hoole, as was his custom, wrote down the number of the Psalm, &c., and handed it to the clerk. Hoole had written the figures badly, and the clerk gave out three verses from the 52d Psalm, beginning at the 5th verse" (Brady and Tate, New Version):

God shall for ever blast thy hopes,
And snatch thee soon away, &c.

and the three verses were actually sung by the congregation, greatly to the annoyance of the rector; and of poor Hoole, who was not much relieved upon being shown his own handwriting by the clerk in explanation of the circumstance.

SCOTTISH PREACHERS.

The experiences of the Scottish ministry are chequered with more oddity than the habitual gravity of the people might lead us to expect. Here are a few instances.

A Scottish betterel (beadle) proud of the performance of his clergyman, said, in a triumphant tone to another beadle: "Eh, our minister had a great power o' watter, for he greet and spat, and wat like mischief." A beadle of one of the large churches in Glasgow, criticising the sermon of a minister from the country who had been preaching in the city church, characterised it as "Gude coarse country wark."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

The greatest scholars are not invariably the best preachers; indeed, the reverse appears to be common. Dr. MacKnight, the profound commentator, was, nevertheless, a heavy, dull preacher. His colleague, Dr. Henry, the author of the *History of England*, with all his pleasantry and abilities, had himself as little popularity in the pulpit as his coadjutor: he had been remarking to Dr. MacKnight what a blessing it was that they two were colleagues in one charge, and continued dwelling on the subject so long, that Dr. M., not quite pleased at the frequent reiteration of the remark, said that it certainly was a great pleasure to himself, but he did not see what great benefit it might be to the world. "Ah," said Dr. Henry, "an it hadna been for that, there wad hae been *twa* toom (empty) kirk this day."

A lengthy discourse is often provocative of a repartee. A preacher of an-hour-and-a-half discourses, being asked, as a gentle hint, of their possibly needless length, if he did not feel *tired* after preaching so long, he replied, "Na, na, I'm no tired;" adding, however, with much *naïveté*, "But, Lord, how tired the fouk whiles are."

The old Scotch hearers were very particular on the subject of their ministers preaching *old sermons*. A group of parishioners was observed to be somewhat merry on their way home. The minister asked the cause of this. "Indeed, sir," replied

the beadle, "they were saying ye had preached an auld sermon to-day, but I tackled them, for I tauld them it was no an auld sermon, for the minister had preached it no sax months syne."—An old elder of Dr. Cook's said to him one day: "Now-a-days people make a work if a minister preach the same sermon over again in the course of two or three years. When I was a boy, we would have wondered if old Mr. W—— had preached anything else than what we had heard the Sunday before."

A dull sermon has often proved soporific. Dean Ramsay relates that the Earl of Lauderdale was alarmingly ill; one distressing symptom being a total absence of sleep, without which the medical men declared he could not recover. His son, who was somewhat daft, was seated under the table, and cried out, "Sen' for that preaching-man frae Livingstone, for he aye sleeps in the kirk." One of the doctors thought the hint worth attending to. The experiment of "getting a minister till him" succeeded, and sleep coming on, he recovered.

An old Fife gentleman had been to church at Elie, and listening to a young and perhaps bombastic preacher, who happened to be officiating for the Rev. Dr. Milligan, then in the church. After service, meeting the Doctor in the passage, he introduced the young clergyman, who, on being asked by the old man how he did, elevated his shirt-collar, and complained of fatigue, and being very much "*tired*." "Tired, did ye say, my man," said the old satirist, who was slightly deaf, "Lord, man! if you're *half* as tired as I am I pity ye."

There is an eye to the economy of human life in the following. The Rev. Walter Dunlop, of Dumfries, while making his pastoral visitations, came to a farmhouse where he was expected; and the mistress, thinking that he would be in need of refreshment, proposed that he should take his tea before engaging in *exercises*, and said she would soon have it ready. Mr. Dunlop replied, "I aye tak' my tea better when my work's done. I'll just be gaun on. Ye can hing the pan on, an' lea the door ajar, an' I'll draw to a close in the prayer when I hear the haam fizzin."

A parish minister was not only a long preacher, but, as the custom was, delivered two sermons on the Sabbath-day, and thus saved the parishioners two journeys to church. A young girl, who accompanied her grandmother, was sufficiently

wearied before the close of the first discourse; but when, after singing and prayer, the good minister opened the Bible, read a second text, and prepared to give a second sermon, the girl, being both tired and hungry, lost all patience, and cried out to her grandmother, "Come awa, granny, and gang hame, this is a lang grace, and nae meat."

Very droll are the estimates of some congregations of the merits of their ministers. A worthy old clergyman having, upon the occasion of a communion Monday, taken a text involving a discussion of a strictly moral or practical question, was thus commented on by an ancient dame of the congregation, who was previously acquainted with his style of discourse:—"If there's an ill text in a' the Bible, that creetur's aye sure to tak it."

A poor woman was asked if she ever attended Dr. Chalmers's church, in the West Port, for Divine Service. "Ou ay," she replied; "there's a man ca' Chalmers preaches there, and I whiles gang in and hear him, just to encourage him, puir body!"

A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day, and meeting his beadle, he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "I watna, sir, it was rather o'er plain and simple for me. I like thae sermons bae that jumbles the joodgement and confounds the sense; Od, sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yoursel' at that."

Canine intruders have been known to upset the gravity of many an audience. Dean Ramsay relates that a clergyman had been annoyed in the course of his sermon by restlessness and occasional whining of a dog, which at last began to bark outright. He looked out for the beadle, and directed him very peremptorily, "John, carry that dog out." John looked up to the pulpit, and, with a very knowing expression said; "Na, na, sir; I'se just make him gae out on his ain four legs."

A dog had been very troublesome in one of the Glasgow churches, and disturbed the congregation for some time, when the minister at last gave orders to the beadle, "Take out that dog; he'd waken a Glasgow magistrate."

LAW AND LAWYERS.

CHANCES OF THE BAR.

Sir Walter Scott used to amuse his friends by his account of an early anticipation of Cranstoun's professional success. Within a few weeks after he, Scott, and William Erskine had put on the gown, being in Selkirkshire, they were all invited to dinner by an old drunken Selkirk writer, who had—what was worth three young advocates' attention—a great deal of bad business. Cranstoun, who was never anything at a debauch, was driven off the field, with a squeamish stomach and awful countenance, shamefully early. Erskine, always ambitious, adhered to the bowl somewhat longer; but Scott, who, as he said, "was at home with the hills and the whiskey-punch," not only triumphed over these two, but very nearly over the landlord. As they were mounting their horses to ride home, the entertainer let the other two go without speaking to them; but he embraced Scott, assuring him that he would rise high, "And I'll tell you, Maister Walter,—that lad Cranstoun may get to the tap o' the bar if he can; but tak' ma word for't,—it's no by drinking."

Lord Chief-Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend, asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession."

This advice has also been attributed to Lord Thurlow, who with Dunning might be cited as practical examples of the stimulating effects of poverty. They used generally to "dine together, in vacation time, at a small eating-house near Chancery-lane, where their meal was supplied to them at the

charge of sevenpence-halfpenny a-head." Horne Tooke, who frequently made a third, added, in telling this, "Dunning and myself were generous; for we gave the girl who waited on us a penny a-piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise." Erskine often spoke of the incentive at home in his wife and children twitching at his gown, and constraining him to exertion.

Lord Abinger was so strongly impressed with the conviction, that independence in point of circumstances was requisite, as well to give the candidate a fair chance as to keep up the respectability of the calling, that at one time he had serious thoughts of proposing a property qualification for barristers. In his opinion, 400*l.* a-year was the smallest income on which a barrister should begin.

Sir Thomas Buxton relates that he once asked Lord Abinger what was the secret of his pre-eminent success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home the one principal point of the case, without paying much attention to the others. He also said that he knew the secret of being short. "I find," said he, "that when I exceed half an hour I am always doing mischief to my client; if I drive into the heads of the jury important matter, I drive out matter more important that I had previously lodged there."

STUDY OF THE LAW.

When Mr. Wilberforce had a long talk with Lord Eldon, on the best mode of study for some young friends of his to be lawyers, the reply was not encouraging:—"I have no rule to give them, but that they must make up their minds to live like a hermit, and work like a horse." Nevertheless the real labour once mastered, we may "drive several accomplishments abreast."

Mr. Charles Butler tells us that Fearne, the author of the *Essay on Contingent Remainders*, was profoundly versed in medicine, chemistry, and mathematics—had obtained a patent for dyeing scarlet—and written a treatise on the Greek accent. The period of life at which students impair their health by study is generally from eighteen to twenty-five.

As to the overwhelming labour of the law, *when it has been learned*, the late Lord Abinger used to boast that he dined

out every day during the whole of a long Guildhall sittings; and lawyers in full business spend evening after evening in the House of Commons.

In a long list of examples, nothing strikes us more than the variety of plans of study, modes of life, kinds of talent, and degrees of industry, presented by it. Thurlow at Nando's, and Wedderburn in the green-room; Murray before the looking glass, and Eldon with the wet towel round his head; a judge's son (Camden) neglected for twelve years, and an attorney's (Hardwicke) fairly forced into the Solicitor-Generalship in five; Kenyon loving law, and Romilly detesting it; Dunning brought forward by an East India director, and Erskine by an old seaman; such things set all speculation at defiance, or bring us back at last to the sage remark of Vanvenargues, that "every thing may be looked for from men and from events."

RISE OF LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.

When Lord Loughborough first came to London, he was a constant attendant at the green-room, and associated with Macklin, Foote, and Sheridan (the father of Richard Brinsley), who assisted him to soften down his Scotch accent. But the main chance was not neglected. It is stated in Boswell's Johnson, that he solicited Strahan the printer, a countryman, to get him employed in city causes; and his brother-in-law, Sir Harry Erskine, procured him the patronage of Lord Bute. When a man of decided talent and good connexion does not stand on trifles, there is no necessity for speculating on the precise causes of his success.

By the laws of England, the Lord Chancellor is held to be the guardian of the persons and property of all such individuals as are said to be no longer of sound mind, and good disposing memory—in fine, to have lost their senses. Lord Chancellor Loughborough once ordered to be brought to him a man against whom his heirs wished to take out a statute of lunacy. He examined him very attentively, and put various questions to him, to all of which he made the most pertinent and apposite answers. "This man mad!" thought he; "verily, he is one of the ablest men I ever met with." Towards the end of his examination, however, a little scrap of paper, torn from a letter,

was put into Lord Loughborough's hand, on which was written "Ezekiel." This was enough for such a shrewd man as the Chancellor; who forthwith took his cue. "What fine poetry," said his Lordship, "is in Isaiah!" "Very fine," replied the man, "especially when read in the original Hebrew." "And how well Jeremiah wrote!" "Surely," said the man. "What a genius, too, was Ezekiel!" "Do you like him?" said the man; "I'll tell you a secret—*I am Ezekiel!*"

THE CHANCELLOR'S PURSE.

Lady Hardwicke, the wife of the Chancellor, loved money as well as his lordship did, and what he got she saved. The purse in which the Great Seal is carried, is of very expensive embroidery, and was provided, during Lord Hardwicke's time, every year. Lady Hardwicke took care that it should not become the Seal-bearer's perquisite, for she annually retained the purse herself; having previously ordered that the velvet of which it was made should be of the length of the height of one of the state rooms at Wimpole, Lord Hardwicke's seat in Cambridgeshire. So many of the old purses were thus saved, that Lady Hardwicke had enough velvet to hang the state-room throughout, and make curtains for the state bed.

Lord Hardwicke, on one occasion, made a warlike harangue on quitting the woolsack to address the House of Lords; carried away by the national enthusiasm, beyond his accustomed moderation and even gentleness of speech, he was declaiming with vehemence on the Spanish depredations in 1739, when Sir Robert Walpole, standing on the throne, said to those near him, "Bravo, Colonel Yorke, bravo!"

LORD FOLEY'S WILL.

Lord Foley, finding his two sons inordinately addicted to gambling, left the bulk of his property to the son of his eldest son, and only gave a life income to the two brothers. The sons, who had reckoned on their father's death to clear off their gambling debts, actually attempted to get an Act of Parliament passed to set aside the will; and so strong was the pressure exercised by a fashionable society, which thought it very hard on two fine young men to be kept from gambling,

that the Bill all but passed through the Lords, and Lord Mansfield and Lord Camden retired rather than vote against it. Charles Fox, for whom the two brothers were bound to the extent of 40,000*l.*, did not hesitate to use all his great social and Parliamentary influence in order to procure a vote sanctioning this monstrous invasion of law.

LORD NORTHINGTON.

Lord Northington was one of the "swearing chancellors." When his Lordship was chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a smart gentleman, who was sent with the staff, carried it in the evening, when the Chancellor happened to be drunk. "Well, Mr. Bartlemy," said his Lordship, snuffing, "what have you to say?" The man, who had prepared a formal harangue, was transported to have so fair an opportunity given him of uttering it, and with much dapper gesticulation congratulated his Lordship on his health, and the nation on enjoying such great abilities. The Chancellor stopped him short, saying, "By God, it is a lie! I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities." In his last illness he was recommended to avail himself of the services of a certain prelate. "He will never do," said the Chancellor, "I should have to acknowledge that one of my heaviest sins was in having made him a bishop."

Lady Northington, who was an ignorant woman, told George III. at a drawing-room, that their country-house was built by *Indigo* Jones. To this the King replied that he "thought so by the style." When her Ladyship related this conversation to Lord Northington, the latter remarked, to her surprise, that he could not well tell which was the greatest fool, she or his Majesty.

RISE OF THE GREAT LORD CAMDEN.

This illustrious judge, (Charles Pratt,) lost his father when only ten years old; and from the reduced circumstances of his family, was placed upon the foundation at Eton, where he had the good fortune to form a lasting friendship with William Pitt, afterwards "the great Commoner"; but, it was long before this or any other influence brightened

Mr. Pratt's prospects. It was a remarkable circumstance, (says Lord Brougham,) that although Lord Camden entered the profession with all the advantages of elevated station, he was less successful in its pursuit, and came more slowly into the emoluments of the profession, than almost all others who can be mentioned, who have raised themselves to its more eminent heights, from humble and even obscure beginnings. One can hardly name any other chief-judge, except Bacon himself, who was the son of a chief-justice. Lord Camden's father presided in the Court of King's Bench. He himself was called to the Bar in his twenty-fourth year, and he continued to await the arrival of clients—"their knocks at his door while the cock crew"—for fourteen long years; but to wait in vain. In his 38th year, he was, like Lord Eldon, on the point of retiring from Westminster Hall, and had resolved to shelter himself from the frowns of Fortune within the walls of his college, there to live upon a fellowship till a vacant living in the country should fall to his share.

This resolution he communicated to his friend, Lord Henley, afterwards Lord Northington, who vainly endeavoured to rally him out of a despondency for which, it must be confessed, there seemed good ground. He consented, however, at his friend's solicitation, to go once more the western circuit, and through his kind offices received a brief as his junior in an important cause. The leader's accidental illness threw upon Mr. Pratt the conduct of the cause; and his great eloquence, and his far more important qualifications of legal knowledge and practical expertness in the management of business, at once opened for him the way to a brilliant fortune. He obtained the verdict, and received several retainers before he left the Hall. He was made a King's Council in 1755; and in 1757 was appointed Attorney-General by his old friend, Pitt, who was Prime Minister. He now had an opportunity of acting upon the great principles of justice for which he had contended so long. When John Wilkes was seized, and committed to the Tower for the *North Briton*, No. 45, his Lordship granted him a *habeas corpus*; and on being brought before the Common Pleas discharged him from his confinement, amid the shouts of the people, which were heard with dismay at St. James's. After the liberation of Wilkes, he condemned, successfully, "general warrants," and "search-warrants for papers," which rendered

him the idol of the nation. Busts and prints of him were hawked through remote villages; a Reynolds' portrait of him was hung up in the Guildhall; he had the freedom of London presented to him in a gold box; he grimly laid down the law from sign-posts; English journals and travellers carried his fame over Europe. He was raised to the peerage, and next year made Lord Chancellor.

POPE AND LORD MANSFIELD.

For some time after Murray's call to the Bar, he was without any practice. There is a letter from Pope, in answer to one from him, in which he mentions this shortcoming with good humour. A speech which he made as counsel at the bar of the House of Lords, first brought him into notice; to which Pope alludes in the following lines:

> Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
> So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords.

The second of these lines is a great falling-off from the first; they were thus parodied by Colley Cibber:

> Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
> And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.

To these chambers Pope has an allusion in one of the least read, but not least beautiful of his compositions—his imitation of the first ode of the fourth book of Horace:

> To *Number Five* direct your doves,
> There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;
> Noble and young, who strikes the heart
> With every sprightly, every dulcet part:
> Equal the injur'd to defend,
> To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
> He with an hundred hearts refin'd,
> Shall spread thy conquests over half the kind;
> To him each rival shall submit,
> Make but his riches equal to his wit.

The two last verses allude to an unsuccessful address made by his lordship, in the early part of his life, to a lady of great wealth. Pope adverts to it in the following lines:

> Shall one, whom nature, learning, birth conspir'd,
> To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
> Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
> Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth?

It has been argued that his knowledge of the law was by no means profound; and that his great professional eminence was owing more to his oratory than his knowledge. To this early charge against him, Pope thus alludes:

> The Temple late two brother serjeants saw,
> Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
> Each had a gravity would make you split,
> And shook his head at *Murray* as a wit.
> *Imitations of Horace*, book ii. epist. ii.

A CURIOUS TRIAL.

In 1771, a strange trial took place, before Lord Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench, with the object of recovering the sum of a wager of five hundred guineas laid by the Duke of Queensbury (then Lord March) with a Mr. Pigot, whether Sir William Codrington or *old* Mr. Pigot should die first. It had singularly happened that Mr. Pigot died suddenly the same morning, of the gout in his head, but before either of the parties interested in the result of the wager could by any possibility have been made acquainted with the fact. By the counsel for the defendant, it was agreed that (as in the case of a horse dying before the day on which it was to be run), the wager was invalid and annulled. Lord Mansfield, however, was of a different opinion; and after a brief charge from that great lawyer, the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff of five hundred guineas, and sentenced the defendant to pay the costs of the suit.

TWOFOLD ILLUSTRATION.

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manorial right, he chanced unfortunately to say, "My lord, I can illustrate the point in an instance in my own person; I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

Lord Sandwich said of Mansfield, that "his talents were more for common use, and more at his fingers' ends, than those of any other person he had known."

DUNNING, LORD ASHBURTON.

Dunning got nothing for some years after his call to the bar, which was about 1756. "He travelled the Western Circuit," says the historian of Devonshire, Mr. Polwhele, "but had not a single brief; and had Lavater been at Exeter in the year 1759, he must have sent Counsellor Dunning to the hospital of idiots. Not a feature marked him for the son of wisdom." He was, notwithstanding, recommended by Mr. Hussey, a King's Counsel, to the Chairman of the East India Company, who was looking out for some one to draw up an answer to a memorial delivered by the Dutch government. The manner in which Dunning performed this piece of service gained him some useful connexions; and an opportune fit of the gout, which disabled one of the leaders of the western circuit, did still more for him. The leader in question handed over his briefs to Dunning, who made the most of the opportunity. His crowning triumph was his argument against the legality of "general warrants," delivered in 1765. He was indebted for his brief in this famous case to Wilkes, whose acquaintance he had formed at Nando's, the Grecian, and other coffeehouses about the Temple, which, at that time, were still the resort of men of wit and pleasure.

When Dunning was Solicitor-General, he diverted himself by making an excursion, in vacation-time, to Prussia. From his title of Solicitor-General, the king supposed him to be a general officer in the British army; so he invited him to a great review of his troops, and mounted him, as an eminent military person, upon one of his finest chargers. The charger carried the Solicitor-General through all the evolutions of the day, the "General" in every movement being in a most dreadful fright, and the *Horse's duty* never allowing him to dismount. He was so terrified and distressed by this great compliment, that he said he would never go abroad again as a general of any sort.

NOVEL-READING.

Lord Camden was a great reader of novels, upon which Charles Butler remarks, "Surely the hour of relaxation is as well employed in reading *Tom Jones*, or *Clarissa*, or any of the novels attributed to Sir Walter Scott, as in the perusal of the productions of party pens."

At a house of great distinction, ten gentlemen of taste were desired to frame, each of them, a list of the ten most entertaining works which they had read. One work only found its way into each list: it was *Gil Blas.*

LORD KENYON'S PARSIMONY AND ILL-TEMPER.

Lord Kenyon studied economy even in the hatchment put up over his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields after his death. The motto was certainly found to be "*Mors janua vita*"—this being at first supposed to be the mistake of the painter. But when it was mentioned to Lord Ellenborough, "Mistake!" exclaimed his lordship, "it is no mistake. The considerate testator left particular directions in his will that the estate should not be burdened with the expense of a *diphthong!*" Accordingly, he had the glory of dying very rich. After the loss of his eldest son, he said with great emotion to Mr. Justice Allan Park, who repeated the words soon after to the narrator—"How delighted George would be to take his poor brother from the earth, and restore him to life, although he receives 250,000*l.* by his decease!" Lord Kenyon occupied a large, gloomy house in Lincoln's-inn-fields: where, it was said,—"All the year through it is Lent in the kitchen and Passion-week in the parlour." Some one having mentioned that, although the fire was very dull in the kitchen-grate, the *spits* were always bright,—"It is quite irrelevant," said Jekyll, "to talk about the *spits*, for *nothing* 'turns' *upon them.*"

Chief-Justice Kenyon was curiously economical about the adornment of his head. It was observed for a number of years before he died, that he had two hats and two wigs—of the hats and the wigs one was dreadfully old and shabby, the other comparatively spruce. He always carried into court with him the very old hat and the comparatively spruce wig, or the very old wig and the comparatively spruce hat. On the days of the very old hat and the comparatively spruce wig, he shoved his hat under the bench, and displayed his wig; but on the days of the very old wig and the comparatively spruce hat, he always continued covered. He might often be seen sitting with his hat over his wig, but the Rule of Court by which he was governed on this point is doubtful.

Lord Kenyon's hasty and ungovernable temper, and his

partialities and antipathies, made him widely disliked by the Bar; while his absurd misapplication of a few stock Latin quotations made him notoriously ridiculous. He had, however, the singular good fortune to elicit two *bon-mots* from George III., who, on one occasion, said to him, "My Lord, by all I can hear, it would be well if you would stick to your good law, and leave off your bad Latin;" and on another occasion, the king remarked, "My Lord Chief-Justice, I hear that you have lost your temper, and from my great regard for you I am very glad to hear it, for I hope you will find a better one."

BAR BLUNDERS.

The Bar has its misses. General knowledge is unquestionably necessary for the lawyer. Ludicrous mistakes have frequently occurred through the deficiencies of some of them in this respect. We have heard an anecdote somewhere of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked, amongst other questions, "Where the ship was at a particular time?" "Oh!" replied the witness, "the ship was then in quarantine." "In Quarantine, was she? And pray, sir, *where* is Quarantine?" Another instance, given by Mr. Chitty, of the value of general knowledge to the lawyer, is worth citing. It is well known that a judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes, that, after having been occupied for six hours in trying an action "on a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia duck) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to show how Russia ducks (mistaking the *cloth* of that name for the *bird*) could be damaged by sea water, and to what extent!"

A learned barrister once quoting some Latin verses to a brother "wig," who did not appear to understand them, "Don't you know the lines?" said he; "they are in Martial." "Marshall," replied his friend, "Marshall—oh! I know—the Marshall who wrote on *underwriting*." When this anecdote was related to a certain judge of the Court of Review, he is reported to have said, "Why, after all, there is not much difference between an *underwriter* and *a minor poet*."

CONSCIENTIOUS FEES.

A general retainer of 1000 guineas was brought to Topping, to cover the Baltic cases then in progress. His answer was, that this indicated either a doubt of his doing his duty on the ordinary terms known to the profession, (one guinea, particular, or five guineas general retainer,) or an expectation that he should do something beyond the line of his duty; and therefore he must decline it. His clerk then accepted the usual fee of five guineas, and he led on these important cases for the defendants.—*Lord Brougham.*

A certain Serjeant was once arraigned before the Circuit mess for unprofessional conduct in taking silver from a client, when he defended himself by saying, "I took all the poor devil possessed in the world, and I hope you don't call that unprofessional." But the learned Serjeant was fined notwithstanding.

PROVING AN ALIBI.

The usual defence of a thief, (says H. Fielding, on the *Increase of Robbers,*) especially at the Old Bailey, is an *alibi*: to prove this by perjury is a common act of Newgate friendship; and there seldom is any difficulty in procuring such witnesses. I remember a felon to have been proved to be in Ireland at the time the robbery was sworn to have been done in London, and acquitted; but he was scarce gone from the bar, when the witness was himself arrested for a robbery committed in London, at that very time when he swore both he and his friend were in Dublin; for which robbery, I think, he was tried and executed."

"NO JUDGE."

A certain judge of our time, having somewhat hastily delivered judgment in a particular case, a king's counsel observed, in a tone loud enough to reach the bench, "Good heavens! every judgment of this court is a mere toss-up." "But heads seldom win," observed a learned barrister sitting behind him. On another occasion, this wit proposed the following riddle for solution—"Why does ——(the judge in

question) commit an act of bankruptcy every day?" The answer was, "Because he daily gives judgment without consideration."

THE RULING PASSION.

A Mr. ——, a Master in Chancery, was on his death-bed —a very wealthy man. Some occasion of great urgency occurred, in which it was necessary to make an affidavit; and the attorney, missing one or two other masters, whom he inquired after, ventured to ask if Mr. —— would be able to receive the deposition. The proposal seemed to give him momentary strength; his clerk was sent for, and the oath taken in due form. The master was lifted up in his bed, and with difficulty subscribed the paper. As he sunk down again, he made a signal to his clerk—"Wallace." "Sir?" "Your ear—lower: have you got the half-crown?" He was dead before morning.

HORSE-DEALING TRIALS.

In the art of cross-examining a witness, Curran was pre-eminent. What could be cleverer than his repartee in a horse cause, when he asked the jockey's servant his master's age, and the man retorted, with ready gibe, "I never put my hand into his mouth to try?" The laugh was against the counsellor till he made the bitter reply—"You did perfectly right, friend; for your master is said to be a great bite."

Erskine displayed similar readiness in a case of breach of warranty. The horse taken on trial had become dead-lame, but the witness to prove it said he had a cataract in his eye. "A singular proof of lameness," suggested the Court. "It is cause and effect," remarked Erskine; "for what is a cataract but a fall?"

NORTHUMBRIAN WITNESSES.

Of the difficulty experienced at times by judges and counsel in making out the evidence of Northumbrian witnesses, these are comical illustrations. The inundation of 1771, which swept away the greater part of the old Tyne Bridge, was long remembered and alluded to with emphasis as "*the* flood." On one occasion Mr. Adam Thompson was put into the witness-box at the Assizes. The counsel asking

his name, received for answer—"Adam, sir; Adam Thompson."—"Where do you live?"—"At Paradise, sir" (Paradise is a village about a mile and a half west of Newcastle).—"And how long have you dwelt in Paradise?" continued the barrister.—"Ever since the flood" was the answer, made in all simplicity, and with no intention to raise a laugh. It is needless to say that the Judge had to ask for explanations. On another occasion William Russel, deputy-surveyor of the town, said from the witness-box, "As I was going along I saw a hubbleshew coming out of a chair-foot." His Lordship was amazed. What on earth was a "hubbleshew" that it could come out of a chair-foot? "My Lord," explained a barrister, learned in the dialect of the natives, "a 'chair-foot,' is the lower part of a narrow lane or alley; and 'hubbleshew' is a term signifying riotous concourse of disorderly people."—*The Athenæum.*

ALMANACKS IN EVIDENCE.

The following anecdote serves to exemplify how necessary it is upon any important occasion to scrutinise the accuracy of a statement before it is taken upon trust. A fellow was tried at the Old Bailey for highway robbery, and the prosecutor swore positively to him, saying he had seen his face distinctly, for it was a bright moonlight night. The counsel for the prisoner cross-questioned the man so as to make him repeat that assertion, and insist upon it. He then affirmed that this was a most important circumstance, and a most fortunate one for the prisoner at the bar: because the night on which the alleged robbery was said to have been committed was one in which there had been no moon: it was then during the dark quarter! In proof of this he handed an almanack to the bench,—and the prisoner was acquitted accordingly. The prosecutor, however, had stated everything truly; and it was known afterwards that the almanack with which the counsel came provided, had been prepared and printed for the occasion.

LAW OF LIBEL.

Lord Ligonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanted to prosecute them: his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman might prosecute, as such a report might affect his

credit. "Well, then," said the old man, "I may prosecute, too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report: I was going to marry a great fortune who thought I was but 74; the newspapers have said I am 80, and she will not have me."

SWALLOWING A WRIT.

In Manning and Bray's *History of Surrey*, we find the following strange story, with a voucher for its truth. In Newington church is buried Mr. Sergeant Davy, who died in 1780. He was originally a chemist at Exeter; and a Sheriff's officer coming to serve on him a process from the Court of Common Pleas, he civilly asked him to drink; while the man was drinking, Davy contrived to heat a poker, and then told the bailiff that if he did not eat the writ, which was of sheepskin and as good as mutton, he should swallow the poker! The man preferred the parchment; but the Court of Common Pleas, not then accustomed to Mr. Davy's jokes, sent for him to Westminster Hall, and for contempt of their process committed him to the Fleet Prison. From this circumstance, and some unfortunate man whom he met there, he acquired a taste for the law: on his discharge he applied himself to the study of it in earnest, was called to the bar, made a sergeant, and was for a long time in good practice.

WITNESSES TO CHARACTER.

"What do you know of his moral character?" asks the president of the court-martial, of a sailor in Jerrold's dramatic version of *Black-eyed Susan*. "A good deal," is the answer; "he plays on the fiddle like an angel."

The late Earl Dudley wound up an eloquent tribute to the virtues of a deceased Baron of the Exchequer with this pithy peroration: "He had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life."

The term respectability was defined by one of the witnesses on the Trial of John Thurtell, for murder. The question was, "What sort of a person was Mr. Weare?" *Answer*—"Mr. Weare was respectable." *Counsel*—"What do you mean by respectability?" *Witness*—"He kept a gig."

A LAWYER'S TOAST.

At a dinner of a provincial Law Society, the president called upon the senior solicitor of the company to toast the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession. "Then," responded he, "the man who makes his own will."

KEEPING THE ADVANTAGE.

Mr. T. O'Meara, an Irish attorney, well known for his conviviality, wit, and good-nature, met at the house of a friend an Englishman of rank and fortune, whom he, according to the hospitable custom of that time, invited to his house in the country; and at the close of the visit the Englishman left Ireland with many expressions of obligation for the kindness and attention he had received. Shortly after, O'Meara, for the first time, visited London, and one day saw his English acquaintance walking on the opposite side of Bond-street; so he immediately crossed over, declared, with outstretched hand, how delighted he was to see him again. The gentleman was walking with two friends of highly aristocratic cast, and dressed in the utmost propriety of costume; and when he saw a wild-looking man, with soiled leather breeches, dirty top-boots, not over-clean linen, nor very closely-shaven beard, striding up to him, with a whip in his hand, and the lash twisted round his arm, he started back, and with a look of cold surprise said, "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "I have, sir," said O'Meara, looking at him coldly for a moment, and then walking away, "and by heaven I'll keep it."

A COURTEOUS JUDGE.

Justice Graham was the most polite judge that ever adorned the bench. On one occasion it was said he had hastily condemned a man, who had been capitally convicted, to transportation, when the clerk of the Court, in a whisper, set him right. "Oh," he exclaimed, "criminal, I beg your pardon; come back:" and putting on the black cap, courteously apologized for his mistake, and consigned him to the gallows, to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. To one found guilty of burglary, or a similar offence, he would say, "My honest friend, you are found guilty of felony, for which it is

my painful duty," &c. &c. Among other peculiarities he had a custom of repeating the answers made to him, as illustrated in the following dialogue:—"My good friend, you are charged with murder: what have you to observe on the subject?" "Eh, my lord?" "Eh, how did it happen?" "Why, my lord, Jem aggravated me, and swore as how he'd knock the breath out of my body." "Good; he'd knock the breath out of your body—and what did you reply?" "Nothing; I floored him." "Good; and then——" "Why, then, my lord, they took him up and found that his head was cut open." "His head was cut open—good; and what followed?" "After that, my lord, they gathered him up to take him to the hospital, but he died on the road." "He died on the road; very good."—*London Review.*

THE CRIMINAL LAW.

The temper with which too many persons of rank and influence received any project of amelioration at the beginning of this century, is forcibly exhibited in this observation by Romilly: "If any person be desirous of having an adequate idea of the mischievous effects which have been produced in this country by the French Revolution, and all its attendant horrors, he should attempt some legislative reform, on humane and liberal principles. He will then find, not only what a stupid dread of innovation, but what a savage spirit, it has infused into the minds of many of his countrymen. I have had several opportunities of observing this. It is but a few nights ago, that, while I was standing at the bar of the House of Commons, a young man, the brother of a peer, whose name is not worth setting down, came up to me, and, breathing in my face the nauseous fumes of his undigested debauch, stammered out, 'I am against your Bill; I am for hanging all.' I was confounded; and, endeavouring to find out some excuse for him, I observed that I supposed he meant that the certainty of punishment affording the only prospect of suppressing crimes, the laws, whatever they were, ought to be executed. 'No, no,' he said; 'it is not that. There is no good done by mercy; they only get worse. I would hang them all up at once.'"

THE LAST ENGLISH GIBBET.

In March, 1856, the last gibbet erected in England was demolished by the workmen employed by the contractors making docks for the North-Eastern Railway Company, upon the Tyne. The person who was gibbeted at that place was a pitman, convicted at the Durham midsummer assizes of 1832. So great was the horror and disgust of all parties with the sight of the body of the poor wretch dangling in chains by the side of a public road, that great gratitude was expressed when the pitmen took it down one dark night. It is a gratifying fact, showing the progress of civilization among the mining population, that, though there have been several strikes among them since 1832, none of those strikes have been marked by a repetition of the fearful acts of violence of that year. At one of the great meetings of pitmen held in the spring of 1832, the Marquis of Londonderry attended on horseback to remonstrate with them; but he had a company of soldiers with him, which were hiding in the valley. This was known to the pitmen, and the pitman that held his horse's head as he spoke had a loaded pistol up his sleeve, in case the Marquis should wave the soldiers to come up, to blow the Marquis's brains out. Fortunately, the good feeling and kind heart of the late nobleman prevailed, and that emergency did not arise.

A SCOTTISH JEFFREYS.

Lord Cockburn, in his *Memorials*, describes the giant of the Bench in his day to have been Lord Braxfield: "his very name makes people start yet. Strong built, and dark, with rough eyebrows, powerful eyes, threatening lips, and a low, growling voice, he was like a formidable blacksmith. His accent and his dialect were exaggerated Scotch; his language, like his thoughts, short, strong, and conclusive." As a lawyer, in every matter depending on natural ability and practical sense, he was very great; but he was illiterate, coarse in his manners, and rough and indecent in his humour. "Almost the only story of him," says Cockburn, "I ever heard that had some fun in it, without immodesty, was when a butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was

always scolding him. 'Lord!' he exclaimed, 'ye've little to complain o': ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her.'"

But Braxfield, as a criminal judge, was a disgrace to the age. He would tauntingly repel the last despairing claim of a wretched culprit, and send him to Botany Bay, or the gallows, with an insulting jest; over which he would chuckle the more from observing that correct people were shocked. "Yet," says Cockburn, "this was not from cruelty, for which he was too strong and too jovial, but from cherished coarseness."

In the political trials of 1793 and 1794, "he was the Jeffreys of Scotland." "Let them bring me prisoners, and I'll find them law," was openly stated as his sentiment. Mr. Horner, who was one of the jurors in Muir's case, was passing behind the bench to get into the box, when Braxfield, who knew him, whispered, "Come awa, Maister Horner,—come awa, and help me to *hang* ane o' those damned scoondrels." [*Hang* was his phrase for all kinds of punishment.] The reporter of Gerald's case could not venture to make the prisoner say any more than that "Christianity was an innovation." But the full truth is, that, in stating this view, he added that all great men were reformers, "even our Saviour himself." "Muckle he made of that," chuckled Braxfield, in an under voice; "he was hanget!"

Braxfield once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, 'Ye're a vera clever chiel, man; but ye wad be nane the waur o' a hanging." When form and precedents were a mystery understood by nobody so much as Mr. Joseph Norris, the ancient clerk, Braxfield used to quash anticipated doubts by saying, "Hoot! just gie me Josie Norrie and a gude jury, and I'll doo for the fallow."

PERFECT MIMICRY.

Dugald Stewart said of Robert Cullen, son of the great physician, that he was "the most perfect of all mimics." His skill was not confined to imitations of voices, looks, manners, and external individualities; but he copied the very words, nay, the very thoughts, of his subjects. He was particularly successful with his friend Principal Robertson, whose character he once endangered in a tavern by indecorous toasts, songs, and speeches, given with such a resemblance of the original, that a party on the other side of the partition, sus-

pecting no trick, went home believing that they had caught the reverend historian unawares. On another occasion, the Principal threatened to administer a severe lecture to a young Englishman, who was boarding with him, the next time that he stayed out too late at night. He soon transgressed again, probably in Cullen's company. Cullen, knowing what was likely to happen, went to the Principal's early next morning, and walked up to the youth's room, with an exact resemblance of the doctor's step on the stair, and then, seating himself behind the curtain, gave a long and formal admonition to the headachy penitent; after which he retired with the same foot-tread. In fulfilment of his threat, the Principal approached, sometime afterwards, sat down, and began. After he had gone on a certain time, the culprit, who could not understand why he should get it twice, confessed his sin, and reminded the doctor, that when he had been with him before, he had assured him that he would not err in the same way again. "Oh, no!" said the Principal; "so that dog Cullen has been before me!"—*Lord Cockburn's Memorials.*

DRINKING ON CIRCUIT.

Lord Cockburn relates the opinion expressed by an old drunken writer of Selkirk, regarding his anticipation of professional success for Mr. Cranstoun, afterwards Lord Corehouse. Sir Walter Scott, William Erskine, and Cranstoun, had dined with this Selkirk writer, and Scott, of hardy, strong, and healthy frame, had matched the writer himself in the matter of whiskey-punch. Poor Cranstoun being delicate, was a bad hand at such work, and was soon off the field. On the party breaking up, the Selkirk writer expressed his admiration of Scott, assuring him that *he* would rise high in the profession, and adding, "I'll tell ye what, Maister Walter, that lad Cranstoun may get to the tap o' the bar, if he can; but tak my word for it, its no be by drinking."

Cockburn was very fond of describing a circuit scene at Stirling, in his early days at the bar, under the presidency of Lord Hermand. After the circuit dinner, and when drinking had gone on for some time, young Cockburn observed places becoming vacant in the social circle, but no one going out at the door. He found that the individuals had dropt down under the table. He took the hint, and by this ruse retired

from the scene. He lay quiet till the beams of the morning sun penetrated the apartment. The judge and some of his stanch friends coolly walked upstairs, washed their hands and faces, came down to breakfast, and went into Court, quite fresh and fit for work. In these days convivial attainments were points of character; the cautious approval being—"and he is a fair drinker."

A Scottish judge had dined with a party of legal characters at Coalstoun, and on rising, not seeing his way very clearly, stepped out of the dining-room window, which was open to the summer air. The ground at Coalstoun sloping from off the house behind, the worthy judge got a great fall, and rolled down the bank. He contrived, however, to regain his legs, and reach the drawing-room, where, the first remark he made was an innocent remonstrance with his friend, the host, "Od, Charlie Brown, what gars ye hae sik lang steps to your *front* door?"

With Lord Hermand drinking was a virtue: he had a sincere respect for it, indeed a high moral approbation, and a serious compassion for the poor wretches who could not indulge in it, with due contempt of those who could but did not. No carouse ever injured his health, for he was never ill, nor did it impair his taste for home or quiet, or muddle his head: he slept the sounder for it, and rose the earlier and the cooler. It is told that he used very often to go direct from his club to the court on Saturday mornings. When some degenerate youths were once protesting against more wine, he exclaimed mournfully, "What shall we come to at last! I believe I shall be left alone on the face of the earth —drinking claret!"

Hermand, when trying a man at Edinburgh, who had killed a friend in a drunken fray, feeling that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation. "We are told," said Hermand, "that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night, and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my laards! if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he no do when he's sober?"

A SCOTCH VILLAGE.

Lord Gardenston, one of the judges of the Court of Session in Scotland, founded, about a century ago, the present village of Laurencekirk, on his property in Kincardineshire. To encourage strangers to settle in it, he gave free rights (copyhold) at an unusually low rate, and, consequently, got several of them taken by parties of questionable respectability. He built an inn in the village and placed in one of the rooms an album, inviting travellers to write in it any suggestions or observations; and he called frequently to look at the contents. It is said that he felt much nettled on finding in it one morning the following lines:

From small beginnings Rome of old
Became a great and populous city,
Though peopled first, as we are told,
By outcasts, blackguards, and banditti:
Quoth Thomas, "then the time may come
When Lawrencekirk shall equal Rome."

JUDICIAL ABSURDITIES.

Lord Eskgrove, the Scottish judge, is described by Cockburn as cunning in old Scotch law, but a more ludicrous person could not exist. His lordship knew him in the zenith of his absurdity: people seemed to have nothing to do but to tell stories of this one man. To be able to give an anecdote of Eskgrove, with a proper imitation of his voice and manner, was a sort of fortune in society. Scott, in those days, was famous for this particularly. The value of all his words and actions consisted in their absurdity.

A remark of his on the trial of Mr. Fysche Palmer for sedition is one of the very few things that he ever said that had some little merit of its own. Mr. John Haggart, one of the prisoner's counsel, in defending his client from the charge of disrespect of the king, quoted Burke's statement that kings are naturally lovers of low company. "Then, sir, that says very little for you or your client; for if kings be lovers of low company, low company ought to be lovers of kings."[1]

[1] He always put the accent upon the last syllable: for example, syllable he called syllabill.

Of his absurdities some amusing specimens are given. In condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier by stabbing him, the judge aggravated the offence thus: "and not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propel, the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's."

In the trial of Glengarry for murder in a duel, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into Court veiled. But before administering the oath, Eskgrove gave her this exposition of her duty—"Young woman! you will now consider yourself in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face."

In pronouncing sentence of death, he would console a prisoner by assuring him that "whatever your religi-ous persua-shon may be, or even if, as I suppose, you be of no persua-shon at all, there are plenty of rever-end gentlemen who will be most happy to show you the way to eternal life." In condemning two or three persons to die for burglary and violence, after reminding them that they attacked the house and the persons within it, and robbed them, he came to this climax—"All this you did; and, God preserve us! joost when they were sitten doon to their denner!"

Lord Kames, an indefatigable but speculative coarse man, tried Matthew Hay, with whom he used to play at *chess*, for murder at Ayr, in September, 1780. When the verdict of Guilty was returned, "Mat's *checkmate* to you, Matthew," cried the judge. This fact Cockburn had from Lord Hermand, who was one of the counsel at the trial, and never forgot this piece of judicial cruelty. Sir Walter Scott is said to have told this story to the Prince Regent.

James Fergusson, Clerk of Session, had a habit of lending emphasis to his arguments, by violently beating with his clenched hand the bar before which he pleaded. Once, when stating a case to Lord Polkanner, with great energy of action, his lordship interposed, and exclaimed, "Maister Jemmy, dinna dunt; ye think ye'ere duntint into me, and ye're just duntin't out of me."

LORD MONBODDO.

Dean Ramsay relates of Lord Monboddo, that on one occasion of his being in London, he attended a trial in the Court of King's Bench. A cry was heard that the roof of the court-room was giving way, upon which judges, lawyers, and people made a rush to get to the door. Lord Monboddo viewed the scene from his corner with much composure. Being deaf and shortsighted, he knew nothing of the cause of the tumult. The alarm proved a false one; and on being asked why he had not bestirred himself to escape like the rest, he coolly answered that he supposed it was an *annual ceremony* with which, as an alien to the English laws, he had no concern, but he considered it interesting to witness as a remnant of antiquity.

Classical learning, good conversation, excellent suppers, and ingenious though unsound metaphysics, were the peculiarities of Monboddo. It is more common to hear anecdotes about his maintaining that men once had tails, and similar follies, than about his agreeable conversation and undoubted learning.

LORD THURLOW'S START IN LIFE.

Thurlow had travelled the circuit for some years with little notice, and with no opportunity to put forth his abilities; when the housekeeper of the Duke of N—— was prosecuted for stealing a great deal of linen with which she had been entrusted. An attorney of little note and practice conducted the woman's case. He knew full well that he could expect no hearty co-operation in employing any of the leading counsel; it was a poor case, and a low case; and it could not be expected that they, "the foremost men of all the Bar," would set themselves tooth-and-nail against the Duke, who, in himself, his agents, and his friends, made the greatest part of every high legal and political assemblage in the county. The attorney looked round, therefore, for some young barrister who had nothing to lose, and might have something to win; and he fixed upon Thurlow, who read over the brief with the highest glee, and had an interview with the prisoner. As he entered the court, he jogged a briefless one, and said, in his favourite slang language,—"Neck or nothing, my boy, to-day.

I'll soar or tumble." The opening speech of the eminent counsel for the Duke, and the evidence, completely convicted the woman. But Thurlow, by his withering cross-examination of the witnesses, his sneers at the Duke and Duchess, and his powerful address to the jury upon "the grovelling persecution," triumphed—the woman was acquitted, and from that day the powers of Thurlow, in voice, sarcasm, gesture, and all the superior intonations of brow-beating, which raised him to the most dangerous pinnacle of legal greatness, became known, and rapidly advanced him to fame, and the grandchildren of his father to be enrolled among the established peers of the realm.

Thurlow dashed into practice with suddenness, and was indebted for his first life to patronage. His favourite haunt was Nando's coffeehouse, (at the east corner of Inner Temple-lane,) where a large attendance of professional loungers was attracted by the fame of the punch and the charms of the landlady, which, the small wits said, were duly admired by and at the bar. One evening the *Douglas case* was the topic of discussion, and some gentlemen engaged in it were regretting the want of a competent person to digest a mass of documentary evidence. Thurlow being present, one of them, half in earnest, suggested him, and it was agreed to give him the job. A brief was delivered with the papers; but the cause did not come on for more than eight years afterwards, and it was a purely collateral incident to which he was indebted for his rise. This employment brought him acquainted with the famous Duchess of Queensberry, the friend of Pope, Gay, and Swift, and an excellent judge of talent. She saw at once the value of a man like Thurlow, and recommended Lord Bute to secure him by a silk-gown. He was made King's Counsel in 1761, rather less than seven years after his call to the Bar. He was an inveterate political intriguer, and was constantly in hot water.

THE GREAT SEAL STOLEN.

Lord Thurlow lived, during his Chancellorship, at No. 45, in Great Ormond-street, Queen-square. The Great Seal of England was stolen from this house, on the night of 24th March, 1784, the day before the dissolution of Parliament. The thieves got in by scaling the garden-wall, and forcing two

iron bars out of the kitchen-window. They then made their way to the Chancellor's study, broke open the drawers of his Lordship's writing-table, ransacked the room, and carried away the Great Seal, rejecting the pouch as of little value, and the mace as too unwieldy. The thieves were discovered, but the Seal, being of silver, got into circulation through the melting-pot; and patents and important public documents were delayed until a new Seal was made.

THURLOW AND THE CURATE.

One day, when Thurlow was busy at home, in Great Ormond-street, a poor curate applied to him for a living, then vacant. "Don't trouble me," said the Chancellor, turning from him, with a frowning brow; "don't you see that I am busy, and cannot listen to you?" The curate, in dejection, said, "he had no lord to recommend him but the Lord of Hosts!" "The Lord of Hosts!" replied the Chancellor, "the Lord of Hosts! I believe I have had recommendations from most lords, but do not recollect one from him before; and so, do you hear, young man, you shall have the living;" and accordingly presented him with the preferment.

RISE OF LORD LYNDHURST.

Among the chances of the Bar, the holding of the first brief is usually a point of interest in the fortunes of great lawyers. The career of Lord Lyndhurst had a start of this kind. At Kesteven sessions, held at Falkingham in 1804, there was an appeal case entered, in which Messrs. Wyche and Torkington, attorneys of Stamford, were engaged. Their opponents had secured the services of Mr. D'Ewes Coke, barrister, who went the Midland circuit. Mr. Coke had a travelling companion who had that year been called to the Bar, and to whom the Stamford attorneys, not wishing to throw a chance away, gave a brief. The case was argued, and it resulted in Messrs. Wyche and Torkington proving victorious by the aid of the young barrister—John Singleton Copley, who for many years afterwards went the Midland circuit. Here he obtained such a position that in 1813, he assumed the coif. During the interval of his Chief Baronship in 1826, Lord Lyndhurst developed his high judicial powers, or

rather he had fuller opportunities and a longer term for their exercise. It was during this interval that he delivered that great judgment on the colossal case of "Small v. Attwood" which elicited the admiration of the whole legal profession; and which he subsequently vindicated on appeal in the House of Lords, where the scale was turned against him by the vote of Lord Devon. The dimensions of the case may be inferred from the time its repeated argument occupied. For 21 days it was argued in the Court of Exchequer, commencing on 21st of November, 1831; while Lord Lyndhurst did not deliver his judgment till the 1st November, 1832,—till he had had the opportunity of deliberating on the case for nearly an entire year. The first argument before the Lords lasted 16, and the second 30 days. The mass of papers, printed and written, was so enormous in bulk that Lord Brougham remarked that he had been furnished with copies of the arguments used in the House of Lords alone amounting to about 10,000 brief-sheets. Through this tangled mass of disputed facts and of representations the purport of which was in issue, of minute and intricate details of transactions and accounts, Lord Lyndhurst on each occasion proceeded with apparent ease, diffusing light and bringing into order the chaos he encountered. His vast effort has, in fact, become one of the traditional glories of the Judicial bench, while the serenity with which he submitted to the reversal of his decree, when adhering to his original opinion, befitted the altitudes whence such efforts are occasionally expected, and the predominance of pure intellect, from which only they can proceed.—*Times journal.*

LORD ERSKINE'S EARLIEST SUCCESS.

Lord Erskine delighted in relating to his friends the following history of his first lucky hit:

"I had scarcely a shilling in my pocket when I got my first retainer. It was sent me by a Captain Baillie of the Navy, who held an office at the Board of Greenwich Hospital, and I was to show cause in the Michaelmas term against a rule that had been obtained in the preceding term, calling on him to show cause why a criminal information for a libel, reflecting on Lord Sandwich's conduct as governor of that charity, should not be filed against him. I had met, during the long vacation, this Captain Baillie at a friend's table, and

after dinner I expresse[illegible] warmth, probably with some eloquence, [illegible] Lord Sandwich as First Lord of the Adm[illegible]erted to the scandalous practices impu[illegible]ard to Greenwich Hospital. Baillie nu[illegible] sat next to him, and asked who I was. [illegible]d just been called to the Bar, and had [illegible] Navy, Baillie exclaimed with an oath, [illegible] for my counsel!' I trudged down to W[illegible]n I got the brief, and being the junior [illegible] heard before me, never dreamt that th[illegible]at all. The argument came on. Du[illegible]lace, Bower, Hargrave, were all hear[illegible]th, and I was to follow. Hargrave w[illegible]red the court. It was a bad omen; bu[illegible]would have it, he was a[illegible]icted with t[illegible] obliged to retire once or twice in the [illegible]. This protracted the cause so long, th[illegible]d, Lord Mansfield said that the remai[illegible]e heard the next morning. This was [illegible]. I had the whole night to arrange in [illegible]ad to say the next morning, and I took [illegible]faculties awake and freshened, succeeded [illegible]sfaction, (sometimes the surest proof th[illegible] others;) and as I marched along the [illegible] of the judges, the attorneys flocked a[illegible]r retainers. I have since flourished, but [illegible]sed God for the providential strangury o[illegible]

Erskine turned his [illegible] the Navy to good account. He was engaged to d[illegible]dmiral Keppel's defence, which was spoken by the Admiral. For this service he received a bank note for 1,000*l.*, which he ran off to flourish in the eyes of his friend Reynolds, exclaiming, "*Voilà* the nonsuit of cow-beef!" He was employed in two or three other cases of public interest on account of his naval knowledge, and the extraordinary powers he displayed in them speedily led to a large general business. It is now acknowledged that Erskine's best quality was the one ordinary observers would be least likely to give him credit for—sagacity in the conduct of a cause.

When induced to [illegible] ation on a witness, Erskine divested it of [illegible] of jest and good humour. In a [illegible] ht to recover the value of a quantity [illegible] was called of impenetrable stu[illegible] riptions of whalebone, of differ[illegible] ick. The defence turned on the [illegible] nferior article had been charged [illegible] A witness for the defence baffled [illegible] on by his dulness. He confounded thick [illegible] with long in such a manner that Erskine was [illegible] "Why, man, you don't seem to know the [illegible] een what is thick and what is long. [illegible] e difference. You are a thick-headed [illegible] not a long-headed one!"

John Thelw[illegible] t up an incessant communication [illegible] sfied with a part of his case, he [illegible] will plead my own cause," to wh[illegible] you do, you'll be hanged." [illegible] ave the quibbling rejoinder, "[illegible]

Erskine d[illegible] fired off a double-barrel when [illegible] Malem, at Ramsgate. The la[illegible] sician had ordered him not to bat[illegible] Erskine, "you are *Malum prohibi*[illegible] ever," rejoined the other, "does [illegible] Erskine, perfectly delighted, "sh[illegible]

It was onc[illegible] ring Fox make, off-hand, a great [illegible] power, "I shall complain of the [illegible] why did he not take Charley Fox [illegible] What the deuce business has a m[illegible] to come up and make his speeches [illegible]

A wager [illegible] hing Erskine's legal acquirements, one of the p[illegible] d the boldness to refer the decision to the ex-ch[illegible] himself. His reply was characteristic. "If you [illegible] was no lawyer, you may continue to think so. It i[illegible] are no lawyer yourself;

but I wish every man to retain his opinion, though at the cost of three dozen of port. To save you from spending your money upon bets you are sure to lose, remember that no man can be a great advocate who is no lawyer—the thing is impossible."

Erskine used to say that when the hour came that all secrets should be revealed, we should know the reason why —shoes are always made too tight.

Latterly, Erskine was very poor; and no wonder, for he always contrived to sell out of the funds when they were very low, and to buy in when they were very high. "By heaven," he would say, "I am a perfect kite, all paper; the boys might fly me." Yet, poor as he was, he still kept the best society.

L-A-W.

It is singular, but it is matter of fact, that there are persons who have a passion for being at law, and contrive to be never out of it. Of this description was a Mr. Bolt, a wharfinger on the Thames. In the cause-paper of the sittings after every term, Bolt's name regularly appeared, either as a plaintiff or a defendant. In a cause at Guildhall, Mingay was counsel against him, and spoke of him in very harsh terms for his dishonest and litigious spirit. Erskine was counsel for him: "Gentlemen," said he to the jury, "the plaintiff's counsel has taken very unwarrantable liberties with my client's good name. He has represented him as litigious and dishonest: it is most unjust. He is so remarkably of an opposite character, that he goes by the name of *Bolt-Upright*." This was all invention.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S HUMOUR, AND POWER OF RIDICULE.

Lord Ellenborough sometimes read flippant pedantry, or hopeless imbecility, lectures of quaint and grave sarcasm peculiar to the man. An eminent conveyancer, who prided himself on having answered thirty thousand cases, came express from the Court of Chancery to the King's Bench to argue a question of real property. Taking for granted, rather too rashly, that common lawyers are little more acquainted with the Digest of Cruise than with the laws of China, he commenced his erudite harangue by observing that "an estate

in fee simple was the highest estate known to the law of England." "Stay, stay," interrupted the Chief Justice, with consummate gravity, "let me write that down." He wrote, and read slowly and deliberately the note which he had taken of this A. B. C. axiom. "An estate in fee-simple is the highest estate known to the law of England. The Court, sir, is indebted to you for this information." There was only one person present who did not perceive the irony, and that was the learned counsel who incurred it. But though impervious to irony, it was impossible even for his self-love to avoid understanding the home thrust lunged by the judge at the conclusion of his harangue. He had exhausted the year-books and all the mysteries of the real property law in a sleepy oration, which effectually cleared the Court, insensible alike to the grim repose of the bench and the yawning impatience of the ushers; when at the close of some parenthetical and apparently interminable sentences, the clock struck four, and the judges started to their feet, he appealed to know when it would be their *pleasure* to hear the remainder of his argument. "Mr. P." rejoined the Chief-Justice, "we are bound to hear you, and shall do so on Friday, but *pleasure* has long been out of the question."

Ellenborough was once strangely posed by a witness, a labouring bricklayer, who came to be sworn. "Really, witness," said the Lord Chief-Justice, "when you have to appear before this Court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship come to that, I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "How do you mean, sir?" said his lordship, angrily. "Why, faith," said the labourer, "you come here in your working-clothes, and *I'm come in mine.*"

When Lord Ellenborough was Attorney-General, he was one day listening with some impatience to the judgment of a learned judge, afterwards his colleague, who said, "In—— V.——, I rule that," &c. "You rule!" said the Attorney-General, in a tone of suppressed indignation, but loud enough to be heard by many of the bar,—"You rule! you were never fit for anything but a copy book!"

A Quaker coming into the witness-box at Guildhall without a broad brim or dittoes, and rather smartly dressed, the crier put the book into his hand and was about to administer the

oath, when he required to be examined on his *affirmation*. Lord Ellenborough asking if he was really a Quaker, and being answered in the affirmative, exclaimed, "Do you really mean to impose upon the Court by appearing here in the disguise of a reasonable being?"

A witness dressed in a fantastical manner, having given very rambling and discreditable evidence, was asked, in cross-examination, "What he was?" *Witness.*—"I employ myself as a surgeon." *Lord Ellenborough, C.J.*—"But does any one else *employ you as a surgeon?*"

Henry Hunt, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address in mitigation of punishment, by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of "stirring up the people by *dangerous eloquence.*" *Lord Ellenborough, C.J.* (in a very mild tone)—"My impartiality as a judge calls upon me to say, sir, that in accusing you of that they do you great injustice."

A very tedious Bishop having yawned during his own speech, Lord Ellenborough exclaimed, "Come, come, the fellow shows some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province."

At the coming in of the "Talents" in 1806, Erskine himself pressed the Great Seal upon Ellenborough, saying, that "he would add to the splendour of his reputation as Lord Chancellor." Ellenborough, knowing that on his own refusal Erskine was to be the man, exclaimed, "How can you ask me to accept the office of Lord Chancellor, when I know as little of its duties as you do?"

Lord Ellenborough's manner was very peculiar, and was so closely imitated by Charles Mathews, the elder, in the character of Flexible, in the farce of *Love, Law, and Physic*, that soon after the production of that piece, Mathews received a hint from the Lord Chamberlain's office to desist from so telling a piece of mimicry.

Lord Ellenborough had no mean power of ridicule—as playful as a mind, more strong than refined, could make it; while of sarcasm he was an eminent professor, but of the kind which hacks, and tears, and flays its victims, rather than destroys by cutting keenly. His interrogative exclamation in Lord Melville's case, when the party's ignorance of having taken accommodation out of the public fund was alleged—

indeed was proved—may be remembered as very picturesque, though, perhaps, more pungent than dignified. "Not know money? Did he see it when it glittered? Did he hear it when it chinked?" When a favourite special pleader was making an excursion, somewhat unexpected by his hearers, as unwonted in him, into a pathetic topic—"An't we, sir, rather getting into the high sentimental latitudes now?"

The author of the clever *Criticisms on the Bar*, (first printed in the *Examiner*, 1818,) was no admirer of the general deportment of Lord Ellenborough, either on or off the Bench: "but," he adds, "it is not unfrequently a very useful lesson, and a very fine display of power, to witness the manner in which he drives directly onward to the just end of a cause—*like a mighty elephant in a forest*, trampling down the low brushwood under his feet, and tearing away all the minor branches that obstruct his impetuous progress."

Lord Ellenborough's reply to William Hone's "My Lord, I protest, my Lord, I protest,"—was. "Protest, and go about your business!" In one of his trials Hone asserted that there was not a single counsel who would venture to support his own convictions against the opinion of a presiding judge; and the author of *Criticisms on the Bar* ventures to say, "There was not a single Barrister present, whose hollow bosom did not echo the sentence, and silently admit its truth!"

JOHN SCOTT AND JAMES BOSWELL.

These capital stories are related in Lord Eldon's *Anecdote-Book*:—

"At an assize at Lancaster, we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement—*inebriated*. We subscribed at supper a guinea for him and half-a-crown for his clerk, and sent him, when he waked next morning a brief with instructions to move, for what we denominated the writ of 'Quare adhæsit pavimento,' with observations, duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the judge, before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself,—but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience

amazed.—The judge said, 'I never heard of such a writ—what can it be that adheres *pavimento?*—Are any of you gentlemen at the Bar able to explain this?' The Bar laughed. At last one of them said, 'My Lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhæsit pavimento.* There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement.'

"Jemmy Boswell called upon me at my chambers in Lincoln's Inn, desiring to know what would be my definition of *Taste.* I told him I must decline informing him how I should define it;—because I knew he would publish what I said would be my definition of it, and I did not choose to subject my notion of it to public criticism. He continued, however, his importunities in frequent calls, and, in one, complained much that I would not give him my definition of taste, as he had that morning got Henry Dundas's (afterwards Lord Melville), Sir Archibald Macdonald's, and John Anstruther's, definitions of taste. 'Well then,' I said, 'Boswell, we must have an end of this. Taste, according to my definition, is the judgment which Dundas, Macdonald, Anstruther, and you, manifested, when you determined to quit Scotland, and to come into the south. You may publish this if you please.'"

LORD ELDON'S BEGINNINGS.

Mr. Scott finally removed to London in 1775, considerably depressed in spirits as to his future prospects, which is not surprising, considering that he was almost without a sixpence he could call his own, to support himself, his wife, and by this time their infant child, John. His first house was in Cursitor-street, of which he used to say—"Many a time have I run down from Cursitor-street to Fleet Market, to get six-penny-worth of sprats for supper."

"When I was called to the Bar," said he to Mrs. Forster, "Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over: business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year, all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But however, so it was; *that* was our agree-

ment: and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea; eighteenpence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling."

HERMAND AND ELDON.

These great lawyers, when young, were very intimate. They were counsel together in the latter's first important Scotch entail case in the House of Lords. Scott was so much alarmed that he wrote his intended speech, and begged Hermand to dine with him, at a tavern, where he read the paper, and asked him if he thought it would do. "Do, sir, it is delightful—absolutely delightful! I could listen to it for ever; it is so beautifully written, and so beautifully read! But, sir, it's the greatest nonsense! It may do very well for an English chancellor; but it would disgrace a clerk with us."

A STRANGE STORY.

Lord Eldon, in his *Anecdote-Book*, relates the following extraordinary circumstances of the identifying of two murderers:

"I remember, in one case where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gunshot in the head; and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared, the wadding of the gun, which proved to be the half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.

"I remember one man taken up twelve years after the deed. He had made his escape; and though every search was made, he could not be found. Twelve years afterwards, the brother of the murdered man was at Liverpool in a public-house. He fell asleep, and was awoke by some one picking his pocket; he started, exclaiming, "Good God! the man that killed my brother twelve years ago!" Assistance

came to him, the man was secured, tried, and condemned. He had enlisted as a soldier and gone to India immediately after the deed was committed; and he had just landed at Liverpool on his return, when his first act was to pick the pocket of the brother of the man he had murdered twelve years before. It was very extraordinary that the man, waking out of his sleep, should so instantly know him."

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

In Lord Eldon's *Anecdote-Book*, too, we find, also, the following ludicrous case:

"I was at the assizes for Cumberland in seven successive years before I had a brief. It happened that my old friend Mr. Lee, commonly called Jack Lee, was absent in the Criminal Court, when a cause was called on in the Civil Court; and some attorney, being by that absence deprived of his retained counsel, was obliged to procure another, and he gave me a guinea, with a scrap of paper as a brief, to defend an old woman in an action for an assault brought against her by another old woman. The plaintiff had been reposing in an arm-chair, when some words arising between her and my client, the latter took hold of the legs of the chair, and in fact threw the plaintiff head and heels over the top of the chair. This sort of assault of course admitted of easy proof, and a servant-maid of the plaintiff's proved the case. I then offered in Court that a chair should be brought in, and that my old female client should place herself in it, and that the lady (the plaintiff) should overset the chair and my old woman, as she had been upset herself. Upon the plaintiff's attorney refusing this compromise, the witness (the servant-maid) said that her mistress (the plaintiff) was always willing to make up the matter, but that her attorney would never allow her to do so; and that her mistress thought she must do as her attorney bid her do, and had no will of her own. 'So then,' observed I to the jury, knowing that her attorney's name was Hobson, 'this good lady has had nothing for it but Hobson's choice. And pray, then, gentlemen,' I added, 'as the good woman wants no damages, and the cause is Hobson's, give him but a penny at most, if you please.' This penny the jury gave. When I record that in the same assizes I received seventy guineas for this joke, for briefs came in

rapidly, I record a fact which proves that a lawyer may begin to acquire wealth by a little pleasantry; who might wait long before professional knowledge introduced him into notice and business."

SCOTT'S FIRST GREAT SUCCESS.

Early in the third year occurred the case of Ackroyd *v.* Smithson, which laid the foundation of his fame.

"'Might I ask you, Lord Eldon,' said Mr. Farrer, 'whether Ackroyd *v.* Smithson was not the first cause in which you distinguished yourself?'

"'Did I ever tell you the history of that case? Come, help yourself to a glass of Newcastle port, and give me a little. You must know,' he went on, 'that the testator in that cause had directed his real estates to be sold, and, after paying his debts and funeral and testamentary expenses, the residue of the money to be divided into fifteen parts, which he gave to fifteen persons whom he named in his will. One of these persons died in the testator's lifetime. A bill was filed by the next of kin, claiming, amongst other things, the lapsed share. A brief was given me to consent for the heir-at-law, upon the hearing of the cause. I had nothing then to do, but to pore over this brief. I went through all the cases in the books, and satisfied myself that the lapsed share was to be considered as real estate, and belonged to my client (the heir-at-law). The cause came on at the Rolls, before Sir Thomas Sewell. I told the solicitor who sent me the brief, that I should consent for the heir-at-law so far as regarded the due execution of the will, but that I must support the title of the heir to the one-fifteenth which had lapsed. Accordingly, I did argue it, and went through all the authorities. When Sir Thomas Sewell went out of court, he asked the register who that young man was? The register told him it was Mr. Scott. 'He has argued very well,' said Sir Thomas Sewell, 'but I cannot agree with him.' This the register told me. He decided against my client.

"'You see the lucky thing was, there being two other parties, and the disappointed one not being content, there was an appeal to Lord Thurlow. In the meanwhile, they had written to Mr. Johnstone, recorder of York, guardian to the young heir-at-law, and a clever man, but his answer was, 'Do not send good money after bad; let Mr. Scott have a guinea

to give consent, and if he will argue, why, let him do so, but give him no more.' So I went into court, and when Lord Thurlow asked who was to appear for the heir-at-law, I rose and said modestly, that I was; and as I could not but think (with much deference to the Master of the Rolls, for I might be wrong) that my client had the right to the property, if his lordship would give me leave I would argue it. It was rather arduous for me to rise against all the eminent counsel. Well, Thurlow took three days to consider, and then delivered his judgment in accordance with my speech; and that speech is in print, and has decided all similar questions ever since.'"

As he left the hall, a respectable solicitor, named Foster, came up to him, touched him on the shoulder, and said, "Young man, your bread-and-butter is cut for life."

SIR JOHN SCOTT'S SILK GOWN.

When the Great Seal was put into commission under the Coalition Ministry of 1783, a silk gown was offered to Mr. Scott, and, after some hesitation, accepted. Next day, he learned that Erskine and Pigott, his juniors at the bar, were also to have silk gowns, and were to be sworn-in the day before himself, which would have given them precedence. Scott instantly wrote to retract his acceptance; and on being called before the Commissioners, steadily persevered in refusing to waive his professional rank for any one. "One of them said, Mr. Pigott was senior at the bar to Mr. Erskine, and yet he had consented to let Mr. Erskine take precedence of him. I answered," says Lord Eldon,—"Mr. Pigott is the best judge for himself: I cannot consent to give way, either to Mr. Erskine or Mr. Pigott! Another said, 'Mr. Scott, you are too proud.'—'My Lord, with all respect, I state it is not pride: I cannot accept the gown upon these terms.' After much difficulty, the matter seems to have been arranged; for next day I received a patent, appointing me to be next in rank to Peckham, and placing Erskine and Pigott below me, though in fact, both of them had been sworn in the day before me; and that patent I have to this day.' 'Did you think,' said Mr. Farrer to him, 'that it was so important to insist upon retaining your rank?' "It was everything," he replied, with great earnestness; "*I owed my future success to it.*"

When the Solicitor Generalship was conferred upon Mr. Scott, the story goes that he did not wish to be knighted; but the King said, "Pooh, pooh! you must be *served like the rest*," and knighted him.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

During the trials of Hardy, Horne Tooke, and Thelwall, in 1793, the populace were highly excited, and the crown counsel had regularly to run the gauntlet beween their own houses and the Old Bailey. One evening as the Attorney-General, Sir John Scott, was about to leave the court, Garrow said—"Mr. Attorney, do not pass that tall man at the end of the table." "Why not pass him?" asked Law. "He has been here the whole trial," replied Garrow, "with his eyes constantly fixed on the Attorney-General." "I will pass him," said Law. "And so will I," said Scott; "happen what may, the king's Attorney-General must not show a white feather." The conclusion must be told in his own words:

"I went and left them, but I will not say that I did not give a little look over my shoulder at the man with the slouched hat, as I passed him; however, he did me no harm, and I proceeded for some time unmolested. The mob kept thickening around me till I came to Fleet-street, one of the worst parts of London that I had to pass through, and the cries began to be rather threatening, 'Down with him—now is the time, lads—do for him'—and various others, horrible enough. So I stood up and spoke as loud as I could—'You may do for me if you like, but remember there will be another Attorney-General before eight o'clock to-morrow morning; the King will not allow the trials to be stopped!' Upon this one man shouted out—"Say you so! you are right to tell us. Let's give him three cheers, lads!' And they actually cheered me, and I got safe to my own door. When I was waiting to be let in, I felt a little queerish at seeing close to me the identical man with the slouched hat; I believe I gave him one or two rather suspicious looks, for he came forward and said—'Sir John, you need not be afraid of me; every night since these trials commenced I have seen you safe home, before I went to my own home, and I will continue to do so until they are over; good evening, sir!' I had never seen the man before. I afterwards found out who he was, (I had some trouble

in doing so, for he did not make himself known,) and I took care he should feel my gratitude." [It is stated in the *Law Magazine*, that Lord Eldon had once done an act of great kindness to the man's father.]

This was the period of Erskine's greatest triumph, and he availed himself of his popularity to come to the rescue of his antagonist. "I will not go on without the Attorney-General," was his frequent call to the mob, as they crowded round his carriage to attend him home. Some years afterwards he was relating, in Lord Eldon's presence, how his horses were taken out by the mob at the conclusion of Hardy's trial. "Yes," added Lord Eldon, "and I hear you never saw more of them." The laugh was against Erskine, though the fact may be regarded as apocryphal.

A CRYING SCENE.

At the above trial, in concluding his speech against Horne Tooke, the Attorney-General (Scott) fell into the habitual error of justifying his character. "It is the little inheritance I have to leave to my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears; and, to the astonishment of the Court, the Solicitor-General (Mitford), began to weep in concert. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?" "He is crying to think of the *little* inheritance Scott's children are likely to get."

LORD ELDON'S DOUBT.

It has been humorously said that Eldon loved an *if* as much as Tristram Shandy hated one. At the Bar, he lost all his opinion-giving business, by his attachment to this little word; on the Bench, he did all that in him lay to neutralize his utility by means of it. In allusion to Lord Erskine's fondness for the first person singular, the wits of the *Anti-jacobin* apologized for not reporting the whole of one of his speeches, because the printer had no *I's* left—they might have apologized for not reporting Lord Eldon's judgments for want of types to print his innumerable *ifs*, *buts*, and *thoughs*. As he grew older he grew worse; and, latterly, there was hardly any chance of getting him to utter a sentence without

a saving clause. Sir Samuel Romilly observes that this habit was the more provoking, because Lord Eldon was hardly ever known to differ from his first impression. So well was this understood, that it was not at all unusual for parties to settle causes out of court, as soon as his impression could be collected.

LENDING BOOKS.

Lord Eldon lent two large volumes of precedents to a friend, and could not recollect to whom. In allusion to such borrowers, he observed, that "though backward in *accounting*, they seemed "to be practised in *book-keeping*."

HOW JEKYLL WAS MADE A MASTER IN CHANCERY.

Lord Chancellor Eldon lived in No. 6, Bedford-square, from 1804 to 1815, and here occurred the memorable interview between his Lordship and the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. The Prince came alone to the Chancellor's house, and, upon the servant opening the door, observed, that, as his Lordship had the gout, he knew he must be at home, and therefore desired that he might be shown up to the room where the Chancellor was. The servant said he was too ill to be seen, and that he had also positive orders to show in no one. The Prince then asked to be shown the staircase, which he immediately ascended, and pointing first to one door, then to another, asking, "Is that your master's room?" The servant answered "No," until he came to the right one; upon which he opened the door, seated himself by the Chancellor's bedside, and asked him to appoint his friend Jekyll, the great wit, to the vacant office of Master in Chancery. The Chancellor refused—there could be no more unfit appointment. The Prince, perceiving the humour of the Chancellor, and that he was firm in his determination not to appoint him, threw himself back in the chair, and exclaimed, "How I do pity Lady Eldon!" "Good heaven!" said the Chancellor, "what is the matter?" "Oh, nothing," answered the Prince, "except that she will never see you again, for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery." Jekyll, of course, obtained the appointment.—*P. Cunningham.*

LORD ELDON AS A WHIP.

We obtain a vivid idea of the bigoted but kindly old Chancellor, and the vast good humour of the Solicitor-General Campbell in his new honours—which, if Lord Eldon had had his way, he would never have reached—through an anecdote related by Lord Campbell himself. Eldon and his son are walking in Piccadilly, when some one drives past them in a cabriolet, takes off his hat, and makes a low bow. "Who is that who treats me with respect now I am nobody?" inquires Lord Eldon. His son replies, "It is Sir John Campbell, the Whig Solicitor-General." "I wonder what they would have said of me," exclaimed the ex-Chancellor, "if I had driven about in a cabriolet when I was Solicitor-General?" "I will tell you what they would have said,—'There goes the greatest lawyer and the worst whip in all England.'"

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE TENTERDEN.

Lord Tenterden is placed in a very amiable point of view by Macready, the celebrated tragedian, in a lecture which he delivered to a Mechanics' Institute after he had retired from the stage. The lecturer gives an account of a visit paid by him to Canterbury Cathedral, under the auspices of a verger, who, by reading and observation, had acquired considerable knowledge of architecture and mediæval antiquities. Having introduced us to his guide, the ex-tragedian thus proceeds:—"He directed my attention to everything worthy of notice; pointed out with the detective eye of taste the more recondite excellence of art throughout the building, and with convincing accuracy shed light on the historical traditions associated with it. It was opposite the western front that he stood with me before what seemed the site of a small shed or stall, then unoccupied, and said, 'Upon this spot a little barber's shop used to stand. The last time Lord Tenterden came down here he brought his son Charles with him, and it was my duty, of course, to attend them over the cathedral. When we came to this side of it he led his son up to this very spot, and said to him, "Charles, you see this little shop; I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop your grandfather used to shave for a penny! That is the proudest reflection of my life! While you live never forget

that, my dear Charles.'" And this man, the son of a poor barber, was the Lord Chief Justice of England. For the very reason, therefore, that the chances of such great success are rare, we should surely spare no pains in improving the condition of all whom accident may depress or fortune may not befriend."

Of the few defects of Lord Tenterden, the greatest was his different measure of patience and courtesy for different classes —even for different individuals. It could not be said of him that he was no respecter of persons; though his conduct in this matter was confined to mere accident of outward behaviour and manners—nothing beyond that. When, on one occasion, he had, with some roughness, addressed to a witness, who was looking another way, an advice not unusual with him, and not very delicately concluded, to "hold up his head, and speak out like a man," it was amusing to observe the fall of both countenance and voice when the witness turned upon the judge the face of the chairman of the Honourable East India Company.

Mr. Brougham, when at the bar, opened before Lord Tenterden an action for the amount of a wager laid upon the event of a dog-fight, which, through some unwillingness of dogs or men, had not been brought to an issue. "We, my Lord," said the advocate, "were minded that the dogs should fight."—"Then I," replied the Judge, "am minded to hear no more of it:" and he called another cause.

Lord Tenterden had been strongly advised, some time before his death, not to attend his Court; but he replied, "I have public duties to perform; and while it pleases God to preserve my mental faculties, I will perform those duties—physical suffering I can and will bear." A little more than a week before his death, he was told were he to continue to set the advice of his medical attendants at defiance, it was impossible he could live; but a little rest and retirement would restore him to comparative health. "I know better," he replied; "my days are numbered; but I will perform my duty to the last." The following occurrence is stated to have happened previous to his death. He had been sinking the whole night, but generally retained his faculties. Towards morning he became restless and slightly delirious; all at once he set up in his bed, and with a motion of his hand, as if dipping his pen in the inkstand, as he had been accustomed to do on the

bench, said distinctly, "Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged." He then fell back in his bed, and almost immediately expired!

The last speech delivered by Lord Tenterden was upon the Reform Bill of 1831-2, when he concluded with his well-known vow: "Never, never, my Lords, shall I enter the doors of this House after it has become the phantom of its departed greatness."

A COOL HAND.

When Mr. John Clerk (afterwards Lord Eldin,) was at the Bar, he was remarkable for the *sang froid* with which he treated the judges. On one occasion, a junior counsel, on hearing their Lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that he was "surprised at such a decision." This was construed into a contempt of court, and he was ordered to attend at the bar the next morning. Fearful of the consequences, he consulted his friend, John Clerk, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologise for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John Clerk rose, and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal thus: "I am very sorry, my Lords, that my young friend has so forgotten himself as to treat your honourable bench with disrespect: he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your Lordships. Now, if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place in this court every day—had he known you but half so long as I have done—he would not be surprised at anything you did."

CURRAN'S WIT AND HUMOUR.

Curran is described as "the wildest, wittiest, dreamiest student of old Trinity," who, in the event of being called before the Fellows for wearing a dirty shirt, could only plead as an excuse that he had but one. Poverty followed his steps for some years after this; instead of briefs to argue before the judge, he was arousing the idle crowd in the path with his wit and eloquence.

When he lived upon Hog-hill, he used to say that his wife and children were the chief furniture of his apartments

and as to his rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the National Debt. Mrs. Curran, however, was a barrister's lady, and what she wanted in wealth, she was determined should be supplied by dignity. The landlady, on the other hand, had no idea of gradation, except that of pounds, shillings and pence. One morning, Curran walked out to avoid the usual altercation upon this subject. He had a family for whom he had no dinner; and a landlady for whom he had no rent. He had gone abroad in despondence; he returned home in desperation! When he opened the door of his study, the first object which presented itself was an immense folio of a brief, twenty guineas wrapped up beside it, and the name of Robert Lyons marked on the back of it. Curran instantly paid his landlady, bought a dinner, gave Robert Lyons a share of it; and from that dinner dated the barrister's prosperity.

When he defended the prisoners after the Rebellion of 1798, he was reminded by Lord Carleton that he would lose his gown, whereupon Curran replied with scorn, "Well, my lord, his Majesty may take the silk, but he must leave the *stuff* behind."

"Curran," said a judge to him, whose wig being a little awry, caused some laughter in court, "do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" "Nothing but the head, my lord," was the reply. One day, at dinner, he sat opposite to Toler, who was called "the hanging judge." "Curran," said Toler, "is that hung-beef before you?" "Do you try it, my lord, and then it's sure to be." Lundy Foot, the celebrated tobacconist, asked Curran for a Latin motto for his coach. "I have just hit on it," said Curran; "it is only two words, and it will explain your profession, your elevation, and contempt for the people's ridicule; and it has the advantage of being in two languages, Latin and English, just as the reader chooses. Put up *Quid rides* upon your carriage." Curran's hatred for the Union is shown in the answer he gave to a lord who got his title for his support of the Government measure. Meeting Curran near the Parliament House, on College green, he said, "Curran, what do they mean to do with this useless building? For my part, I hate the very sight of it." "I do not wonder at it, my lord," said Curran; "I never yet heard of a *murderer* who was not afraid of a *ghost*."

Judge Robinson, a coarse-minded man, had the bad taste

to sneer at Curran's poverty, by telling him he suspected his "law library was rather contracted." Curran replied, "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library: my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good works than by the composition of a great many bad ones. [Judge Robinson was the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets; and, by his demerits, raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced.] My books may be few; but the title-pages give me the authors' names, and my shelf is not disgraced by any such rank absurdities that their very authors are ashamed to own them. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be ashamed of my wealth, could I have stooped to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and, should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible." "Sir," said the judge, "you are forgetting the respect which you owe to the dignity of the judicial character." "Dignity!" exclaimed Curran: "my Lord, upon that point I shall cite you a case from a book, of some authority, with which, perhaps, you are not acquainted." He then briefly related the story of Strap in *Roderick Random*, who having stripped off his coat to fight, entrusted it to a bystander. When the battle was over, and he was well beaten, he turned to resume it, but the man had carried it off. Mr. Curran thus applied the tale: "So, my Lord, when the person entrusted with the dignity of the judgment-seat, lays it aside for a moment to enter into a disgraceful personal contest, it is in vain, when he has been worsted in the encounter, that he seeks to resume it—it is in vain that he tries to shelter himself behind an authority which he has abandoned." "If you say another word, I'll commit you," replied the angry judge: to which Mr. C. retorted, "If your Lordship shall do so, we shall both of us have the consolation of reflecting, that I am not the worst thing that your Lordship has committed."

A piece of empty self-glorification was set down by Curran with this memorable congratulation: "The honourable and

learned gentleman boasts that he is the guardian of his own honour; I wish him joy on his sinecure."

Curran has vividly described his first appearance at a debating society, after calculating upon the tear of generous approbation bubbling in the eyes of his little auditory, never suspecting, alas! that a modern eye may have so little affinity with moisture, that *the finest gunpowder may be dried upon it.* "I stood up," says Curran; "my mind was stored with about a folio volume of matter; but I wanted a preface, and for want of a preface, the volume was never published. I stood up, trembling through every fibre; though, remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage, and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was riveted upon me. There were only six or seven present, and the little room could not have contained as many more; yet it was to my pain-stricken imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried, 'Hear him!' but there was nothing to hear. My lips, indeed, went through the pantomime of articulation; but I was like the unfortunate fiddler at the fair, who, coming to strike up the solo that was to ravish every ear, discovered that an enemy had maliciously soaped his bow; or rather, like poor Punch, as I once saw him, grimacing a soliloquy, of which his prompter had most indiscreetly neglected to administer the words." Such was the *début* of "Stuttering Jack Curran," or, "Orator Mum," as he was waggishly styled; but not many months elapsed ere the sun of his eloquence burst forth in dazzling splendour.

In an action brought by a priest of the Church of Rome against Lord Doneraile, at the Cork Assizes, Mr. Curran had to cross-examine Mr. St. Leger, brother to the defendant; and as it was his object to depreciate his evidence, he had described him in very gross and insulting language in his speech. In doing so, he had, however, not mentioned his name. When Mr. St. Leger came to the table, and took the Testament in his hand, the plaintiff's counsel, in a tone of affected respect, addressed him, saying, "Oh, Mr. St. Leger, the jury will, I am sure, believe you without the ceremony of swearing you; your character will justify us from insisting on your oath." The witness, described by this mild and

complimentary language (his irritation evidently diverted his attention from the very palpable trap laid for him), replied, with mingled surprise and vexation, "I am happy, Sir, to see you have changed the opinion you entertained of me when you were describing me a while ago." "What, Sir! then you confess it was a description of yourself! Gentlemen, act as you please; but I leave it to you to say, whether a thousand oaths could bind the conscience of the man I have just described." A duel followed, in which Mr. Curran evinced great intrepidity.

Some great, big Irish counsellor said to Curran, "If you go on so, I'll put you in my pocket." "Egad! if you do," said Curran, "you'll have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head."

Curran used to relate, with infinite humour, an adventure he had with a mastiff, when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backwards, might frighten the fiercest dog, and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's dog in the neighbourhood, *who would never let the boys rob the orchard;* but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with which did not care what end of a boy went foremost, so that he could get a good bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran, "and as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat; but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at that very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued. Egad, I thought for a time the beast had devoured my entire centre of gravity, and that I should never go on a steady perpendicular again." "Upon my word," said Sir Jonah Barrington, to whom Curran related this story, "the mastiff may have left you your centre, but he could not have left much gravity behind him, among the bystanders."

Mr. Rogers relates that he once dined with Curran in the public room of the chief inn at Greenwich, when he talked a great deal, and, as usual, with considerable exaggeration. Speaking of something which he would not do on any inducement, he exclaimed vehemently, "I had rather be hanged upon twenty gibbets." "Don't you think, Sir, that one would

be enough for you?" said a girl, a stranger, who was sitting at a table next to Mr. Rogers, who adds:—"I wish you could have seen Curran's face: he was absolutely confounded—struck dumb." Sir Jonah Barrington relates:—I never saw Curran's opinion of himself so much disconcerted as by Mr. Godwin, whom he had brought, at the Carlow assizes, to dine with Mr. Byrne, a friend of ours, in whose cause he and I had been specially employed as counsel. Curran, undoubtedly, was not happy in his speech on this occasion; but he thought he was. Nevertheless, we succeeded; and Curran, in great spirits, was very anxious to receive a public compliment from Mr. Godwin, as an eminent literary man, teazing him (half jokingly) for his opinion of his speech. Godwin fought shy for a considerable time; at length, Curran put the question home to him, and it could no longer be shifted. "Since you *will* have my opinion," said Godwin, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair with *sang froid*, "I really never did hear anything so bad as your *prose*, except your *poetry*, my dear Curran!"

Curran having ordered a new bar wig, and not liking the cut of it, he jestingly said to the peruke-maker, "Mr. Gahan, this wig will not answer me at all!" "How so, sir?" said Gahan, "it seems to fit." "Ay," replied Curran, "but it is the very worst *speaking* wig I ever had. I can scarce utter one word of common law in it; and as for *equity*, it is totally out of the question."

CURRAN PLAYING PUNCH.

The keeper of a street puppet-show arrived at Newmarket, to the no small edification of the neighbourhood; and the feats of Mr. Punch, and the eloquence of his man, soon superseded every other attraction. At length, however, Mr. Punch's man fell ill, and the whole establishment was threatened with immediate ruin. Little Curran, who had, with his eyes and ears, devoured the puppet-show, and never missed the corner of its exhibition, proposed himself to the manager, as Mr. Punch's man. The offer was gladly accepted, and the success of the substitute was miraculous. At length, before one of the most crowded audiences, he began to expatiate upon village politics, he described the fairs, told the wake secrets, caricatured the audience, and after disclosing every amour, and detailing every scandal, turned with infinite ridicule upon

the very priest of the parish. This was the signal for a general outcry. Every man and maid who laughed at their neighbours' picture, and pretended not to recognise their own, were outrageously scandalized at such familiarity with the clergy. By one and all, sentence of banishment was passed on Mr. Punch. He was honourable, however, in his concealment of the substitute, whose prudence prevented any solicitation for such a dangerous celebrity.

GRATITUDE OF CURRAN.

"Allow me, gentlemen," said Curran one evening to a large party, "to give you a sentiment. When a boy, I was one morning playing at marbles in the village of Ball-alley, with a light heart and lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gladly round, when suddenly among us appeared a stranger of a remarkable and very cheerful aspect: his intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all, the happiest we shall ever see) perhaps rose upon his memory. Heaven bless him! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century just as he stood before me in the little Ball-alley, in the day of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and full of waggery, thinking everything that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of my eccentricities; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from Boyse my alphabet, and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then he sent me to a school at Middleton. In short, he made me a man. I recollect it was about thirty-five years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in Parliament, on my return one day from the court, I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round—it was my friend of Ball-alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed. 'You are right, sir, you are right; the chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house

is yours. You gave me all I have—my friend—my benefactor!' He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye, when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honourable. Poor Boyse! he is now gone; and no suitor had a longer deposit of practical benevolence in the Court above. This is his wine—let us drink to his memory!"—*Curran's Life, by his Son.*

CHARLES PHILLIPS'S SKETCH OF CURRAN.

Mr. Charles Phillips, in his admirable *Life of Curran*, gives the following characteristic account of a visit to his friend:—"I caught the first glimpse of the little man through the vista of his garden. There he was—on a third time afterwards I saw him in a dress which you would imagine he had borrowed from his tipstaff; his hands in his sides; his under lip protruded; his face almost parallel with the horizon—and the important step, and the eternal attitude only varied by the pause during which his eye glanced from his guest to his watch, and from his watch reproachfully to his dining-room. It was an invariable peculiarity—one second after four o'clock, and he would not wait for the Viceroy. The moment he perceived me he took me by the hand; said he would not have any one introduce me; and, with a manner which I often thought was *charmed*, at once banished every apprehension, and completely familiarised me at the Priory. I had often seen Curran—often heard him—often read him; but no man ever knew anything about him who did not see him at his own table, with the few whom he selected. He was a little convivial deity; he soared in every region, and was at home in all—he touched every thing, and seemed as if he had created it; he mastered the human heart with the same ease that he did his violin. You wept, and you laughed, and you wondered; and the wonderful creature who made you do all at will never let it appear that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing, if you chose, to become your auditor. It is said of Swift that his rule was to allow a minute's pause after he had concluded, and then, if no person took up the conversation, to recommence himself. Curran had no conversational rule whatever: he spoke from impulse, and he had the art so to draw you into a participation, that, though you felt an inferiority, it was quite a contented one.

Indeed nothing could exceed the urbanity of his demeanour. At the time I spoke of he was turned sixty, yet he was as playful as a child. The extremes of youth and age were met in him: he had the experience of the one, and the simplicity of the other."

Charles Mathews's imitation of Curran was a most life-like portrait—not an imitation, but a continuation.

CURRAN AND GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Curran dined abroad, for the last time, on the 9th of October, 1817, at 14, Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place, with Mr. Richard Jones, the comedian—the object of the dinner being to introduce Curran to George Colman the younger; and the party, besides the host and hostess, consisted of Mr. Harris and Sir William Chatterton. Colman that evening was unusually brilliant, anticipating, by apt quotation and pointed remark, almost everything that Curran would have said. One comment of Curran's, however, made a deep impression on all present. Speaking of Lord Byron's "Fare thee well, and if for ever," Curran observed that "his Lordship first weeps over his wife, and then *wipes his eyes with the newspapers.*" He left the dinner-table early, and on going upstairs to coffee, either affected not to know, or did not remember, George Colman's celebrity as a wit, and inquired of Mr. Jones who that Mr. Colman was? Mr. Harris joined them at this moment, and apologised for his friend Colman engrossing so much of the conversation to himself; adding that he was the spoiled child of society, and that even the Regent listened with attention when George Colman talked. "Ay," said Curran, with a melancholy smile, "I know now who Colman is; we must soon both sleep in the same bed." The next morning Curran was seized with apoplexy; he died on the 14th of October, at No. 7, Amelia Place, Brompton, then a small pleasant row of houses looking on a nursery-garden, now Pelham Crescent.

DEATH OF FOUR REMARKABLE MEN.

On the 2d of November, 1818, Sir Samuel Romilly, overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his wife, in a paroxysm of insanity, brought on by that severe shock falling upon a mind previously weakened and shattered by overburthening pro-

fessional labours and anxieties, died by his own hand. He was sixty-one years of age; and he had attained the highest position, both in the courts of law and in parliament. His late triumphant return for Westminster, where he had been brought in at the head of the poll, without having either spent a shilling or asked a vote, or even once made his appearance on the hustings, was a sufficient testimony to his general popularity; and also, it may be added, to the purity of conduct, and elevation above all popularity-hunting arts, by which, or notwithstanding which, he had acquired it. But the charm of his beautiful nature won its way even where wide difference of political principle and sentiment might have been expected to create some prejudice against him. His death was acutely felt, we are told, by Lord Eldon, before whom he had been for many years in daily and pre-eminent practice. "The Chancellor," it is related, "came into court next morning obviously much affected. As he took his seat he was struck by the sight of the vacant place within the bar which Romilly was accustomed to occupy. His eyes filled with tears. 'I cannot stay here,' he exclaimed; and, rising in great agitation, broke up his court."

Within little more than a month after Romilly, on the 13th of December, died another great lawyer, of equally opposite politics and temper, Lord Ellenborough, who seemed never to have recovered from his discomfiture by Hone in the preceding year. He wrote to Lord Sidmouth on the day after the last of the three trials and acquittals. The purpose of resignation which he announced in that letter, he had carried into effect about three months before his death.

In August, this same year, had died, at the age of eighty-five, Warren Hastings, whose leading counsel Lord Ellenborough, then Mr. Law, had been throughout the five years of his memorable trial before the House of Lords, since the termination of which a quarter of a century had now elapsed.

And, remarkably enough, before the year was out, Hastings had been followed to the grave by the most pertinacious and vindictive of his accusers and enemies, Sir Philip Francis. He died at the age of seventy-eight, on one of the last days of December, when there wanted only about a month to make exactly half a century since the appearance of the first of the famous *Letters of Junius*, of which he has been supposed to be the author.—*Harriet Martineau.*

AN O'CONNELL RUSE.

At the close of the year 1820, a county meeting was called at Dublin, to address George the Fourth, its intention being to compliment His Majesty; but a counter-movement was determined on by the popular party, who were ultimately successful—the originators of the meeting being defeated, and a second meeting held, when Counsellor Burne moved the counter-address, which was read and seconded by Mr. O'Connell, and carried. In the confusion Mr. Burne, however, mislaid his counter-address, and when he was searching his pockets for it, after he had finished his speech, Mr. O'Connell, who was standing near, said, "Here it is," and put a paper into his hand, which was moved and adopted, as described above, and duly forwarded to the King. It was, however, a composition of Mr. O'Connell's own, very much stronger than Mr. Burne's effusion.

It was apropos to this county of Dublin meeting, that the celebrated *môt* of the Duke of Wellington was uttered in the House of Lords: "County meetings," said his grace, "are farces." "On this occasion," retorted the Duke of Leinster, "it was not the fault of the authorities that the farce did not turn out a tragedy."

To the Duke of Leinster, in the previous year, the Duke of Wellington, on receiving a petition in favour of Catholic Emancipation, addressed this laconic reply: "I have received," wrote the noble Duke, "your grace's letter, accompanied by a tin case."

SIR WILLIAM GRANT'S LIVING.

Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, was a man of simple habits, and somewhat remarkable for his taciturnity and reserve. As a politician, he was more narrow-minded than even several other distinguished lawyers. With him originated the phrase of "the wisdom of our ancestors." In his time, the Rolls Court sat in the evening, from six to ten; and Sir William dined after the Court rose. His servant, it is said, when he went to bed, left two bottles of wine on the table, which he always found empty in the morning. Sir William occupied two or three rooms on the ground-floor of the Rolls house; and when showing them to his successor in

the Rolls, he said, "Here are two or three good rooms; this is my dining-room; my library and bedroom are beyond; and, I am told," he added, "there are some good rooms upstairs, but I was never there."

"HONEST CHARLEY WETHERELL."

Sir Charles Wetherell was a tall man, with a considerable stoop, and a swing in his gait—his face was intelligent and rather remarkable: the forehead expansive, the eyes not large, but expressive of humour; the nose straight and rather short, or appearing so from the unusual length of the upper lip and chin; his voice was good, but not musical, and his manner was sometimes calm and impressive; but, for the greatest part, his efforts, even upon the most important occasions, were attended by a whimsicality, which was the most distinguished feature of his manner as an advocate.

His oratory was a most curious combination of really serious and sound argument, with out-of-the-way irrelevancy, or what seemed irrelevant; until he, by some odd application, which no one under heaven but himself could have thought of, contrived to connect it with his argument. His violent excitement about matters of dry equity was of itself sufficient to give a character of extreme singularity to his pleading in the Court of Chancery; but when we add to this his unusual gesticulation—his frequent use of uncommon and antiquated words—his bits of Latin so oddly and familiarly introduced, and his circumlocution, where the use of an ordinary phrase would express his meaning,—we find they all combine to make his character for eccentricity as a Chancery barrister.

When he went forth into the street, he was even more strange than in Court. He wore clothes that seemed to have been suddenly "grabbed" from some shop-window in Monmouth-street, without any consideration as to the fit. He scorned the appendages of suspenders, and only sometimes wore a waistcoat long enough to meet the other garment, which, for lack of the appendages aforesaid, was wont to sink below the ordinary level. His inside coat was old, his outside one of great antiquity, and commonly flew behind him in the breeze, while he strode along, muttering to himself, with his hands lodged deep in the recesses of his breeches-pockets; his cravat seemed as if it had not been folded, but

rolled up, and tied on in the dark, by hands not of the cleanest: he wore large shoes, tied with great black tapes, or what would have been black except that, like his hat, the vicissitudes of time had turned them to a hue of brown. In this costume he moved along, cheery, and pleasant, nodding to many, talking to some, and recognised by others, who said, "There goes honest Charley Wetherell."

Many stories are told of the strange way in which he lived in chambers, when it was not his custom to come to Court: they say he had a bit of looking-glass fixed into the wall, which answered all the purposes of his toilet; and sometimes, when a person would come in after he had commenced shaving, he would quite forget to complete it, and perhaps be found in the evening with a *crust* of lather upon his face, which had remained from the morning without his being conscious of it.

Sir Charles Wetherell was the most staunch and unbending supporter of Ultra-Toryism. There was something amusing in his perseverance, to the very end, against the Reform Bill, especially as he accompanied his hostility with much wit and humour. "This," said he, in his final address to the House of Commons, on the subject, "is the last dying speech and confession of the member for Boroughbridge."

SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT ON FREE-MASONRY.

In an agreeable volume of Sketches, published in 1846, by a Suffolk Rector, we find this story of Sir William Follett's early life. His schoolfellow, the Rector, relates, in the course of conversation, "I inferred, from a passing remark, that Sir William had become a Mason. I asked him, if my conclusion was correct. 'It is,' was his reply: 'I was initiated at Cambridge.' *Light* has not then beamed upon myself, and I expressed, in scoffing terms, my astonishment. 'In your early struggles at the Bar,' remarked he, with quiet earnestness, 'you require something to reconcile you to your kind. You see so much of bitterness, and rivalry, and jealousy, and hatred, that you are thankful to call into active agency a system, which creates, in all its varieties, kindly sympathy, cordial and widespread benevolence, and brotherly love.' 'But, surely,' said I, 'you do not go the length of asserting that Masonry does all this?' 'And more! the true Mason

thinks no evil of his brother, and cherishes no designs against him. The system itself annihilates parties. And as to censoriousness and calumny, most salutary and stringent is the curb which Masonic principle, duly carried out, applies to an unbridled tongue.' 'Well! well! you cannot connect it with religion: you cannot, say or do as you will, affirm of it, that Masonry is a religious system.' 'By-and-by, you will know better,' was his reply. 'Now, I will only say this, that the Bible is never closed in a Masons' Lodge; that Masons habitually use prayer in their lodges; and in point of fact never assemble for any purpose, without performing acts of religion: I gave you credit,' continued he, with a smile, 'for being more thoroughly emancipated from nursery trammels and slavish prejudice.' 'You claim too much for your system,' was my rejoinder. 'Not at all! But hear me. Many clergymen were and are Masons. The well-known Dr. Dodd belonged to us.' 'I presume,' said I, jestingly, 'you attach but slight weight to his name? The selection is unfortunate.' 'It occurred to me,' said Sir William, 'from my having recently read some very curious letters connected with his case. The Masons, both individually, and as a body, made the most extraordinary efforts to save him. They were unwearied: but—I must break off; when I can call you brother, you shall see these letters. In the meantime, is it not worth while to belong to a fraternity, whose principles, if universal, would put down at once and for ever the selfish and rancorous feelings which now divide and distract society?'"

CHARACTER OF FOLLETT.

For Sir William Follett, Lord Tenterden expressed great admiration. He once observed, "At my age and in my office I can have few pleasures, but I have *two*—the first is hearing a young lawyer named Follett argue points of law; the second is playing a rubber of whist with old friends."

Lord Campbell says of Follett: "One most remarkable circumstance should be told respecting his rise to be the most popular advocate of his day, to be Attorney-General, and to be a powerful debater in the House of Commons—that it was wholly unaccompanied by envy. Those who have outstripped their competitors have often a great drawback upon their satisfaction by observing the grudging and ill-will

with which, by some, their success is beheld. Such were Follett's inoffensive manners and unquestioned superiority, that all rejoiced at every step he attained—as all wept when he was snatched away from the still higher honours which awaited him."

"NEWLY-BORN VANITY."

After Fitzgibbon and Scott, of the Irish Bar, had been raised to the Attorney and Solicitor Generalship, they were invited to dine with an attorney who first brought them into notice in the Four Courts by giving them briefs. They both accepted his invitation, not wishing to discard an old friend; but as he lived in an unfashionable part of Dublin, they did not like to have noticed "the lowly means by which they did ascend." Fitzgibbon drove to an adjacent street, there alighted from his carriage, and walking sneakingly towards the attorney's house, he met Scott; they passed without recognition; to avoid detection, they walked to the end of the street in opposite directions, and turned; both met again, but finding they were engaged to the same host, Scott said to Fitzgibbon, "Ah! Mr. Attorney-General, I see we are both engaged to the same place, do not be ashamed; pray let me show you the way." They then took the alley which led to their old benefactor's house, which their newly-born vanity had taken such pains to conceal.

FITZGIBBON AND THE FEE.

An odd story is told of Fitzgibbon repecting a client who brought his own brief and fee, that he might personally apologise for the smallness of the latter. Fitzgibbon, on receiving the fee, looked rather discontented. "I assure you, Counsellor," said the client, mournfully, "I am ashamed of its smallness; but, in fact, it is all I have in the world." "Oh, then," said Fitzgibbon, "you can do no more; as it's all you have in the world—why—*hum*—I must *take it!*"

DANGEROUS METAPHOR.

An Irish barrister pleading before Lord Clare, thought proper to introduce an eagle, and after vainly trying to carry out and apply his metaphor, broke down. "The next time, sir," said the Chancellor, "that you bring an eagle into court, I recommend you to clip his wings."

LORD NORBURY, AND HIS COURT.

Lord Norbury was at the head of an excellent company. The spirit of the judge extended itself naturally enough to the counsel; and men who were grave and considerate everywhere else, threw off all soberness and propriety, and became infected with the habits of the venerable manager of the court, the moment they entered the Common Pleas. His principal performers were Messrs. Grady, Wallace, O'Connell, and Gould, who instituted a sort of rivalry in uproar, and played against each other. With such a judge, and such auxiliaries to co-operate with him, some idea may be formed of the attractions which were held out to that numerous class who have no fixed occupation, and by whom, in the hope of laughing hunger away, the Four Courts are frequented in Dublin.

The Chief Justice, having despatched the junior, whom he was sure to make the luckless, but sometimes not inappropriate, victim of his encomiums, he suffered the leading counsel to proceed. As he was considered to have a strong bias towards the plaintiff, experimental attorneys brought into the Common Pleas the very worst and most discreditable adventures in litigation. The statement of the case, therefore, generally disclosed some paltry ground of action, which, however, did not prevent his Lordship from exclaiming in the outset, "A very important action indeed! If you make out your facts in evidence, Mr. Wallace, there will be serious matter for the jury." The evidence was then produced; and the witnesses often consisted of wretches whose emaciated and discoloured countenances showed their want and their depravity, while their watchful and working eyes intimated that mixture of sagacity and humour by which the lower order of Irish attestators is distinguished. They generally appeared in coats and breeches, the external decency of which, as they were hired for the occasion, was ludicrously contrasted with the ragged and filthy shirt, which Mr. Henry Deane Grady, who was well acquainted with "the inner man" of an Irish witness, though not without repeated injunctions to unbutton, at last compelled them to disclose.

Lord Norbury, however, when he saw Mr. Grady pushing the plaintiff to extremities, used to come to his aid, and rally the broken recollections of the witness. This interposition

called the defendant's counsel into stronger action, and they were as vigorously encountered by the counsel on the other side. Interruption created remonstrance; remonstrance called forth retort; retort generated sarcasm; and at length voices were raised so loud, and the blood of the forensic combatants was so warmed, that a general scene of confusion, to which Lord Norbury most amply contributed, took place. The uproar gradually increased till it became tremendous; and, to add to the tumult, a question of law, which threw Lord Norbury's faculties into complete chaos, was thrown into the conflict. Mr. Grady and Mr. O'Connell shouted upon one side, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Gould upon the other, and at last, Lord Norbury, the witnesses, the counsel, and parties, and the audience, were involved in one universal riot, in which it was difficult to determine whether the laughter of the audience, the exclamations of the parties, the protestations of the witnesses, the cries of the counsel, or the bellowing of Lord Norbury, predominated. At length, however, his Lordship's superiority of lungs prevailed; and, like Æolus in his cavern (of whom, with his puffed cheeks and inflamed visage, he would furnish a painter with a model), he shouted his stormy subjects into peace.

NORBURY'S HUMOUR.

Lord Norbury was, perhaps, the most inveterate punster that ever sat upon the bench. When Cobbett brought over the remains of Tom Paine's bones, Lord Norbury, on being asked what could be meant by such an importation of bones, is said to have answered that he supposed that Cobbett "wanted to make a broil."

A counsel thought that he could overcome the punster on the bench. So on one day, when Lord Norbury was charging a jury, and the address was interrupted by the braying of a donkey: "What noise is that?" cried Lord Norbury.—"'Tis only the echo of the Court, my lord," answered Counsellor Readytongue. Nothing disconcerted, the judge resumed his address; but soon the barrister had to interpose with technical objections. While putting them, again the donkey brayed. "One at a time, if you please," said the retaliating joker.

On pressing a reluctant witness, one day, to get at his profession, and being, at length, told he kept a racket-court;

"And a very good trade, too," replied the judge, "so do I, so do I."

The registrar of one of the Irish criminal courts complained to his lordship, that the witnesses were in the habit of stealing the Testament after they had been sworn upon it. "Never mind," said his Lordship, "if the rascals read the book, it will do them more good than the petty larceny will do them mischief. However, if they are not afraid of the cord, hang your book in chains, and that, perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves." The strange expedient was adopted, and the Testament remained afterwards secure.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set afoot, to pay the expense of his funeral. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice Norbury, expressing a hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling!" said Toler, "only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here is a guinea; go and bury one-and-twenty of them."

JUDGE MAULE—HIS STRAW-SPLITTING AND IRONY.

Sir William Maule was noted for *splitting straws* on the bench, an instance of which is related in connexion with special demurrers. A man was described in a plea as "I. Jones," and the pleader, probably, not knowing his name, referred, in another part of the plea to "I" as an initial. The plaintiff demurred, (*i.e.* said that the plea was bad,) because "I" was not an initial. Sir W. Maule said that there was no reason why a man might not be christened "I" as well as Isaac, inasmuch as either could be pronounced alone. The counsel for the plaintiff then objected that the plea admitted that "I" was not a name by describing it as an initial. "Yes," retorted the judge, "but it does not aver that it is not a *final* as well as an *initial* letter."

Judge Maule's humour, though often coarse, was genuine, and very amusing. An admirable specimen of it is given in

one of the wittiest speeches ever made. A man being convicted of bigamy, the following conversation took place:—

Clerk of Assize.—What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law?

Prisoner.—Well, my lord, my wife took up with a hawker, and ran away five years ago, and I have never seen her since, and I married this other woman last winter.

Mr. Justice Maule.—I will tell you what you ought to have done; and if you say you did not know, I must tell you the law conclusively presumes that you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about 100*l.* When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you would have instructed your proctor to sue in the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce *a mensâ atque thoro*. That would have cost you 200*l.* or 300*l.* more. When you had obtained a divorce *a mensâ atque thoro*, you would have had to appear by counsel before the House of Lords for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. The bill might have been opposed in all its stages in both Houses of Parliament; and altogether you would have had to spend about 1000*l.* or 1200*l.* You will probably tell me that you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world; but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge, it is my duty to tell you that *this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.*

Here is a specimen of his irony, in addressing a jury:—"Gentlemen,—The learned counsel is perfectly right in his law, there is *some* evidence upon that point; but he's a lawyer, and you're not, and you don't know what he means by *some* evidence, so I'll tell you. Suppose there was an action on a bill of exchange, and six people swore that they saw the defendant accept it, and six others swore they heard him say he should have to pay it, and six others knew him intimately, and swore to his handwriting; and suppose, on the other side, they called a poor old man, who had been at school with the defendant forty years before, and had not seen him since, and he said he rather thought the acceptance was not his writing, why there'd be *some* evidence that it was not, and that's what Mr. —— means in this case."

A very stupid jury were called upon to convict a man on the plainest evidence. A previous conviction was proved against him by the production of the usual certificate and by the evidence of the policeman who had had him in charge. The Judge summed up at great length. He told the jury that the certificate was not conclusive; that the question was entirely for them; that policemen sometimes told lies, and much else of the same kind, concluding as follows: "And, gentlemen, never forget that you are a British jury, and if you have any reasonable doubt on your minds, God forbid that the prisoner should not have the benefit of it." The jury retired, and were twenty minutes or more before they found out that the Judge had been laughing at them, and made up their minds that the identity was proved.

A CIRCUIT STORY.

Sir John Coleridge relates:—"In the county of Cornwall there lived a highly respectable family, named Robinson, consisting of two sons, William and Nicholas, and two daughters. The property was settled on the two sons and their male issue, and in case of death on the two daughters. William was to be the 'squire, and Nicholas was placed with an eminent attorney of St. Austell, as his clerk, but with a prospect of one day being admitted into partnership. The young man conducted himself well and respectably, and the attorney became much attached to him. The harmony, however, between the two, and between the family, was broken, for Nicholas had fallen in love with a young woman at St. Austell, who was a milliner or a milliner's apprentice. The result was that in November, 1782, the young man was sent to London to qualify himself as an attorney: thence he wrote unhappy letters to his old master and others, but he was ultimately admitted an attorney of the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas. Thenceforward he was never seen by any member of his family or former friends, and all search for him proved fruitless. In the course of time the old Robinson died. William, the eldest son, succeeded to the property; he never married, and died in May, 1802. As nothing was heard of Nicholas, the two sisters became entitled to the property, and they held possession of it for

twenty years, no claim being made to disturb their enjoyment of it.

"In 1783, a young man, whose looks and manners were above his means and station, had made his appearance as a stranger at Liverpool. He called himself Nathaniel Richardson—the same initials as Nicholas Robinson. He bought a cab and horse, and plied for hire in the streets of Liverpool. Being a civil, sober, and prudent man, he soon became prosperous, and drove a coach between London and Liverpool. He married, had children, and gradually acquired considerable property. Having gone to Wales to purchase horses in 1802, he was by an accident drowned in the Mersey. In the year 1821 it was said that this Nathaniel Richardson was no other than Nicholas Robinson, and his eldest son claimed the property which was then inherited by the two daughters, and the action was tried in Cornwall. Nearly forty years had elapsed since any one had seen Nicholas Robinson, but it was made out conclusively, in a most remarkable way, and by a variety of small circumstances, all pointing to one conclusion, that Nathaniel Richardson was the identical Nicholas Robinson. The Cornish witnesses and the Liverpool witnesses agreed in the description of his person, his height, the colour of his hair, his general appearance, and more particularly it was mentioned that he had a peculiar habit of biting his nails, and that he had a great fondness for horses.

"In addition to other circumstances, there was this most remarkable one,—that Nathaniel's widow married again, and the furniture and effects were taken to the second husband's house. Among the articles was an old trunk which she had never seen opened, but it happened one day that this old trunk was, through curiosity, examined, and, among other letters and papers, the two certificates of Nicholas Robinson's admission as attorney to the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas were found. On the trial the old master of Nicholas Robinson, *alias* Nathaniel Richardson, swore to his handwriting, and so the property was recovered."

JESTING BY INCHES.

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really Inch, who pretended it was Linch; "I see," said

the Judge, "the proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an Inch, has taken an L." Out of this joke of Joe Miller comes the *jeu-d'esprit* of Liston upon his fascinating and *petite* wife. Some one having addressed the lively little lady as "Mrs. L," "Mrs. Ell!" said Liston, "I call her Mrs. Inch."—*Family Joe Miller*, p. 80.

CHARTIST TRIALS.

Sir John Coleridge, who presided as judge, at the trials of Feargus O'Connor and O'Brien, observes that for the most part, its members appeared to have been honest, but misguided persons. He had no doubt if the movement had not been suppressed that it would have led on to plunder and havoc, and that blood would have flowed like water, for the occupation and habits of these men made them a hard-handed and stern race. The way in which some of them defended themselves was remarkable; although speaking with a Lancashire pronunciation, which was very difficult to understand, they, nevertheless, spoke pure English, and quoted—not the words of Tom Paine and other infidel writers, but such writers as Algernon Sidney, Sir William Jones, John Locke, and John Milton. There were men among them who, after working ten or twelve hours a-day, had been diligent readers, and were better English scholars than many of the jurymen who tried them.

CUPAR AND JEDBURGH JUSTICE.

It is an odd circumstance that Lord Campbell, to whom both as judge and legislator the law of England owes so much, was born at a place which gives its name, "Cupar justice," to the peculiar system of law which hangs a man first and tries him afterwards, and that he had his country residence (Hartrigge-house, Roxburghshire) in the neighbourhood of another town which gave the name of "Jedburgh justice" to an equally summary code, the great principle of which is, "Hang all or save all."

RISE OF LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL.

John Campbell, the son of a parish minister in Fifeshire, for many years worked hard as a reporter for the press.

When called to the Bar, he is allowed to have pushed his way to London business in a manner the most original. In one of his biographies he remarks of Pratt that he, "persevered for eight or nine years, but not inviting attorneys to dine with him, and never dancing with their daughters, his practice did not improve." Whether Campbell cultivated for this purpose the arts of dining and dancing we do not know, but he certainly cultivated the acquaintance of the attorneys, and in a way peculiarly his own. Between 1809 and 1816 he published a series of Reports at *Nisi Prius* extending to four volumes, which are most valuable in themselves, but which were of especial interest to the attorneys who had been engaged in any of the cases recorded, inasmuch as for the first time in the history of such reporting he had at the end of each decision stated the names of those attorneys who had to do with the trials. He soon established a connexion with the leading solicitors, obtained a large practice, and was retained, as a matter of course, in shipping cases, and in nearly every important cause tried before a special jury at the Guildhall sittings. Apart, however, from the popularity of these volumes among the attorneys, they were held in still wider estimation as the admirably reported decisions of Lord Ellenborough; and Campbell took credit to himself for having in some degree created the reputation of that lawyer. "When I was a *Nisi Prius* reporter," he said, "I had a drawer marked 'Bad Law,' into which I threw all the cases which seemed to me improperly ruled. I was flattered to hear Sir James Mansfield, C.J., say, 'Whoever reads Campbell's Reports must be astonished to find how uniformly Lord Ellenborough's decisions were right.' My rejected cases, which I had kept as a curiosity—not maliciously—were all burnt in the great fire in the Temple when I was Attorney-General."

DOWN TO THE LEVEL.

A remarkably acute friend of Lord Campbell, formerly at the Bar, relates that the judges having retired for a few minutes in the midst of his argument, in which, from their interruptions and objections, he did not seem likely to be successful—went out of court, too, and on his return said that he had been drinking a pot of porter. Being asked if he was not afraid this beverage would dull his intellect,

"That is exactly my object," said he, "to bring me down if possible to the level of their lordships."

L'Estrange, more than a century previously, had given this version of the same point. One asked Sir John Millesent how he did so conform himself to the grave justices, his brothers, when they met. "Why, in faith," says he, "I have no way but to drink myself down to the capacity of the bench."

THE MACKINTOSH FAMILY.

When, in 1802, Sir James Mackintosh was at the Bar, on the Norfolk circuit, there befell him this amusing domestic incident. He had left his wife near her accouchement. But that accouchement produced a most portentous augmentation of his domestic bliss, or rather his domestic inquietudes. It was an important omen to his fortunes, which at that time were not prosperous. He was anxiously looking for letters at Bedford. At Huntingdon he received one, congratulating him upon the birth of a fine boy. The next circuit town is Cambridge. There he found another despatch at the post-office, announcing the birth of a second. It was with a grave smile that he received the congratulation of the circuit-table, upon the coming of another Marcellus. But he had scarcely arrived at Bury, when a third boy was announced to him by letter. The letters had indeed been written after the birth of each of this extraordinary progeny: but the first only was in time for the post; the second and third were written after the respective births they related, but, by some fatality, were not forwarded by one post. This monstrous fit of parturiency was enough to sadden any man's visage, but he bore it with great philosophy; nor did George Wilson, the amiable and respectable leader of the Norfolk circuit, in the slightest manner discompose him, when, in sly allusion to his Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, he proposed, with great gravity, the health of Mrs. Mackintosh and her three sons—Grotius, Puffendorff, and Vattel.

BROUGHAM AT THE BAR.

Lord Brougham's Bar recollections abound with humour. In an assize case of assault and battery, by the throwing of a stone, he once drew the following clear and conclusive evi-

dence out of Yorkshireman: "Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I saw the stone, and I'm pretty sure the defendant throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?"—"I should say it was a largeish stone."

"What was its size?"—"I should say a sizeable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"—"I should say it war a stone of some bigness."

"Can't you give the jury some idea of the stone?"—"Why, as near as I recollects, it was something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"—"Why, if I war to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it war as large as *a lump of chalk*."

During the legal absence of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Campbell, on his matrimonial trip with the *ci devant* Miss Scarlett, Mr. Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on in the Court of King's Bench, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in the case." "Yes, my Lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own; "he was, my lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that," said the judge, taking snuff. "My lord," replied Mr. Brougham, "it is whispered that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the *scarlet fever*."

LORD CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham had a great horror of hearing the interminable speeches which some of the junior counsel were in the habit of making, after he conceived everything had been said which could be said on the real merits of the case before the Court by the gentlemen who preceded them. His hints to them to be brief on such occasions were sometimes extremely happy. On one occasion, after listening with the greatest attention to the speeches of two counsel on one side, from ten o'clock till half-past two, a third arose to address the Court on the same side. His lordship was quite unprepared for this additional infliction, and exclaimed, "What! Mr. A., are you really going to speak on the same side?" "Yes, my lord, I mean to trespass on your lordship's attention for a short time." "Then," said his lordship, looking the orator significantly in the face, and giving a sudden twitch of his nose, "then, Mr. A., you had better cut your speech

as short as possible, otherwise you must not be surprised if you see me dozing; for, really, this is more than human nature can endure." The youthful barrister took the hint; he kept closely to the point at issue—a thing very rarely done by barristers—and condensed his arguments into a reasonable compass.

ESKGROVE AND BROUGHAM.

Brougham tormented Eskgrove, and sat on his skirts wherever he went, for above a year. The justice liked passive counsel who let him dawdle on with culprits and juries in his own way; and consequently, he hated the talent, the eloquence, the energy, and all the discomposing qualities of Brougham. At last it seemed as if a court day was to be blessed by his absence, and the poor justice was delighting himself with the prospect of being allowed to deal with things as he chose; when, lo! his enemy appeared—tall, cool, and resolute. "I declare," said the justice, "that man Broom, or Brŏug-ham, is the torment of my life." His revenge, as usual, consisted in sneering at Brougham's eloquence by calling it or him *the Harangue*. "Well, gentle-men, what did the Harangue say next? Why, it said this" (mis-stating it); "but here, gentle-men, the Harangue was most plainly wrongg, and not intelligibill."—*Cockburn's Memorials.*

A PROFITABLE HINT.

Lord Chelmsford relates that a friend of his at the Bar was once engaged in a nautical case, in which it appeared that a vessel had been exposed to a very severe gale of wind, and had been thrown upon her beam-ends. The barrister, ignorant of nautical matters, asked a seaman who was in the witness-box how it was they did not lower the topmast, upon which the witness said, with a sneer, "If you knew as much of the sea as I do, you would know that this is not a very easy matter." This incident led the counsel to turn his attention to the subject; and he invented an apparatus for lowering topmasts, for which he obtained a patent, and realized thereby upwards of 20,000*l.* by this, as it might be termed, accidental invention.

A BOLD LAWYER.

When, in 1863, Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn presided at the distribution of prizes at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, in the course of his address, he related the following incident in his legal career. Scientific men, he said, frequently showed a tendency to speak of their science in hard technical terms, which was natural, but evidence given in pedantic language was often nearly unintelligible to laymen, and consequently its value was lessened. He recollected once that a medical man of vast attainments drew up a Report, which was read in court. He (the Chief Justice) was counsel on the other side, and the Report being couched in bombastic and pedantic language he turned it into ridicule and got the verdict. On grounds which he explained he believed the verdict was right. Some time after he fell ill, and he sent for the doctor whose report he had ridiculed. The doctor said to him, "Well, I thought you were a clever fellow, but I have altered my opinion." "How so?" he (the speaker) asked. "Because," replied the doctor, "you are foolish enough, after speaking of my Report in the way you did, to put yourself under my care." The doctor, however, treated him with skill, and he soon recovered.

SHORT COMMONS.

On the evening of the coronation-day of our gracious Queen, the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn gave the students a feed; when a certain profane wag in giving out a verse of the national anthem, which he was solicited to lead in a solo, took that opportunity of stating a grievance as to the modicum of port allowed, in manner and form following:

> "Happy and glorious—
> *Three half-pints* 'mong *four* of us,
> Heaven send no more of us,
> God save the Queen!"

—which ridiculous perversion of the author's meaning was received with a full chorus, amid tremendous laughter and applause.

ECCENTRIC PERSONS.

ANECDOTES OF MISERS.

THE moralists have dealt fairly with the Miser: if honest, he can be only honest bare-weight. History tells of illustrious villains; but there never was an illustrious miser in nature; though the keeping together of wealth, and the having and holding it fast, is a great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day. These sacrifices have, in all times, furnished the world much to laugh at and ridicule, if not to despise.

"Plum Turner" and "Vulture Hopkins," two noted misers, are immortalized in Pope's *Moral Essays*, Ep. 3. Richard Turner had been a Turkey merchant: he died in 1733. When possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, he laid down his coach, because interest was reduced from 5 to 4 per cent.; he then put 70,000*l.* into the Charitable Corporation for better interest; which sum, having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It was thought that he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he saved both clothes and other expenses. John Hopkins, by his rapacity, obtained the name of "Vulture:" he lived worthless, but died wealthy: he would give to no person living, but left his riches, 300,000*l.* so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all the time, he expressed great joy thereat, and said, "they would then be as long in spending as he had been in getting it." Hopkins was a wealthy London merchant, and resided in Old Broad-street.

He was the architect of nearly his whole fortune, which originated in some highly fortunate speculations in the stocks, and was considerably increased at the explosion of the South-sea Bubble in 1720. On one occasion he paid an evening visit to Guy, the founder of the Hospital in Southwark, who also was as remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. On Hopkins entering the room, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay ready on the table, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. "I have been told," said Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior." "And is that all you came about?" replied Guy; "why, then, we can talk this matter over in the dark." Upon this, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this example of economy, Hopkins rose up, acknowledged himself convinced of the other's superior thrift, and took his leave. Unfortunately for Hopkins, he happened to be a Whig, and was moreover concerned in various loans to a government composed of Whigs; this may account for the exacerbation of Pope:—

> When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
> The wretch, who living saved a candle's end.*

Upon the funeral of another miser of this stamp, Sir John Cutler, was expended no less than 7000*l.* Sir John was a loyalist in the time of the Commonwealth, and at the Restoration was created a Baronet by Charles II. He belonged to the Grocers' Company: he contributed a large sum towards the building of the College of Physicians, in Warwick-lane; in return for which a statue of the Baronet, along with another of the King, was erected in the College court. Sir John died in 1699, and his executors claimed of the College 7000*l.* the sum which Sir John had advanced, with interest, and appearing to be charged as a debtor in the books of the deceased. A compromise was made by the executors accepting 2000*l.*, as payment in full of all demands. The "faculty of Warwick-lane," enraged at this shabby transaction, obli-

* Notes and Queries.

terated the name of Sir John inscribed on the pedestal of his statue; but he has received a more enduring monument in Pope's *Moral Essays*, Ep. 3, in reference to his splendid funeral:

> Honours by the heralds duly paid
> For mode and form, e'en to a very scruple;
> Oh cruel irony! these came too late,
> And only mock whom they were meant to honour.

'The great Captain, the Duke of Marlborough, when he was in the last stage of life, and very infirm, would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his lodgings in a cold dark night to save sixpence in chair-hire. If the Duke, who left at his death more than a million and a half sterling, could have foreseen that all his wealth and honours were to be inherited by a grandson of Lord Trevor's, who had been one of his enemies, would he have been so careful to save sixpence for the sake of his heir? Not for the sake of his heir, but he would always have saved sixpence.

When Lord Bath, his Countess, and son, visited Holkham, they forgot to give anything to the servants that showed the house; upon recollection and deliberation, they sent back a man and horse six miles with,—half-a-crown. George Colman tells us that his Lordship, when passing in his carriage, through a gate near his country-house, would give the word to halt: the outriders echoed the order, the coachman pulled up, and the cavalcade stood still; and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, stretching forth his hand from his coach bedizened with coronets, and drawn by four horses, threw to the venerable woman gatekeeper—*a halfpenny!*

Lord Chancellor Hardwicke when worth 800,000*l.* set the same value on half-a-crown as he did when he was worth only one hundred pounds.

Sir James Lowther, after changing a piece of silver at George's Coffee-house, in the Strand, and paying twopence for his dish of coffee, was helped into his chariot (for he was then very lame and infirm), and went home. Some little time after, he returned to the same coffee-house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it, that she had given him a bad halfpenny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James had about 40,000*l.* per annum, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

Sir William Smyth, of Bedfordshire, was immensely rich,

but most parsimonious and miserly in his habits. At seventy years of age he was entirely deprived of his sight — unable to gloat over his hoarded heaps of gold. He was to be couched, persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist; by agreement to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in the operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write without the aid of spectacles during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum. His thoughts were now how to cheat the oculist. He pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, and agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted twenty guineas instead of sixty. At the time Taylor attended him, Sir William had a large estate, and immense sums of money in the stocks, and 6,000*l.* in the house.

Shanky Williams, as he was familiarly called, a native of Cymwd, lived about sixty years ago. He was accustomed to travel through the West of England, picking up whatever he could on the road, and selling it at the next town. In this way in the course of years he amassed a considerable sum, which he put out to interest. Disease at last overtook him in a wretched lodging at Bristol. The old man, conscious of his approaching end, could not even then withstand his money-making propensity. He sent for three men who were notorious body-snatchers, and so contrived that he should be visited by each in succession. He had the roguery to sell his corpse to each man for three guineas, and, before they discovered the cheat, contrived to secure the money; his death a few hours afterwards rendering all complaint on the part of his victims useless.

Nollekens, the sculptor, was a paragon of parsimony. In his own house candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening; and whenever he and his wife heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, before they lit the candles, lest the first should have been "a runaway," and their candles wasted. Nollekens's biographer was assured that a pair of moulds, by being nursed, and put out when company went away, once lasted a whole year! By his wife begging a clove, or a bit of

cinnamon, "to take some unpleasant taste out of her mouth," and such mean shifts, the parsimonious pair contrived to keep their spice-box constantly replenished. One day a poor old artist was asked by Nollekens, what made him look so dull? "I am low-spirited," he replied. "Then go to the pump, and take a drink of water," was the advice in return; and, in justification of this strange advice, Nollekens asserted, that, when he was low-spirited, the pump always brought him to.

So strong is the avarice of the miser that we are not surprised at its often developing itself as "the ruling passion strong in death." Mr. Larkham, apothecary, of Richmond, told Mr. Henry Floyd, that his patient, Mr. Watson, a man of very large fortune, and uncle to Lord Rockingham, just before he died, desired him to give him a shirt out of a drawer he pointed to. "Lord, Sir," said Larkham, "what do you mean, to think of putting on another shirt now?" "Why," said Watson, I understand it is the custom for the shirt I have on to be the perquisite of those who lay me out; and that is an *old ragged one*, and good enough for them."

Sir Robert Brown, who calculated what he had saved by never having an orange or lemon on his sideboard, died in 1760, leaving everything, even his avarice, to his lady. He raised a great fortune as a merchant at Venice, though his whole wealth, when he went thither, consisted in one of those vast wigs, (a second-hand one, given to him,) which were worn in the reign of Queen Anne, and which he sold for five guineas. He had three daughters; the eldest, about eighteen, fell into a consumption, and being ordered to ride, her father drew a map of the by-lanes about London, which he made a footman carry in his pocket and observe, that she might ride without paying a turnpike. When the poor girl was past recovery, Sir Robert sent for an undertaker, to cheapen her funeral, as she was not dead, and there was a possibility of her living. He went further; he called his other daughters, and bade them curtsey to the undertaker, and promise to be his friends; and so they proved, for both died consumptive in two years.

Sir Patrick Hamilton, who was knighted when Lord Mayor of Dublin, was very parsimonious, but his lady was still meaner. In his mayoralty, he could not persuade her to buy a new

gown. The pride of the Hamiltons surmounted the penury of the Highlands; he bought a silk that cost five-and-fifty shillings a yard, but told his wife it cost but forty; in the evening she displayed it to some of her female acquaintance. "Forty shillings a yard! Lord, Madam," said one of them, "I would give five-and-forty myself." "Would you, Madam? you shall have it that price." Judge how Sir Patrick was transported, when he returned at night, and she bragged of the good bargain she had made!

The most noted miser on our list is John Elwes, of the Suffolk branch of the ancient family of Elwes, and who inherited from his uncle, Sir Hervey Elwes, M.P., in 1763, his estates, together with 150,000*l.*, the accumulation of his penurious life. Thus there was hereditary avarice in the family: Elwes's mother is *said* to have starved herself to death, though possessed of 100,000*l.*; and her brother, Sir Hervey, with a property of 250,000*l.*, maintained his family at a yearly expenditure of 110*l.* John Elwes, the nephew, was educated at Westminster school: he won his uncle's favour by dressing, like him, with a pair of small iron buckles, worsted stockings darned, a worn-out coat, and tattered waistcoat: the saving pair would sit, with a single stick upon the fire, and one glass of wine occasionally between them, talking over the extravagance of the times, and at dusk each went to bed, to save candle-light. When the weather was bad, Sir Hervey would walk to and fro in his old hall, to save the expense of fire. When young, he was given over for consumption, but he lived till between eighty and ninety years of age.

Elwes, the nephew, contrived to mingle small attempts at saving with unbounded dissipation: he was fond of play, and after sitting up a whole night at cards for thousands, in a splendidly gilt saloon, would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but into Smithfield, to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon Hall, a farm of his in Essex; and there would he stand in the cold or rain, haggling with a carcase-butcher for a shilling. He always travelled on horseback, and, to save inn expenses, carried with him hard-boiled eggs, and odd pieces of bread: baggage he never took; then, mounting one of his hunters, he got into that road where turnpikes were fewest. Then, stopping under a hedge, where grass could be got for his

horse, and water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his horse together. His chief seat was at Barcham, in Berkshire; and he inherited from his uncle another seat at Stoke, in Suffolk. There he kept fox-hounds, and his stable of hunters—the only instance, in his whole life, of sacrificing money to pleasure. Yet his huntsman rose at four o'clock in the morning, milked the cows, and got breakfast ready; then saddled the horses, and went out with the hounds. After the fatigue of hunting, he rubbed down the horses; laid the cloth, and waited at dinner; then hurried again into the stables to feed the horses; and next, to milk the cows, feed the dogs, and litter down eight hunters for the night. Yet this servant was called by his master, "an idle dog," who wanted to be paid for doing nothing; he died upon a rough trotting horse, while following his master; his yearly wages were but five pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he died.

Mr. Elwes sometimes made excursions to Newmarket, but never engaged on the turf. A kind act of his, on one of these occasions, ought not to pass unnoticed. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to him in Berkshire, had made a match for 7,000*l.*, which, it was supposed, he would be obliged to forfeit, from inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked, Mr. Elwes offered his lordship the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

With all his parsimony, Elwes lost large sums of money; he knew scarcely anything of accounts, never reduced his affairs to writing, and trusted much to memory. Schemers flocked to him, and tempted him with high interest, and he eagerly caught at every bait: hence he had phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, and bureaus filled with bonds of promising peers and senators: in this manner the miser lost 150,000*l.* On the other hand, he voluntarily renounced common enjoyment: he would walk home in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a coach; and would sit in wet clothes rather than have a fire to dry them. He would eat putrefying provisions rather than have a fresh joint from the butcher; and he is known to have worn a cast-off wig which he had picked out of a rut in a dirty lane.

Mr. Elwes had inherited from his father house-property in London, particularly in and about the Haymarket. He engaged largely in building speculations; built much in Marylebone,—

Portland-place, Portman-square, and many adjacent streets, rising out of his pocket. Whenever he came to London he occupied one of these houses which chanced to be vacant; if the house was let, he removed to another, at a minute's notice, with a couple of beds, two chairs, a table, and an old woman: in one of his *empty houses*, in Great Marlborough-street, he was once found by his nephew, in a dirty chamber, on an old pallet-bed, apparently in the agonies of death; his aged servant was found lifeless on a rug in one of the garrets; and but for the above discovery, her master, though worth at least half a million sterling, was near expiring in his own house of absolute want!

When nearly sixty years old, Mr. Elwes was brought into Parliament for Berkshire, upon the nomination of Lord Craven, but on the express stipulation that he was to be returned free of expense; all he did was to dine at the ordinary at Abingdon, so that he actually obtained a seat in Parliament for eighteen-pence. He was chosen three successive times; and, to his honour, proved a conscientious and independent member. He made no change in his dress, except for the Speaker's dinners, for which he had a special suit. About this time his wig being worn out, to save the expense of a new one, he wore his own hair. He stayed out the debate, however late, and then walked home. One night his legs were hurt severely by the pole of a sedan-chair; he at length submitted to an apothecary being called in, with whom he agreed to treat one leg, and the apothecary the other; Elwes did nothing to his leg, which got well before that treated by the medical man by a fortnight; and, according to the bargain, the surgeon did not receive any payment. Elwes, however, found the inside of Parliament expensive; his brother representatives borrowed many sums which were never repaid, and this led to his retirement from the House. He consoled himself by his winnings at a card-club at the Mount Coffee House; but, in play of two days and a night, he once lost 3,000*l.*, a loss which he always endeavoured to conceal.

In the spring of 1785, he went to his seat at Stoke, which, but for one of his natural sons, would have fallen into ruin; there he found fault with the expensive furniture; to save fire he would walk about the remains of a greenhouse, or sit with a servant in the kitchen; in harvest-time he would glean the cornfields of his own tenants, after which he was as

eager as any pauper in the parish; he would also pick up straw, chips, and bones, and carry them home for the fire; and he was once found pulling down with difficulty a crow's nest for fuel.

To save going to a butcher, he had a sheep killed, and till it was gone, ate mutton daily. When he had his river drawn, though horse-loads of fish were taken, he would not suffer any to be thrown in again, for if he did, he should never see them more. With his dress he was equally strange: he would not allow his shoes to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. When he went to bed, he put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and would sometimes rise in the middle of the night, to go down stairs and see if they were safe. He would not allow himself any fire by day, and even began to deny himself the luxury of sheets. In short, he had now brought nearly to a climax the moral of his whole life—the vanity of wealth.

His farm at Thaydon Hall, on the borders of Epping Forest, was still more desolate than his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. Here he fell ill, and refused all assistance; but, fearing death, he resolved to make his will; and on his recovery, devised his real and personal estates to his two sons.

The summer of 1788 Mr. Elwes passed at his house in Welbeck-street: his chief employment was to see to his houses in Marylebone under repair: he usually rose at four in the morning, and his neighbours knew him as "the old carpenter." He had now attained the age of 76, and grew infirm; often lost his way in the streets, the names of which he forgot. During the ensuing winter his memory grew weaker daily; and from his unceasing wish to save money, he now began to apprehend he should die in want of it: one day, he said to a builder, "Sir, pray consider in what a wretched state I am; you see in what a good house I am living, and here are five guineas, which is all I have at present; and how I shall go on with such a sum of money, puzzles me to death. I dare say you thought I was rich—now you see how it is!" He now might be heard at midnight, as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will—nobody shall rob me of my property." In the autumn of 1789, his memory was entirely gone: his senses sunk rapidly, his mind became unsettled, and gusts of violent passion took the place of his

former command of temper. For six weeks previous to his death, he went to rest in his clothes, as dressed during the day: he was one morning found fast asleep between the sheets, with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat on his head. On November 18, he showed signs of total debility, which carried him to his grave in eight days. His appetite was gone; he had but a faint recollection of anything about him, and the last intelligible words he uttered were addressed to his son John, hoping "he had left him what he wished." On the morning of the 26th of November, he expired without a sigh, leaving property to the amount of about 800,000*l.*: he bequeathed to his sons half a million; and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, devolved to his grandnephew, Mr. Timms, son of Lieut.-Colonel Timms. Till within a short time of his decease, Mr. Elwes exhibited the fine head of an old man, in the style of one of Rembrandt's paintings. In his long life, whatever Cervantes or Molière pictured of avarice might be realized or surpassed in Elwes, but with the paramount quality—the redeeming virtue—of unshaken integrity.

Two remarkable clerical Misers are worthy of note. The Rev. John Trueman, of Daventry, possessed an income of about 400*l.* per annum, clear; and, by his self-denying management of it, he contrived to leave behind him 50,000*l.* There were few things too mean for him to do in order to save money: he would visit the different farmhouses in his parish, and steal turnips out of the fields as he passed along. He would then beg a bit of bacon to boil with them. In calling at farmhouses, he sometimes got an invitation to remain all night. Sometimes he would quarter himself without any invitation whatever; and in the room in which he slept, he was known to steal the red-coloured and other worsted out of the corners of the blankets, which he took away with him to darn his stockings.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, Curate of Blewberry, seems to have been even more parsimonious than Elwes. He had no servant, the whole of his household duties being performed by himself. He held his office forty-three years. The same hat and coat served him for his every-day dress during the whole of that period! The brim of his hat had on one side been worn off quite to the crown, but on coming one day across the fields, he met with an old left-off hat, stuck up for a scare-

crow. He immediately secured the prize, and with some tar-twine, substituted as thread, and a piece of the brim, repaired the deficiencies of his beloved old hat, and ever after wore it, although the old crown was quite brown, and the new brim black as jet. His stockings were also washed and mended by himself, and some of them had scarcely a vestige of the original worsted. He had a great store of new shirts, which had never been worn; but, for many years, his stock in use was circumscribed to one; his parsimony would not permit him to have this washed more than once in two or three months. He always slept without his shirt, that it might not want washing too often, and by that means be worn out; and he always went without one while it was washed, and very frequently at other times, and, as fast as it required to be patched in the body, he ingeniously supplied it by cuttings from the tail: then, he was often seen roaming about the churchyard, to pick up bits of stick, or busily lopping his shrubs or fruit trees, to make his fire, while his wood-house was crammed with wood and coal, which he could not prevail on himself to use. In very cold weather, he would get by some neighbour's fire, to warm his shivering limbs; and when evening came, retire to bed for warmth, but generally without a candle, as he allowed himself only the small bits left of those provided for divine service in the church. He was never known to keep dog, cat, or any other living creature; the whole expenses of his house, for the last twenty years of his life, did not amount to half-a-crown a week; and, as his fees exceeded that sum, he always saved the whole of his yearly salary, which never was more than fifty pounds per annum.

The eccentric French miser Dubois combined a love of ostentatious display with intense covetousness. Mr. Cyrus Redding, in his very interesting account of Misers, tells us that among Dubois's property, by inheritance, was much rich plate, and articles of furniture in excellent taste. His costly sideboard of silver was every day placed in order, as if some splendid entertainment were intended to be given; and he was flattered when any one calling at his house, and being designedly led through his *salle-à-manger* about the usual dinner-hour, applauded the splendour there laid out. The silver dishes were borne on and off the table, while he was at dinner, as if the covers concealed the best meals, and being

carried through a waiting-room for strangers, on their way back to the pantry or kitchen, gave an idea of that kind of greatness of which their owner was desirous of producing the impression. In the midst of all this empty show and secret meanness, Dubois dined on a few cheap vegetables and a bit of pork or mutton, brought on dishes and covers that mocked the eye of the stranger; for at dinner or supper all was laid out with the same array of plate. Silver dishes contained a single egg or a few olives, accompanied with a glass of poor weak wine. These composed his meal, the miserable fragments of which he would have saved or duly accounted for, and preserved towards the next day's *potage*. Six noble silver candlesticks were brought into the saloon every evening, and the lights were displayed during the presence of a visitor, but extinguished at the moment of his departure. Then the great man repaired to his bedroom, which was lit with a miserable little taper that only served to throw a dingy light upon the surrounding gloom. When going out, his servants, ill-fed ordinarily, and plainly dressed, attended their master to the seat of justice, or to the court, in fine liveries. These were taken off on returning home, in order to preserve their splendid appearance, and prevent them from being soiled. Dubois, fearing his nearest relation would squander his wealth if he bequeathed it to him, preferred leaving it to a thrifty cousin, who won the niggard's heart by writing to him on a quarter of a sheet of paper. "I will make him my heir," said he, "for he knows how to prevent waste. What would be the use of a whole sheet of paper, when he can say all upon this slip? This is no disrespect to me; he is a good economist, and he shall be my heir."

Ostervald, the Parisian banker, when he set out in life, was accustomed to drink a pint of beer for supper daily, at a tavern, whence he would take away with him all the bottle-corks he could lay hands on. Of such corks, in about eight years, he collected as many as sold for 12 louis d'ors. With this sum the banker laid the foundation of his splendid fortune, gained for the most part by stock-jobbing; he left, in French money, three millions of francs. A few days prior to his death, in 1790, he resisted the importunities of his attendant to purchase some meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "True, I should like the soup," he said, "but I have no appetite for the meat; and what is to become of

that? It will be a sad waste." The poor wretch died possessed of 125,000*l.*

Here is a tragical story, reminding one of the legend of Ginevra. Foscue, a farmer-general of Languedoc, had a vault made in his wine-cellar, so large that he could descend into it himself by means of a ladder. At the entrance there was a spring-lock which would cause a trap-door to shut, and it could not be opened except on the outside. Foscue was one day found missing, and every search after him proved to be vain. His ponds were dragged, and all other means taken to discover him. He was given over for lost, and his property duly disposed of. His house was soon afterwards sold. The purchaser being about to make some alterations in it, the workmen discovered the vault in the cellar, and the key in the lock outside. It was opened, and on descending, Foscue was found lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle, for that it appeared he had eaten. On looking round they discovered his enormous treasure of heavy bags of gold, and large chests of untold wealth. It was supposed that, when he went down into his vault, the door had by some accident closed after him, and being beyond all hearing of his fellow-creatures, he had perished of hunger.

An old woman at Dorchester kept a huckster's shop, and in the latter days of her life formed hangings to her bed of one pound bank notes. These were delicately gummed to curtains of calico; and so the old woman slept and dreamed in an atmosphere of money. She was found dead surrounded by her treasures, and a clause was found in her will, directing that one of her favourite notes should be placed under her head in her coffin.

The story of Miss Elizabeth Bolaine, of Canterbury, a lady-miser in the last century, is thus told by Mr. Redding:—

"In early womanhood, Miss Bolaine was not unpreposessing, and had several offers of marriage, which she managed to turn to saving account. Thus, she induced some to defray the expenses of her different entertainments, which she called 'treats.' She accepted the attention of a gentleman at Faversham, who tempted her with a coach-and-four, but she jilted him. Her next lover, a lawyer, from Canterbury, won her affections, and a bond for 200*l.*, which she was to forfeit if she did not keep her promise. But she relented; and to recover possession of the bond, she simulated increased affec-

tion in order to obtain her object, and even made a pretended attempt at suicide in furtherance of her plan, until at last, she having fixed the day and even the hour for their marriage, the lover, in the weakness of his passion, gave her up the bond. The minister was in waiting, the poor deluded bridegroom in attendance; but the bride did not appear.

"Miss Bolaine also received the visits of a Mr. B——, with whom she consented to live, and, when there was any occasion, to adopt his name. He suited her exactly—could wash, iron, sweep the house, and eat a mouldy crust, or tainted meat, for he too was a miser. He invented a new species of very economical fuel, which much recommended him to her. In making this fire he placed cabbage-stalks from the garden, and dead boughs of bushes between grass-turf, laying the latter stratum super stratum, so as to prevent the consumption from being too rapid. The produce of the garden was sold, and Mr. B—— was the gardener, working in rags—Miss Bolaine only permitting him to eat the decaying fruit.

"Mrs. B——, as she called herself, volunteered to knit stockings for neighbours and friends, and sometimes tendered them assistance with her own hands, but was unluckily detected in charging three farthings an ounce more for the worsted than she had actually paid for it.

"At length the worthy pair, Mr. and Mrs. B——, set up a carriage, which the owner appears to have painted and decorated himself. A couple of cart-horses were purchased, and a left-off suit of drummer's clothes formed the coachman's livery. The coachman was said to have been a mendicant. The expense of keeping the vehicle was met by letting it out occasionally for hire. The owner himself and his partner together fed the horses; but upon a scale so moderate, that the animals could not have been excelled in leanness by Pharaoh's attenuated kine."[1]

Not a few misers have carried their penury into the arrangements for their interment. Edward Nokes, of Hornchurch, by his own direction, was buried in this curious fashion:—A short time before his death, which he hastened by the daily indulgence in nearly a quart of spirits, he gave a strict charge that his coffin should not have a nail in it, which was actually adhered to, the lid being made fast with

[1] Reminding one of "Starvation Farm," at Islington, where a foreign baron kept his emaciated stock.

hinges of cord, and minus a coffin-plate, for which the initials E. N. cut upon the wood were substituted. His shroud was made of a pound of wool. The coffin was covered with a sheet in place of a pall, and was carried by six men, to each of whom he directed a gratuity of half-a-crown. At his particular desire, too, not one who followed him to the grave was in mourning; but, on the contrary, each of the mourners appeared to try whose dress should be the most striking. Even the undertaker was dressed in a blue coat and scarlet waistcoat.

Another deplorable case might be cited, that of Thomas Pitt, of Warwickshire. It is reported that some weeks prior to the sickness which terminated his despicable career, he went to several undertakers in quest of a cheap coffin. He left behind him 3,475*l.* in the public funds.

Daniel Dancer's miserly propensities were indulged in to such a degree, that on one occasion, when, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, he ventured to give a shilling to a Jew for an old hat, to the astonishment of his friend, the next day he actually retailed it for eighteenpence. He performed his ablutions at a neighbouring pool, drying himself in the sun, to save the extravagant indulgence of a towel; yet he had property to the extent of upwards of 4,000*l.* per annum. He had a man-servant, at 1*s.* 6*d.* per week wages, to help his master in picking up bones. He lived in great penury: during his last illness, Lady Tempest found him lying in an old sack, which came up to his neck; and thus, with a truss of hay for his pillow, he died in 1794, in his seventy-eighth year. Then was found concealed in a dung-heap nearly 2,500*l.*; in a jacket, nailed to a manger, 500*l.* in gold and bank-notes; in the chimney, 200*l.*; and in an old teapot, 600*l.* in bank-notes—his entire property being left to Lady Tempest and her brother.

Thomas Cooke, of Pentonville, who died in 1811, leaving great wealth, was known to put on ragged clothes, and apply as a pauper, at gentlemen's houses, for a dispensary letter, for the cure of his eyes. In his latter days, when wearing a well-powdered wig, and long ruffles, he would pretend to fall in a fit at a door, and if assistance was offered, would ask for water; and if pressed to take wine, would appear reluctantly to consent, and then drink two glasses. Meanwhile he was discovered to be the rich Mr. Cooke, the sugar-baker, worth a hundred thousand pounds. In a few days he paid a second

visit about dinner-time, under the pretence of thanking the gentleman for saving his life the other day; he stayed to dinner, caressed all the children, and took their names in writing, and the parents thus believed he would leave them legacies. Then poured in upon Cooke presents of provisions, most of which he sold; he drank water; his "gormandizing, gluttonous maids," table-beer. Cooke had, by the above manœuvre, caught a paper-maker, named King, who did him many kindnesses; but, upon King falling into difficulties, and applying to Cooke for help, could only get from him advice never to drink another pint of beer, there being "plenty of pumps." And, among other meanness, the miser, who was ceremoniously religious, used to take the sacrament at home; "it saves my pocket," said he; "at church I must put a shilling into the plate." At length death came for the miser; he sent for medical men—some would not attend; but a surgeon who came, was turned out of the house for cheating Cooke by sending medicine, when the medical man told him he could only live six days. Cooke's executors gave him a what he would have called an extravagant funeral; but the mob pelted with cabbage-stalks the procession from the miser's house at Pentonville to his grave. However, he in some measure atoned for his avarice, by bequeathing about 10,000*l.* among four charitable institutions.

In the year 1863, there passed out of the world a strange Scotchman, named Andrew Hutton, called in the western district of Fife "the African chief," but he seems to have been chiefly known by his miserly mode of living. He not only stinted himself of food, but what he did eat was of the coarsest description: he had a sort of Nebuchadnezzar-like appetite for vegetation. The immediate cause of Hutton's death was eating the leaves of the ash: he had been walking through a field bordered with ash-trees, on the falling leaves of which some cows were feeding greedily. They were fat, in good condition, and Hutton thought what is good for the cow is good for the man; so he collected a quantity of the ash-leaves, took them home, boiled them, and fed on them for several days. He was taken ill, and removed to the Fever Hospital, Dunfermline, where he died, after some days of great suffering. He had reached his fifty-fifth year. On searching his house his relatives found, in an old tea-kettle, a cheque for 70*l.*, the interest on which had been accumulating

for seventeen years: and a deposit-book showed a balance of 61*l.* to his credit in the National Security Savings Bank. Loose money was also found concealed in the house; and the miserable man possessed considerable property in Dunfermline.

Many a Londoner past middle age may recollect Thomas Clark, "the King of Exeter 'Change," who was long one of the most singular characters in the metropolis. He took a stall in the 'Change in 1765, with 100*l.* lent him by a stranger. By parsimony and perseverance he so extended his business as to occupy nearly one half of the entire building with the sale of cutlery, turnery, &c. He grew rich, and once returned his income at 6,000*l.* a year. He was penurious in his habits: he dined with his plate on the bare board, and his meal, with a pint of porter, never cost him a shilling. He resided in Belgrave-place, Pimlico; and morning and evening saw him on his old horse, riding into town and home again—and thus he figured in the print-shops. He died in 1817, in his eightieth year, and left nearly half a million of money.

Early in 1864, one William Cox, a notorious miser, was found dead in his room in the Model Lodging-house, Columbia Square. He lay on the floor—his head in the grate; on the table was some money, which he had evidently been counting. His clothes were not worth a shilling, and the stockings were sewn on his feet. He was in a dreadful state of emaciation. Upon searching the rooms, deeds, leases, policies of insurance, money, watches, and other property to the value of between 6,000*l.* and 7,000*l.* were found lying about and concealed. Among other articles seventeen coats, the same number of waistcoats, and seventeen pairs of boots, all nearly new, were found in the place. Two hundredweight of coals, which it is ascertained were purchased by him six months before—doubtless, because they were then cheap—were found nearly untouched. It was his habit during the severe weather to sit shivering in his room, and no one could induce him to allow a fire to be made.

VAGARIES OF SIR JOHN HILL.

Sir John Hill, born about 1716, began life as apprentice to an apothecary, in London, by which means he obtained some knowledge of botany; and being possessed of lively parts, industry, and impudence, he managed to get on in the world.

He pushed his way into fashionable life; published a sanc-dalous newspaper called the *Inspector;* made, puffed, and sold quack medicines; and yet found time to compose voluminous works.

Sir John Hill,[1] having been rejected because of his waspish temper by the learned societies in succession, ridiculed them all with equal asperity. The Antiquaries were "medal-scrapers" and "antediluvian knife-grinders;" the Conchologists were "cockle-shell merchants;" the Naturalists were "pedlers of pricklebacks and cockchafers." Hill was a man of great and varied talents—there is no denying it—and of miraculous industry. His "Vegetable System" extending to twenty-six folios, and containing 16,000 plates, representing 26,400 different figures from nature, is in itself a pyramid of his industry, yet it does not comprise one-twentieth part of his labours. He wrote travels and histories, romances, sermons, pamphlets, plays, and poems—in fact, he put his pen to every kind of writing, though it is not quite so certain that he beautified all he touched. His temper was intolerable; his vanity egregious; and in every fellow-creature he seems to have found an enemy. "Friendship passed him like a ship at sea." He flung his glove in the teeth of the world, and the world, as is its custom, walked upon him. Posterity has done justice to his great attainments, but how was he treated by his contemporaries! Fielding, punning on his name, called him "a paltry dunghill;" and Smart, whom he had called an "ass," devoted a long poem to him—the "Hilliad"—in which he denounced him as

> "A wretch devoid of use, of sense, and grace,
> The insolvent tenant of encumbered space!"

Garrick's happy lines on his double faculty of physician and playwright are well known:—

> "For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is—
> His farce is a physic, his physic a farce is!"

Some other wit, whom he had stigmatised as "a wooden-headed booby," assailed him in a similar manner:

> "The worse that we wish thee for all thy vile crimes,
> Is to take thine own physic, and read thine own rhymes."

Nor did it end here. Malice, like echo, caught up the perishing strain, and the last epigram was the best of the three:

[1] From a clever paper, by Charles Dunphy, A.B.

"No! let the order be reversed,
Or else unlashed his crimes;
For if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes."

When the tar-water mania was at its height, in the year 1777, and that compound was received as the universal remedy for all diseases, Sir John Hill, to revenge himself on the Royal Society, because they rejected him as a Fellow, contrived the following ingenious hoax. It is thus told by Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to Sir Horace Mann; but Walpole omits to state that Sir John Hill wrote all the letters, and not the sailor himself. A sailor, who had broken his leg, was advised to communicate his case to the Royal Society. The account he gave was, that, having fallen from the top of the mast and fractured his leg, he had dressed it with nothing but tar and oakum, and yet in three days was able to walk as well as before the accident. The story at first appeared quite incredible, as no such efficacious qualities were known in tar, and still less in oakum; nor was a poor sailor to be credited on his own bare assertion of so wonderful a cure. The Society very reasonably demanded a fuller relation, and the corroboration of evidence. Many doubted whether the leg had been really broken. That part of the story had been amply verified. Still, it was difficult to believe that the man had made use of no other applications than tar and oakum; and how *they* could cure a broken leg in three days, even if they could cure it at all, was a matter of the utmost wonder. Several letters passed between the Society and the patient, who persevered in the most solemn asseverations of having used no other remedies, and it appeared beyond a doubt that the man spoke the truth. But, charming was the plain, honest simplicity of the sailor: in a postscript to his last letter he added these words: "I forgot to tell your honours that *the leg was a wooden one.*" "Was there ever," says Walpole, "more humour? What would one have given to have been present, and seen the foolish faces of the wise assembly!"

THE STORY OF CHEVALIER D'EON.

There is no longer any mystery connected with the history of D'Eon. He was of a good French family, and born in 1728. He was an excellent scholar, soldier, and political

intriguer. In the service of Louis XV., he went to Russia in female attire, obtained employment as the "lectrice" or female reader to the Czarina Elizabeth, and under that disguise carried on political and semi-political negotiations with wonderful audacity and success. He subsequently returned to Russia in male costume, describing himself as the brother of the Czarina's lectrice. He wrote well, plotted well, and fought well. In 1762, he appeared in England as Secretary of Embassy to the Duke of Nivernois. Louis XVI. granted him a pension, and when he went over to Versailles to return thanks for the favour, Marie Antoinette insisted on his assuming woman's attire. To gratify this foolish whim D'Eon one day swept in to the royal presence dressed like a duchess, and supported the character to the great delight of the royal and noble spectators.

After thus masquerading for some time, he returned to England in 1794; and being here in 1789, after the Revolution was accomplished, the Convention deprived him of his pension, and placed his name in the fatal list of *emigrés*. From the English Government he received a pension of 200*l.* a-year, but his extravagant style of living involved him in debt and distress. In his old days, he turned his fencing capabilities to account, appearing in matches with the famous Chevalier de St. George, and permanently reassumed female attire.

Walpole gives the following as the best account he could collect of the chevalier: "The Duc de Choiseul, I know, believed it was a woman. After the death of Louis XV. D'Eon had leave to go to France, on which the young Comte de Guerchy went to M. de Vergennes, Secretary of State, and gave him notice that the moment D'Eon landed at Calais, he, Guerchy, would cut his throat, or D'Eon should his; on which Vergennes told the Count that D'Eon was certainly a woman. Louis XV. corresponded with D'Eon; and when the Duke de Choiseul had sent a vessel, which lay six months in the Thames, to trepan and bring off D'Eon, the king wrote a letter with his own hand to give him warning of the vessel.

This strange personage died in 1810: when an inspection of the body by several medical men, in presence of the Père Elisée, who attended for Louis XVIII., was followed by a public certificate that the chevalier was an old man. He died at the age of 82.

Nevertheless, in 1771, it had been proved to the satisfaction of the jury, on a trial before the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, that the Chevalier was of the female sex. The case was between Hayes, a surgeon, and Jaques, an underwriter; and it was to settle a wager, Jaques having bound himself (on receiving a premium,) to pay Hayes a certain sum whenever the fact was established that D'Eon was a woman. Morande, an infamous Frenchman, was a witness, and gave such testimony that no human being could doubt the fact of D'Eon being of the female sex, only that Morande was altogether unworthy of credit. But two French medical men gave equally conclusive evidence (if they could be believed) and the jury (before whom D'Eon did not appear,) returned a verdict for the plaintiff, with 702*l.* damages! Very large bets were depending on the result of this absurd trial.

SIR MATTHEW MITE.

General Smith, from a cheesemonger's son, rose to an insolence of wealth by plunder in the Indies. His wife was covered with chains and pearls and diamonds; and he himself, who had been drawn by Foote, in *The Nabob*, under the character of Sir Matthew Mite, was the deepest of all deep gamesters in London. Being excluded from the fashionable club of young men of quality at Almack's, and wishing to plunder them like the Indies, he and a set of sharpers had formed a plan for a new club, which, by the excess of play, should draw all the young extravagants thither. They built a magnificent house in St. James's-street, furnished it gorgeously, and enrolled the members of both the clubs at White's and Almack's. The titular master of the house the first night acquainted the richest and most wasteful of the members that they might be furnished with loans of ready money, even as far as forty thousand pounds. And this pernicious seminary, erected, in defiance of so many laws, at the very gate of the king's palace, and menacing ruin to their heirs to the most opulent of the Legislature, was tolerated by a Court that delighted in seeing the great Lords and Commoners reduced to a state of beggary and dependence.

Foote, in his farce, played the character of Sir Matthew Mite; in the piece, the Society of Antiquaries come in for a good share of satire; and the club-morals of the time are

illustrated in the circumstance of Sir Matthew being requested not to allude to "hanging," as a member's brother had so finished his career. Sir Matthew subsequently d——g a member, Touchet replies, "That's right! stick to that! for though the Christian club may have some fears of the gallows, they don't value damnation a farthing."

ADMIRAL KEPPEL AND THE DEY OF ALGIERS.

When, in 1751, Keppel was employed to negotiate a treaty of peace with the states of Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers, during an interview with the Dey for the restoration of some English vessels which had been captured by the Dey's piratical subjects, the Admiral is said to have advocated the cause entrusted to him with a warmth and spirit which completely confounded the Dey's preconceived notions of what was due to absolute power. "I wonder," he said, "at the King of England's insolence, in sending me such a foolish, beardless boy." "Had my master," retorted Keppel, "considered that wisdom was to be measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent you a he-goat." The Dey, it is said, was so enraged at this speech, that he even contemplated the immediate execution of Keppel, and ordered his mutes to attend with the bowstring. Keppel, however, retained his self-possession, and pointing from a window to the English ships, which were riding at anchor in the bay: "If it is your will," he said, "that I should die, there are Englishmen enough in that fleet to make me a glorious funeral pile." This argument was considered a convincing one by the Dey, who subsequently consented to the terms proposed to him by Keppel. —*Jesse's George Selwyn*, vol. iv.

HOGARTH CARICATURES WILKES AND CHURCHILL.

As Chief-Justice Pratt delivered his immortal judgment against General Warrants, Hogarth was seen in a corner of the Common Pleas, pencil and sketch-book in hand, fixing that famous caricature, from which, as long as caricature shall last, Wilkes will squint upon posterity. Nor was it his first pictorial offence. The caricaturing had begun some little time before, greatly to the grief both of Wilkes and Churchill; for Hogarth was on friendly terms with both, and had indeed, within the past two years, drunk "divine milk-punch" with

them and Sir Francis Dashwood in the neighbourhood of Medmenham Abbey. Disregarding their earnest remonstrance, he assailed Pitt and Temple at the close of the preceding year in his first print of the *Times*. The *North Briton* retaliated; and the present caricature of Wilkes was Hogarth's rejoinder. It stung Churchill past the power of silence.

Churchill replied, and great was the excitement. "Send me Churchill's poem on Hogarth," writes old money-loving Lord Bath from Spa; "but if it be long, it will cost a huge sum in postage." With his rejoinder, such as it was, Hogarth lost little time. He issued for a shilling, before the month was out, "The Bruiser C. Churchill, (once the Rev.) in the character of a Russian Hercules, regaling himself after having killed the monster Caricatura that so sorely galled his virtuous friend the heaven-born Wilkes." It was a bear, in torn clerical bands, and with paws in ruffles; a pot of porter that has just visited his jaws hugged on his right, and a knotted club of *Lies* and *North Britons* clutched on his left; to which, in a later edition of the same print, he added a scoffing caricature of Pitt, Temple, and Wilkes. The poet meanwhile wrote to the latter, who had gone to Paris to place his daughter at school, and told him that Hogarth, having violated the sanctities of private life in this caricature, he meant to pay him back with an *Elegy*, supposing him dead; but that a lady at his elbow was dissuading him with the flattery that Hogarth was already killed.

That the offending painter was already killed, Walpole and others beside this nameless lady also affirmed; and Colman boldly avouched in print, that the *Epistle* had "snapped the last cord of poor Hogarth's heartstrings." But men like Hogarth do not snap their heartstrings so easily. The worst that is to be said of the fierce assault, is bad enough. It embittered the last years of a great man's life; and the unlooked-for death of assailant and assailed within nine days of each other, prevented the reconciliation which would surely, sooner or later, have vindicated their common genius.—*From the Edinburgh Review*, No. 163.

PLAYING ON THE SALT-BOX.

The most successful performance with a rolling-pin and a salt-box, beaten together, the noise being modulated so as to resemble a sort of "music," took place at Ranelagh.

Dr. Burney tells us:—"In 1759, I set, for Smart and Newbery, Thornton's burlesque ode on St. Cecilia's Day. It was performed at Ranelagh to a crowded audience, as I was told, for I then resided in Norfolk. Beard sang the Salt-Box Song, which was admirably accompanied on that instrument by Brent, the fencing-master, and father of Miss Brent, the celebrated singer; Skeggs on the broomstick, as bassoon, and a remarkable performer on the Jew's harp,—

'Buzzing twangs the iron lyre.'

Cleavers were cast in bell-metal for this entertainment. All the performers of the Old Woman's Oratory, employed by Foote, were, I believe, employed at Ranelagh on this occasion."

Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, tells how he praised the humour of this Ode, and seemed much diverted with it, repeating aloud the following passage:—

"In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,
And clattering and battering and clapping combine;
With a rap and a tap while the hollow side sounds
Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds.
Strike, strike the soft Judaic harp,
By teeth coercive in firm durance kept,
And lightly by the volant fingers swept.
Buzzing twangs the iron lyre,
Shrilly, thrilling,
Trembling, trilling,
Whizzing with the wav'ring wire."

HADDOCKS AND WHITINGS.

Dr. Carlyle was invited to dine with Lord Lovat and some friends at Lucky Vint's noted village tavern, near Edinburgh. As soon as they were seated, Lovat asked the Doctor to send him a whiting from the dish before him. As they were all haddocks, Carlyle replied they were not whitings. Lovat stormed and swore more than fifty dragoons, as he had bespoke whitings. One of the party tipped Carlyle the wink, when he said he must be mistaken, and sent Lovat a fish, with which he was delighted, swearing that he could never eat a haddock in all his life. It appeared that the landlady hearing Lovat was so peremptory in his order against *haddocks*, and she having no other, made her cook carefully *scrape out St. Peter's mark on the shoulders*, and so make them pass for whiting, as she had often done before.

A WONDERFUL HORSE.

Sir Robert Smyth, in a letter to George Selwyn, thus humorously describes a bargain of a horse, which was to be sold in his day, 1767.:

"Dr. Thistlethwayte is dead, and since he has no further use for his horses, they are to be sold by auction. Amongst them is a little bay gelding, about 13 or 14 hands high, with a flaming, full long tail; strong enough to carry you, the mayor, and all the money you ever spent [in elections] at Gloucester together. The doctor, (some eight and forty stone weight,) always shot off his back, and the keeper killed all the deer from him. I mention these circumstances as proofs of his sedateness. He goes fast enough to carry you close to fox-hounds in full chase; but if your affairs do not require so much expedition, a snail would distance him. His figure is such, that if you were to meet a tailor on his back, you would pull off your hat to him, though you did not owe him one shilling. I know twenty men of weight who want him, but the weight of metal will have him. He is six years old, and cost five pounds. Peter Bathurst will bid fifteen or twenty for him, and perhaps others may bid more. Some one will buy him who, perhaps, may be wise enough to think that five or six guineas, on a point of health, pleasure, and safety, are not absolutely thrown away."

"JERUSALEM WHALLEY."

Thomas Whalley received this *sobriquet* in Ireland from the circumstance of his having won a bet by performing a journey to Jerusalem on foot, except so far as it was necessary to cross the sea, and finishing the exploit by playing ball against the walls of that celebrated city. He was a perfect specimen of the Irish gentleman of the olden time. Gallant, reckless, and profuse, he made no account of money, limb, or life, when a feat was to be won, or a daring deed to be attempted. He spent a fine fortune in pursuits not more profitable than his expedition to play ball at Jerusalem; and rendered himself a cripple for life by jumping from the drawing-room window of Daly's club-house, in College-green, Dublin, on to the roof of a hackney-coach which was passing. —*Lord Cloncurry's Life and Times.*

UNFORTUNATE IRISH GENTLEMEN.

Mr. Henry, of Straffan, inherited a considerable estate in the county of Kildare, with an accumulation in money that amounted, at the period of his majority, to not less than 80,000*l.* Long before his death, all his money, and a good half of his estate, were gone—spent in a manner that will be sufficiently explained by recounting one or two items. When Henry became of age, Straffan was one of the best old-fashioned houses in the country, well furnished, and well supplied in chamber and cellar—in a word, wanting nothing. This house, nevertheless, the owner turned out of window at an enormous expense; and so completely, that when Mr. Barton purchased the estate a few years afterwards, he found it to be in danger of tumbling about his ears, and was obliged to pull it down and rebuild. The alterations were made upon no settled plan or design, but from a medley of designs, drawn by some half dozen of Henry's friends, whom he set to work as amateur architects, one wet day when they happened to be visiting at Straffan. Henry impartially mixed up all together, and then modified the hodge-podge, as it was worked out, according to his own taste. Of course, all this was done at monstrous cost, and every detail of housekeeping was carried out upon a similar model. There were two packs of hounds in the kennel, though Henry never hunted; and a numerous stud in the stable, though he seldom rode; and withal, a boundless and profuse hospitality.

Among his strange freaks he bought a large vessel, and having provided himself with letters of marque, proceeded upon an experimental cruise in the North Sea. There he soon captured a Danish merchantman, and brought her into port; but it unfortunately happened that there was, at the time, no sufficient *casus belli* between him and the Dane, and so the result was an action for damages, in which Henry was heavily mulcted.

Another characteristic incident marked this unlucky voyage. When Henry was about to embark, he happened to fall in conversation with a gentleman who was walking upon the pier, and who was literally a walking gentleman, O'H—— by name; the chat ended in Mr. O'H—— being invited on board the yacht, and though it was lost while bringing a cargo of slates from Wales, for the buildings at Straffan, O'H——

never quitted the owner until the latter married Lady Cecily Fitzgerald, when he was got rid of at the cost of buying him a commission in the army.

A somewhat similar occurrence happened to a gentleman in the same neighbourhood. Sir —— chancing to walk out in his demesne one morning, met a respectable-looking man strolling about, with whom he fell into some slight conversation, after a courteous salutation. As Sir —— was going in to breakfast, he invited the stranger to join him, which he did, and remained his guest, until he died some twenty years after. The man was a Dublin tradesman, who, having fallen into difficulties, was keeping out of the way of his creditors, when he had the good fortune to meet Sir ——. Both host and guest were remarkably silent men, so that the communications which passed between them were characterised in the country by a recital of the conversation that filled up the time of dinner one day when the baronet entertained company. When the first bottle had passed round, D——, who sat at the foot of the table, for the first time, found his speech, and used it to call out, "Sir ——, who is your wine-merchant?" "So-and-so," replied Sir ——. "Then, by my sowl, he don't use you well," rejoined D——, and so ended the discourse. They suited one another, however, and poor D—— fortunately died a short time before his patron.—*Lord Cloncurry's Life and Times.*

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBURY ON THE TURF.

The Duke of Queensbury, when Earl of March, achieved his first distinction on the turf, his knowledge of which, both in theory and practice, equalled that of the most accomplished adepts of Newmarket. In all his principal matches he rode himself; and, properly accoutred in his velvet cap, red silken jacket, buckskin breeches, and long spurs, his lordship bore away the prize on many a well-contested field. His famous match was with the Duke of Hamilton: both noblemen rode their own horses, and each was supported by numerous partisans. The contest took place on the race-ground at Newmarket: Lord March, thin, agile, and admirably qualified for exertion, was the victor.

Still more celebrated was his Lordship's wager with the famous Count O'Taaffe, of "running against time." It was suggested by Lord March, that it was possible for a carriage

to be drawn with a celerity unprecedented. His Lordship undertook, provided choice of ground were given him, and a certain period for training, to draw a carriage with four wheels, not less than 19 miles within the space of 60 minutes; and many a heavy bet was the consequence. Success mainly depended on the lightness of the carriage, which was built by Wright, of Long Acre, with wood and whalebone; and the four blood horses had silk harness. The run took place on the 29th of August, 1750: the jockeys mounted, the carriage was put in motion, and rushing on with a velocity marvellous in those times of coach-travelling,—but easily conceived by railway travellers of the 19th century—gained, within the stipulated hour, the goal of victory.—*Abridged from Sir Bernard Burke's Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, 2nd Series.*

LAUDAMY AND CALAMY.

Mr Gillies, in his *Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott*, relates:—"It happened at a small country town, that Scott suddenly required medical advice for one of his servants, and, on inquiring if there was any doctor at the place, was told that there were two—one long established, and the other a new-comer. The latter gentleman, being luckily found at home, soon made his appearance—a grave, sagacious-looking personage, attired in black, with a shovel hat, in whom, to his utter astonishment, Sir Walter recognised a Scotch blacksmith, who had formerly practised, with tolerable success, as a veterinary operator in the neighbourhood of Ashestiel. 'How, in all the world!' exclaimed he, 'can it be possible that this is John Lundie?'—'In troth is it your honour—just *a' that's for him.*'—'Well, but let us hear: you were a *horse*-doctor before; now, it seems, you are a *man*-doctor; how do you get on?'—'Ou, just extraordinar weel; for your honour maun ken my practice is vera sure and orthodox. I depend entirely upon twa *simples.*'—'And what may their names be? Perhaps it is a secret?'—'I'll tell your honour,' in a low tone; 'my twa simples are just *laudamy* and *calamy!*'—'Simples with a vengeance!' replied Scott. 'But, John, do you never happen to *kill* any of your patients?'—'Kill? Ou ay, may be sae! Whiles they die and whiles no;—but it's the will o' Providence. *Ony how, your honour, it wad be lang before it makes up for Flodden!*'"

HENRY PELHAM, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

When Lord Chesterfield intimated to the Duke of Newcastle, as the head of the Government, his intention of bringing forward a measure for reforming the Calendar—a measure which he afterwards carried—the Duke, in the greatest alarm, conjured him "not to stir matters that had been so long quiet," adding that "he did not love new-fangled things." After the measure had passed there was a general outcry among all the old women of the land—the Prime Minister included—of "give us back our eleven days."

Newcastle is tartly drawn by Macaulay as "a living, moving, talking caricature." Of his ignorance many anecdotes remain, some well authenticated, some probably invented at coffee-houses, but all exquisitely characteristic. "Oh—yes—yes—to be sure—Annapolis must be defended—troops must be sent to Annapolis.—pray where is Annapolis?"—"Cape Breton an island! wonderful!—show it me on the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear sir, you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island." And this man was, near thirty years, Secretary of State, and, near ten years, First Lord of the Treasury!

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S TEMPER.

Walpole's good temper was equal to his hospitality, if there is any truth in the following:—"General Sutton, the narrator, was one day sitting by my father," says Horace Walpole, his son, "at his dressing. Sir Robert (Walpole) says to John, who was shaving him, 'John, you cut me;' presently afterwards, 'John, you cut me;' and again with the same patience, 'John, you cut me.' Whereupon Sutton started up and cried, 'By Heaven, if he can bear it I can't, and if you cut him once more I'll knock you down.'"

UTTER RUIN.

When Fordyce, the Scotchman, failed in 1772, he broke half the bankers, and was very willing to have added to the list, Walpole's friend, Mr. Croft; but he begged to be excused lending him a farthing. He went on the same errand to an old Quaker; who said, Friend *Fordyce*, I have known several persons ruined by *two dice;* but I will not be ruined by *Four dice.*"

"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS."

The story of the popular drama of this name—rendered strikingly efficient by the vivid impersonations of Mr. Charles Kean—is stated to be founded upon the following incident:

Louis Blanc and his brother had a close resemblance in manner, person, and features; and what is still more remarkable, they were connected by that mysterious feeling, that, however separated the brothers might be, no accident could happen to the one without the other having a sympathetic feeling of it. Thus it chanced one day, while the brother of Louis was enjoying himself among a party of friends, he was observed suddenly to change colour; he complained of a sensation, as if he had received a blow upon the head, and he avowed his firm conviction that something must have befallen his brother then in Paris. The company treated this as a mere imaginary notion; but some, more curious than the rest, noted the day and hour to see how far this warning was justified by the actual event. And the result was that the precise moment there indicated, Louis, while walking in the streets of Paris, had been knocked down by a blow upon the head, dealt by some one who approached him unperceived from behind. He fell senseless to the ground, and the ruffian escaped, nor could all the efforts of the police afford the slightest clue for his detection. He was suspected to have been a Bonapartist, and to have been influenced by political hatred of the uncompromising republican.

THE GAMBLER'S DEATH.

"Lord Mountford bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas," so runs an entry in the betting-book at White's Club, "that Beau Nash outlives Cibber." Lord Mountford and Sir John Bland both blew their brains out in 1755; Cibber died two years after, and Nash survived till 1761. This Lord Mountford arrived at reducing even natural affections to the doctrine of chances. When asked, soon after his daughter's marriage, if she was with child, he replied, "Upon my word, I don't know; I have no bet upon it." Walpole says of him, "He himself, with all his judgment in bets, I think, would have betted any man in England against himself for self-murder." He had lost money; feared to be reduced to distress; asked

immediately for the government of Virginia, or the Fox-hounds; and determined to throw the die, of life or death, on the answer he received from Court. The answer was unfavourable. He consulted several people,—indirectly at first, afterwards pretty directly;—on the easiest mode of finishing life; invited a dinner-party for the day after; supped at White's, and played at whist till one o'clock of the New Year's morning. Lord Robert Bertie drank to him "a happy new year;" he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes. In the morning he sent for a lawyer and three witnesses; executed his will; made them read it twice over, paragraph by paragraph; asked the lawyer if it would stand good though a man were to shoot himself. Being assured it would, he said, "Pray stay, while I step into the next room," —went into the next room—and shot himself.

LIVELY DIAGNOSIS.

Dr. Fordyce, who was much addicted to the bottle, was one evening called away from a drinking-bout, to see a lady of title, who was supposed to have been taken suddenly ill. Arrived at the apartment of his patient, the Doctor seated himself by her side, and having listened to the recital of a train of symptoms, which appeared rather anomalous, he next proceeded to examine the state of her pulse. He tried to reckon the number of its beats; the more he endeavoured to do this, the more his brain whirled, and the less was his self-control. Conscious of the cause of his difficulty and in a moment of irritation, he inadvertently blurted out "Drunk, by Jove." The lady heard the remark, but remained silent; and the Doctor having prescribed a mild remedy, one which he invariably took on such occasions, he shortly afterwards departed. Early next morning, he was roused by a somewhat imperative message from his patient of the previous evening, to attend her immediately; and he at once concluded that the object of this summons was either to inveigh against him for the state in which he had visited her on the former occasion, or perhaps for having administered too potent a medicine. Ill at ease, from these reflections, he entered the lady's room, fully prepared for a severe reprimand. The patient, however, began by thanking him for his immediate attention, and then proceeded to say how much she had been

struck by his discernment on the previous evening; confessed that she was occasionally addicted to the error which he had detected; and concluded by saying that her object in sending for him so early was to obtain a promise that he would hold inviolably secret the condition in which he found her. "You may depend upon me, madam," replied Dr. Fordyce, with a countenance which had not altered since the commencement of the patient's story; "I shall be silent as the grave."

A MARRIAGE BY MISTAKE.

One of the noted fortune-hunters of the last century was Haugroullier, a French Jew, who, in January, 1796, having dined with a party at Richardson's Hotel, Covent Garden, drew a cheque for 21*l.* upon Messrs. Hammersley, for which Mr. Richardson gave him the balance. With this money Haugroullier started with his friend, Gilrary Piggott, to Bath, in pursuit of Miss Trist, the only child of a tailor, in Surrey-street, Strand, supposed heiress to 40,000*l.* On reaching Bath, he carried off the supposed, and married her at Gretna Green: on his return he found out she was not the object of his pursuit, but Miss E. Ashford Trist, of Totnes, a lady of good fortune, though not equal to that of Miss Trist, of Surrey-street, who thus had a lucky escape; for Haugroullier proved a bad husband, sold all his wife's property, broke her heart, and became as poor as ever. In 1811, he was stated to have been implicated in the poisoning of several horses at Newmarket.

THE LAST OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

Some sixty years since, in 1805, there died in his chambers, in Barnard's Inn, Holborn, Peter Woulfe, the eminent chemist, a Fellow of the Royal Society. According to Mr. Brande, Woulfe was "the last true believer in alchemy." He was a tall, thin man; and his last moments were remarkable. In a long journey by coach, he took cold, inflammation of the lungs followed, but he strenuously resisted all medical advice. By his desire his laundress shut up his chambers, and left him: she, nevertheless, returned at midnight, when Woulfe was still alive; next morning, however, she found him dead; his countenance was calm and serene, and apparently he had not moved from the position in which she had last seen him. These particulars of Woulfe's end were received by the writer

from the treasurer of Barnard's Inn, who was one of the executors of the alchemist's last will and testament.

Little is known of Woulfe's life. Sir Humphry Davy tells us that he used to affix written prayers and inscriptions of recommendations of his processes to Providence. His chambers were so filled with furnaces and apparatus, that it was difficult to reach his fireside. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande that he once put down his hat, and could never find it again; such was the confusion of boxes, packages, and parcels, that lay about the room. His breakfast-hour was four in the morning; a few of his friends were occasionally invited, and gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner-door of the chamber. He had long vainly searched for the Elixir, and attributed his repeated failure to the want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injuries by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards; these presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product or preparation. He had a heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail-coach; and a cold taken on one of these expeditions terminated in inflammation of the lungs, of which he died.

DEADLY-LIVELY.

It is strange out of what grave materials our humourists sometimes make merry. In 1863 was taken down the dirty old Inn of Chancery, named Lyon's Inn, Strand. In chambers, up a staircase which had a narrow and mysterious winding, lived William Weare, the gambler, who was murdered by Thurtell, at Gills-hill, in Hertfordshire, upon which Theodore Hook is said to have written a ballad, containing this descriptive verse:

> They cut his throat from ear to ear,
> His brains they battered in;
> His name was Mr. William Weare,
> He dwelt in Lyon's-inn.

CHURCH MILITANT.

In the American army, during the war of Independence was a chaplain named Cauldwell whose wife was murdered during the sack of a village by the British, when Knyphausen was marauding the Jerseys. At the fight of Springfield,

Cauldwell dealt retribution upon his foes. None showed more ardour in the fight than he did. The image of his murdered wife was before his eyes. Finding the men in want of wadding, he galloped to the Presbyterian church, and brought thence a quantity of Watts's psalm and hymn books, which he distributed for the purpose among the soldiers. "Now," cried he, "put Watts into them, boys."—*Irving's Life of George Washington.*

PLAIN SPEAKING.

A plain-spoken old Scottish lady, Mrs. Wauchope of Niddry, being very ill, sent for Aunt Soph, and said to her, "Soph, I believe I am dying, will you always be kind to my children when I am gone?" "Na, na; tak' y'r spoilt deevils wi' ye," was the reply, "for I'll hae naething ado wi' them."

BENEFIT OF FLOGGING.

Coleridge, in a marginal note upon Baxter's *Life*, observes: "Schoolmasters are commonly punsters. My old master, the Rev. James Bowyer, the *Hercules Furens* of the phlogistic sect, but an incomparable teacher, used to translate, *Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*—first reciting the Latin words, and observing that they were the fundamental article of the peripatetic school—"You must flog a boy, before you can make him understand:" or, "You must lay it in at the tail before you can get it into the head."

It has also been said that flogging must improve boys, since it makes them *smart.*

QUID PRO QUO.

Zimmerman, the Court physician, went from Hanover to attend Frederic the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him, "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world." This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honour to myself."

SCORN OF PETTY LARCENY.

Vidocq relates, in his *Autobiography*, on the same bench with Vidal was the Jew Deschamps, one of the principal party concerned in robbing the Royal Wardrobe, to the details

of which the convicts listened with a sinistrous pleasure. At the enumeration of the diamonds and jewels carried off, their eyes sparkled, their muscles contracted by a convulsive motion; and by the expression of their countenances, inferences might have unerringly been drawn of the first uses they would have made of their liberty. This disposition was particularly discernible in those men convicted of petty offences only, who were taunted and bantered as having stolen objects of small value only; and then, after estimating the plunder of the wardrobe at twenty millions of francs, Deschamps added, with an air of contempt towards a poor devil sentenced for stealing vegetables, "Ah, ah! *this* was cabbage!"

TURNER ON HIS TRAVELS.

A young merchant going to Bologna, who did not know Turner even by name, has left the following sketch of him: "I have fortunately met with a good-tempered funny little elderly gentleman, who will probably be my companion throughout the journey. He is continually popping his head out of window to sketch whatever strikes his fancy, and became quite angry because the conductor would not wait for him whilst he took a sunrise view of Macerata. 'D— the fellow!' says he, 'he has no feeling.' He speaks but a few words of Italian, about as much of French, which two languages he jumbles together most amusingly. His good temper, however, carries him through all his troubles. I am sure you would love him for his indefatigability in his favourite pursuit. From his conversation he is evidently near kin to, if not absolutely, an artist. Probably you may know something of him. The name on his trunk is J. W. or J. M. W. Turner."

CANON BOWLES'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

In early life it is related that Bowles came to London for the express purpose of waiting on the Archbishop of Canterbury to solicit a vacant living, but omitted to leave his address; and, quitting London abruptly, he could not be found when the prelate sought him a few days afterwards.

At another time Bowles started from Bremhill, on horseback, to ride to Chippenham; he dismounted to walk down a steep hill, leading the horse by the bridle slung across his arm, and continued to the turnpike gate, where he offered to pay the toll, and was not a little surprised when the gate-

keeper said, "We doon't charge nothing for your honour, as you bean't on osback." On turning round he perceived the bridle dangling on his arm, but could not descry his horse.

ST. SIMONISM.

Pere Enfantin, the leader of the disciples of St. Simon, was the prince of fanatical mystics. He advanced pretensions of the most extravagant kind, but which, notwithstanding, were fully acknowledged by men who have since become emihent both in letters and political science. He held direct communication with heaven. He was the Free Man; and as soon as they could discover the Free Woman, the regeneration of the world would immediately commence, and the new religion would spread over the globe. He induced men to give up all they had to follow him; he prescribed rules of life, costume, and worship, which were implicitly received by ardent followers; he was persecuted by the Parisians, who laughed at the strange dresses and habits of the new order, and he was prosecuted by the French authorities, who detest all apostles. Men actually went to Egypt and Syria in search of the Free Woman, but in vain; and at this moment (1864,) Enfantin, after sorting letters and selling stamps as the post-master of a provincial town, is an official on the Lyons rail-way.—*Saturday Review.*

TEMPTING OPPORTUNITY.

On one occasion the late Viceroy of Egypt was made to pay 70,000*l.* (or at the rate of 10,000*l.* a piece) for seven large and splendidly-framed mirrors, from Paris—the prime cost of which was 250*l.* a piece! The same man who pocketed this profit had a contract to supply Said's army with buttons, on the occasion of some change of uniform. Now, Said, who was fond of military tailoring, and little as he knew of the prices of things, did know nearly the fair cost of military buttons. Disgusted by the exorbitant charge for this item, he sent for his favourite, the French contractor, and, pointing to the total of his bill, flung it down indignantly, saying, in French, "It is an infamous robbery; I won't pay it." On this the Frenchman coolly replied, "If I don't rob your Highness, who the deuce would you have me rob?" The Viceroy was so delighted at the impudence and humour of the man, that he passed his account, and the Frenchman received his money, and boasted of the presence of mind to which he owed it.

PLAYERS AND PAINTERS.

THE ACTOR AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

"Pray, Mr. Betterton," asked the good Archbishop Sancroft of the celebrated actor, "can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage, speaking of things imaginary, affect your audience as if they were real; while we in the church speak of things real, which our congregations receive only as if they were imaginary?" "Why, really, my lord," answered Betterton, "I don't know; unless it is that we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary." It is a clever answer; and as applicable now as when the archbishop put the question.

COLLEY CIBBER'S FIRST FINE.

Cibber, when he took to the stage, was known only, for some years, as "Master Colley." At length, by good fortune, he obtained from the prompter the honour of carrying a message on the stage, in some play, to Betterton. Whatever was the cause, Colley was so terrified that the great actor was disconcerted by him, and asked angrily, who the young fellow was that committed the blunder. Downes, the prompter, replied, "Master Colley." "Master Colley! then forfeit him." "Why, sir," said the prompter, "he has no salary." "No!" said Betterton, "why then put him down ten shillings a week, and forfeit him five."

GARRICK'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

Horace Walpole strangely under-estimated Garrick's acting. Writing May 26, 1742, he says: "All the run now is after Garrick, a wine-merchant, who is turned player at Goodman's

Fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, (Sir Horace Mann,) who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so: the Duke of Argyle says he is superior to Betterton."

Garrick made his first appearance in London at Goodman's Fields Theatre, Oct. 19, 1741, in the character of Richard III. Walpole does not appear to have been singular in the opinion here given. Gray, in a letter to Chute, says: "Did I tell you about Mr. Garrick, that the town are horn-mad after; there are a dozen dukes of a night at Goodman's Fields sometimes; and yet I am stiff in the opposition."

GARRICK AND MRS. CLIVE.

Garrick's genius threw every other performer into the shade: even Mrs. Clive, with all her original merit, found the impression she made on her audiences rapidly diminish. Her temper was violent, and her manners were coarse. She vented her spleen without restraint upon Garrick, and sometimes endeavoured to undervalue his talents. One night, she witnessed from the wings his performance of *Lear*, and became absorbed in the masterly delineation, in spite of herself; and, at last, after repeated alternations of tears and abuse, wholly overcome, she rushed to the green-room, and broke into the following uncouth but expressive tribute to the universality of Garrick's genius:—"Curse him! I believe he could act on a gridiron!"

GARRICK'S OTHELLO.

In the season of 1745, Garrick acted the character of *Othello*, but failed so entirely in the part that this was his only performance of it. Quin had already rendered himself famous in it, and determined to judge for himself of his rival's acting. Quin went to the theatre on the above night, and ensconced himself in the pit. There had just appeared Hogarth's famous prints of "Marriage à la Mode," in one of which, it will be remembered, is introduced a negro footboy entering the apartment with a tea-equipage. To the quick fancy of Quin, (naturally on the watch to turn his rival into ridicule,) there appeared a ludicrous similarity between the

appearance of the footboy and the blackened face and diminutive figure of Garrick. Accordingly, when the latter appeared in the third or fourth act, Quin suddenly exclaimed, loudly enough to afford amusement to the pit, "*Here is Pompey, but where are the tea-things?*" The effect on the sensitive Garrick by the notoriety given to this anecdote may be imagined. Many years afterwards, Dr. Griffiths, the editor of the *Monthly Review*, inquired of Garrick, among a circle of friends, whether he had ever performed the part of Othello? The question was asked in perfect ignorance, both of Garrick's failure, and of the story of Quin's witticism; nevertheless, the effect which it produced on the great actor painfully forced itself on his expressive countenance, and was never forgotten by those who witnessed the scene. "Sir," he replied, with evident bitterness of feeling, "I once acted the part to my cost."

GARRICK CRITICISED.

One evening, at Streatham, Mrs. Thrale praised Garrick's talent for light, gay poetry; and as a specimen, repeated his song in "Florizel and Perdita," and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line:

"I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor!"

Upon this Johnson said, "Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple! what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no: let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich." Boswell repeated this sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To soothe him Boswell said, "Johnson spares none of us; and I quoted the passage in Horace, in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh, to a pushing ox that is marked by a bunch of hay put upon his horns: *fœnum habet in cornu.* "Ay," said Garrick, vehemently, "he has a whole *mow* (stack) of it."

GARRICK'S STUDY OF INSANITY.

A worthy man, whilst playing with his only child at an open window, accidentally let it fall upon the pavement beneath. The poor father remained at the window screaming

with agony, until the neighbours delivered the child into his arms a corpse! He instantly became insane, and from that moment never recovered his understanding! He passed the remainder of his long and wretched life in going to the window and there playing in fancy with his child; then appearing to drop it, immediately bursting into a flood of tears, and for a while filling the house with his wild and unearthly shrieks. He then became calm, sat down in a state of profound gloom, his eyes fixed for a long time on one object, and his mind intensely absorbed in the contemplation of a fearful image. Garrick was often present at this heart-rending scene of misery, and "thus it was," he said, "I learned to imitate madness."—*Winslow's Diseases of the Brain.*

GEORGE II. AND GARRICK.

When George II. went to see Garrick act *Richard III.*, the only part in the play which interested the King was the *Lord Mayor of London;* and when Garrick was attending the Royal party from the box, anxious to hear the King's opinion of his own performance, all the compliment from the Sovereign was a high eulogy upon the Lord Mayor. "I do love dat Lord Mayor," said the King; "capital Lord Mayor; fine Lord Mayor dat, Mr. Garrick; where you get such capital Lord Mayor?"

POSITIVE CRITICISM.

Charles Mathews, the elder, relates that, in 1794, he played Richmond to his friend Litchfield's *Richard III.*, and being good fencers, they fought the combat at the end with uncommon vigour, and prolonged it to an unreasonable length. After the performances, the two stars returned to their inn, in the hope of liberal applause from their landlord, whom they had treated with an "order." But, though thus treated and invited, too, to take a pipe and a glass with the two performers after supper, he was provokingly silent on the great subject; till at length they attacked him with, "Pray tell us what you thought of our acting." This question was not to be evaded. The landlord looked perplexed, his eyes fixed on the ground; he took, at length, the pipe slowly from his mouth, drank off his brandy-and-water, went to the fireplace,

and knocked the ashes from his pipe; then, looking at the expectants for a minute, exclaimed, in a deep though hasty tone of voice, "Darned good fight!" and left the room.

MR. ROGERS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF GARRICK.

"I saw Garrick," says Mr. Rogers, "act only once—the part of *Ranger*, in *The Suspicious Husband*. I remember that there was a great crowd, and that we waited long in a dark passage of the theatre, on our way to the pit. I was then a little boy. My father had promised to take me to see Garrick, in *Lear;* but a fit of the mumps kept me at home. Before his going abroad Garrick's attraction had much decreased; Sir William Weller Pepys said that the pit was often almost empty. But, on his return to England, people were mad about seeing him; and Sir George Beaumont and several others used frequently to get admission into the pit before the doors were opened to the public, by means of bribing the attendants, who bade them 'be sure, as soon as the crowd rushed in, to pretend to be in a great heat, and to wipe their faces, as if they had just been struggling for entrance.'

"Jack Bannister told me that one night he was behind the scenes of the theatre when Garrick was playing *Lear:* and that the tones in which Garrick uttered the words, 'O fool, I shall go mad!' absolutely thrilled him. Garrick used to pay an annual visit to Lord Spencer at Althorp; where, after tea, he generally entertained the company by reading scenes from Shakespeare. Thomas Grenville, who met him there, told me that Garrick would steal anxious glances at the faces of his audience, to perceive what effect his reading produced; that, one night, Garrick observed a lady listening to him very attentively, and yet never moving a muscle of her countenance; and that, speaking of her next day, he said, 'She seems a very worthy person; but I hope that—that—that she won't be present at my reading to-night.' Another evening at Althorp, when Garrick was about to exhibit some particular stage effect of which they had been talking, a young gentleman got up and placed the candles upon the floor, that the light might be thrown on his face as from the lamps in the theatre. Garrick, displeased at his officiousness, immediately sat down again."

SHAKSPEARE AND GARRICK.

When Garrick had built in his ground, at Hampton, a temple to his master, Shakspeare,* Walpole proposed to adorn the outside, since his modesty would not let him decorate it within, as he proposed, with these mottoes:

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

That I spirit have and nature,
That sense breathes in every feature,
That I please, if please I do,
Shakspeare, all I owe to you.

GARRICK'S EYE.

Mrs. Pope was one evening, in the green-room, commenting on the excellences of Garrick, when, amongst other things, she said, he had the most wonderful eye imaginable—an eye, to use a vulgar phrase, that could penetrate through a deal board. Wewitzer immediately ran off to Garrick, and reported that Mrs. Pope said he had a "*gimlet eye.*"

BENEFIT OF PREACHING.

Mrs. Clive was a great admirer of Ashley's preaching, and used to say that she was always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons; but by the time that Thursday came all their effect was worn off.

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE.

John Kemble's most familiar table-talk often flowed into blank verse. Sir Walter Scott used to chuckle with particular glee over the recollection of an excursion to the vale of Ettrick, near which river the parties were pursued by a bull. "Come, King John," said he, "we must even take the water;" and accordingly he and his daughter plunged into the stream. But King John halting on the bank, exclaimed in his usual solemn manner,

"The flood is angry, Sheriff,
Methinks I'll get me up into a tree."

* For this temple Roubiliac executed the marble statue of Shakspeare, which Garrick bequeathed to the British Museum.

In the same strain was Mrs. Siddons accustomed to talk. Scott (who was a capital mimic) often repeated her tragic exclamation to a foot-boy, during a dinner at Ashestiel,

"You've brought me water, boy; I asked for beer."

AN INCOME TAX RETURN.

Michael Kelly, in 1806, appears to have posed the Commissioners of the Income-Tax, in making his return of pursuits and emoluments. In the pride of his heart, he returned his income at 500*l.* yearly; but the Commissioners were not contented, and urged that his various employments must bring him in twice or thrice that annual sum. Here is Michael's account of his interview:—"'Sir,' said I, 'I am free to confess I have erred in my return; but vanity was the cause, and vanity is the badge of all my tribe. I have returned myself as having 500*l.* per annum, when, in fact, I have not five hundred pence of certain income.' 'Pray, sir,' said the Commissioner, 'are you not stage-manager of the Opera House?' 'Yes, sir,' said I; 'but there is not even a nominal salary attached to that office. I perform its duties to gratify my love of music.' 'Well, but, Mr. Kelly,' continued my examiner, 'you teach?' 'I do, sir,' answered I; 'but I have no pupils.' 'I think,' observed another gentleman, who had not spoken before, 'that you are an oratorio and concert singer?' 'You are quite right,' said I to my new antagonist; 'but I have no engagement.' 'Well, but, at all events,' observed my first inquisitor, 'you have a very good salary at Drury Lane?' 'A very good one, indeed, sir,' answered I; 'but, then, it is never paid.' 'But you have always a fine benefit, sir?' said the other, who seemed to know something of theatricals. 'Always, sir,' was my reply; 'but the expenses attending it are very great; and whatever profit remains after defraying them is mortgaged to liquidate debts incurred by building my saloon. The fact is, I am, at present, very like St. George's Hospital—supported by voluntary contributions—and have even less certain income than I felt sufficiently vain to return.'"

A CRUEL CASE.

Pope, the actor, well known as a gourmand, and for his attachment to venison, received an invitation to dinner, accompanied by an apology for the simplicity of the *carte*— a small turbot and a boiled edgebone of beef. "The very thing of all others that I like," exclaimed Pope. He went, and ate till he could literally eat no longer; when the word was given, and a haunch of venison was brought in. Pope saw the trap which had been laid for him; but he was fairly caught, and, after trifling with a delicious slice, he lay down his knife and fork, and gave way to an hysterical burst of tears, exclaiming, "A friend of twenty years' standing, and to be served in this manner!"

TAKING A JOKE.

Frederick Reynolds relates that whilst Parsons told a rich comic story, at which his hearers laughed, Kemble preserved a fixed, grave, classical countenance; but when Dodd afterwards sang a pathetic ballad, which excited general interest, Kemble, in the midst of it, burst into a fit of loud laughter; and, in a tone tremulous from excessive gaiety, said, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I have just taken Parsons's joke: ha! ha! and it is really very good."

PARSIMONIOUS PRAISE.

When Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance on the Edinburgh stage, the canny reservation of praise by the audience, till they were sure it was deserved, had well-nigh worn out her patience. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the south, fell in vain on those northern flints. At last, she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic utterance possible of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that if this could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice, exclaiming, "That's no' bad!" This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter. But the laugh

was followed by thunders of applause; so that, amidst her stunned nervous agitation, she was not without fear of the galleries coming down.

Mrs. Siddons's father (Roger Kemble) had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it, he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed. "What, madam! have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?" "Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call *him* an actor."

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

Reynolds, in his *Life and Times*, tells of a free-and-easy actor, who passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of ——, without any invitation, convinced (as proved to be the case) that, my lord and my lady not being on *speaking terms*, each would suppose the other had asked him.

A LONG EEL.

When Mathews, the elder, was a boy, and lived with his father, a bookseller, in the Strand, a short muscular fellow daily cried eels with a guttural voice,—"Threepence a pound e-e-e-e-e-e-els," elongating the word from Craven-street to Hungerford-street, till people used to say, "What a long eel!" Mathews having imitated him to the great satisfaction of many auditors, one day looked out for the original, and saluted him with the imitation; but he had no taste for such ingenuity, and placing his eel-basket deliberately on the ground, he hunted the boy into his father's shop, and felled him with a heavy blow. "Next time," said the eel-vendor, "as you twist your little wry mouth about, and cuts your mugs at a respectable tradesman, I'll skin you like an e-e—," and snatching up his basket, finished the monosyllable about nine doors off!

UMBRELLA ESTEEM.

Mathews was always well dressed, and carried a handsome umbrella. Munden was miserly, generally meanly dressed, and carried an old cotton *parapluie*. After Munden had left the stage, Mathews met him one day in Covent Garden. "Ah, Munden," said Mathews, "I beg you'll let me have something of yours as a remembrancer." "Certainly, my boy," replied Munden; "we'll exchange umbrellas." Mathews was so taken aback that Munden walked off with a new umbrella.

DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

Miss Kelly, the inimitable actress of the pathetic drama, was one day induced to halt in the street to enjoy the vagaries of Punch with the rest of the crowd, when the showman came up to her, and solicited a contribution. She was not very prompt in replying to the demand, when the fellow, taking care to make Miss Kelly understand that he knew who she was, exclaimed, "Ah! it's all over with the *drama* if we don't encourage one another."

RULE OF PROPORTIONS.

Suett, the actor, was very fond of gin, and he had once a landlady with a similar *penchant*. He would order her servant to procure supplies after this fashion: "Betty, go and get a quartern loaf and half a quartern of gin." Off went Betty: she was speedily recalled. "Betty, make it *half* a quartern loaf and a *quartern* of *gin*." But Betty had not got fairly across the threshold ere the voice was again heard: "Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well make it *all gin!*"

KILLING TIME.

In the after-piece, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, John Kemble, while rehearsing a song he had to sing as the hero, put Shield, its composer, out of all patience. The conductor waved his baton in vain; he could not keep the instruments and the voice together, and at last he cried out, in an agony of

vexation, "Mr. Kemble, you are murdering the time." The great tragedian stopped in the midst of a false note, stalked gravely towards the orchestra, and looking down with his usual solemnity, said, "Sir, it is better to kill it outright, than to be, like yourself, continually beating it."

WILKIE'S "BLIND FIDDLER."

Old Mrs. Wilkie loved to be asked questions about her son Davie. A friend inquired one day whether he had early displayed much talent in drawing.

"Aweel," said she, "I mind that he was ae scrawling, and scratching, I did na ken what, and he had an idle fashion o' making likenesses and caricatoores like of all the folk as came. And there was an auld blind mon, Willie, the fiddler, just an idle sort of a beggar-mon, that used to come wi' his noise, and set all the women servants a jigging wi' his scratching and scraping; and Davie was ae taking o' this puir bodie into the hoose, and gieing him a drap o' toddy: and I used to cry shame on the lad for encouraging such lazy vagabonds about the hoose. Weel," pursued the old lady, "but ye maun ken he was an ill-favoured, daft sort of a creatur, that puir blind bodie, weel eno' in his way, but not the sort o' folk to be along wi' Davie; yet the lad was always a saying to me, 'Mither, gie's a bawbie for puir blind Willie.' This, sir," she added with a sigh, "was when we lived at the Manse."

"A-weel, sir, they told me—it was mony years after the puir blind bodie was gane hame, sir—that Davie had painted a grand pictur; and he wrote me to go to Edinburgh to see it; and I went, and sure eno' there was puir old Willie, the very like o' him, his fiddle and a'. I was wud wi surprise; and there was Davie standing a laughing at me, and saying, 'Mither, 'mony's the time that ye ha heard that fiddle to the toon o' "the Campbells are coming."'"

PORTRAIT-PAINTING.

Isabey had been commissioned to paint the Congress of Vienna, in which were to figure united, at the end of a conference, all the personages who formed part of it. "Monsieur," said Lord Wellington, with genuine British pride, to the

artist, "I consent to figure in your picture only on condition that I occupy the first place; it is mine, and I hold to it." "Mon cher ami," said Prince Talleyrand, "authorised as I am to represent France, as regards both you and me, I ought to occupy the first place in your picture, or not to appear in it at all." How were these pretensions to be reconciled? It was indispensable that they should be; and the plan hit upon by the artist, after mature reflection, was this:—Lord Wellington was entering the hall of conference, and all eyes were fixed upon him, so that he could believe himself the king of the scene; whilst Talleyrand, seated in an arm-chair in the centre, had, in reality, the pictorial place of honour. Then Isabey persuaded the noble lord that he was far handsomer seen in profile, because he thus resembled Henry IV.; which so flattered Lord Wellington, that he insisted on purchasing the sketch of this picture, which is now in England, and ranks in his family as one of the most glorious memorials of his career.

Mendez, the Jew poet, sat to Hayman, the painter, for his picture, but requested he would not put it in his show-room, as he wished to keep the matter a secret. However, as Hayman had but little business in portraits, he could not afford to let his new work remain in obscurity, so out it went with the few others that he had to display. A new picture being a rarity in Hayman's room, the first friend that came in took notice of it and asked whose portrait it was? "Mendez'."—"Good heavens," said the friend, "you are wonderfully out of luck here. It has not a trait of his countenance."—"Why, to tell you the truth," said the painter, "he desired *it might not be known.*"

There is a portrait of Richardson at Rokeby, with this odd story belonging to it, which Mr. Morritt told Southey when he pointed it out. It had been painted for one of his female admirers, and when *long* Sir Thomas Robinson took possession of the house, and of this portrait, he wondered what business a Mr. Richardson could have there, in company with persons of high degree; so the canvas was turned over to the nearest painter, with orders to put on a blue ribbon and a star, and thereby convert it into a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole! Mr. Morritt, however, restored the picture to its right name.

When Queen Caroline paid a visit to the pictures of the

Sovereigns of England, painted by Richardson, observing the portrait of a plain-looking individual between Charles I. and Charles II., her Majesty asked the painter if he called that personage *a King.* "No, Madam," answered Richardson, "he is no king; but it is good for kings to have him among them as a memento."

Francis Nicholson the landscape-painter, one of the founders of the Water-Colour Society, originally practised as a portrait-painter, but the simplicity and uprightness of his heart did not permit him to tolerate or pander to the vanities of man (and woman) kind. To flatter was with him an utter impossibility; and, as he could not invariably consider the "human face divine," he was incapable of assuming the courtly manners so essential in that branch of the profession. He never, indeed, quite forgave himself for an approach to duplicity committed at this time upon an unfortunate gentleman, who sat to him for his portrait, and who squinted so desperately, that in order to gain a likeness it was necessary to copy moderately the defect. The poor man, it seemed, perfectly unconscious of the same, on being invited to inspect the performance, looked in silence upon it a few moments, and with rather a disappointed air, said,

"I don't know—it seems to me—does it squint?"

"Squint!" replied Nicholson, "no more than you do."

"Really! well, you know best of course; but I declare I fancied there was a *queer look* about it!"

REYNOLDS AND GAINSBOROUGH.

Soon after Gainsborough settled in London, Sir J. Reynolds thought himself bound in civility to pay him a visit. Gainsborough took not the least notice of him for several years, but at length called and solicited him to sit for his picture. Sir Joshua sat *once;* but being soon afterwards affected by a slight paralytic stroke, he was obliged to go to Bath. On his return to town perfectly restored to health, he sent Gainsborough word that he was returned; to which Gainsborough only replied, that he was glad to hear he was well; and never after desired him to sit, or called upon him, or had any other intercourse with him till he was dying, when he sent and thanked him for the very handsome manner in which he had always spoken of him; a circumstance which

the President has thought worth recording in his fourteenth Discourse. Gainsborough was so enamoured of his art that he had many of the pictures he was then working upon brought to his bedside to show them to Reynolds, and flattered himself that he should live to finish them. Gainsborough was a very dissolute, capricious man, was inordinately fond of women, and not very delicate in his sentiments of honour. He was first put forward in the world, I think, by a Mr. Fonnereaux, who lent him 300*l*. Gainsborough, having a vote for an election in which his benefactor had some concern, voted against him. His conscience, however, remonstrating against such conduct, he kept himself in a state of intoxication from the time he set out to vote till his return to town, that he might not relent of his ingratitude. This anecdote Mr. Malone received from Mr. Windham.

PATIENCE OF WOOLLETT THE ENGRAVER.

Woollett evinced throughout his career at the head of the English school of engraving, an extraordinary degree of patience and perseverance. When he had finished his plate of "The Battle of the Hogue," he took a proof to its painter, West, for inspection: at first the President expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the plate; but, upon re-examination, he observed that in some parts alterations might be made, and in others additional colour might be given, which would, in his opinion, improve the effect of the whole; and, taking a port-crayon with black and white chalk in it, West showed in a few minutes, the effect he wished to be produced, remarking at the same time, that it was of no great consequence, but it might improve the appearance of the plate. Woollett immediately consented to make the alterations and additions pointed out. "But, how long will it take you, Mr. Woollett?" said the President. "Oh! about three or four months," replied the engraver. "And the patient creature," said West, when relating the circumstance, "actually went through the additional labour without a murmur."

Woollett was a little man, and lived for some time in Green-street, Leicester-fields: whenever he finished a plate, he commemorated its completion by firing a cannon from the leads of the house.

PATRONAGE WELL BESTOWED.

"I never pass Whitehall," says Nollekens, "without recollecting the following anecdote, related to me by my father in nearly these words:

"A thin, sickly little boy, a chimney-sweeper, was amusing himself one morning by drawing with a piece of chalk the street front of Whitehall upon the basement stones of the building itself, carrying his delineation as high as his little arms could possibly reach; and this he was accomplishing by occasionally running into the middle of the street to look up at the noble edifice, and then returning to the base of the building to proceed with his elevation. It happened that his operations caught the eye of a gentleman of considerable taste and fortune, as he was riding by. He checked the carriage, and, after a few minutes' observation, called to the boy to come to him; who, upon being asked as to where he lived, burst into tears, and begged of the gentleman not to tell his master, assuring him that he would wipe it all of.

"'Don't be alarmed,' said the gentleman, at the same time throwing him a shilling, to convince him that he intended him no harm.

"His benefactor then went to his master, in Charles-court, in the Strand, who gave him a good character, but declared he was of little use to him, on account of his being so bodily weak. He said he was fully aware of the boy's fondness for chalking; and showed his visitor what a state his walls were in, from the young artist having drawn the portico of St. Martin's Church in various places.

"The gentleman purchased the remainder of the boy's time; gave him an excellent education; then sent him to Italy; and, upon his return, employed him, and introduced him to his friends as an architect."

This narrative the architect himself related while sitting to Roubiliac for his bust. He became possessed of considerable property, and built himself a country mansion at Westbourn, north of Bayswater. His town residence at that time was in Bloomsbury-square, in which Mr. Disraeli once resided. When he was at the height of his celebrity he compiled a "Palladio," in folio, prefixed to which the reader will find his name—

Isaac Ware. He built Chesterfield House, in South Audley-street, one of the handsomest mansions in the metropolis.

Ware died in 1766: and it is said, retained the stain of *soot* in his face to the day of his death.

SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE AND HIS EARLY FRIENDS.

Shee has thus described his first impression of Barry, whom he found in a filthy room in Sherrard-street, among casts, and canvases, and frames, and every possible litter of artistic lumber. "Conceive a little ordinary man, not in the most graceful *deshabille*—a dirty shirt, without any cravat, his neck open, and a tolerable length of beard, his stockings, not of the purest white in the world, hanging about his heels—sitting at a small table in the midst of this chaos of artificial confusion, etching a plate from one of his own designs." Barry never rose from his seat, nor welcomed his visitor, nor asked him to call again, though he offered to introduce him as a student to the Academy schools.

"I have been introduced," Shee writes, in 1789, "to Mr. Opie, who is in manners and appearance as great a clown and as stupid a looking fellow as ever I set my eyes on. Nothing but incontrovertible proof of the fact could force me to think him capable of anything above the sphere of a journeyman carpenter—so little, in this instance, has nature proportioned exterior grace to interior worth."

A cousin, Sir George Shee, returning from India, the "Nabob," as he was called, took him in person to Edmund Burke, who had been not at home when the young painter, shortly after his first arrival in London, had called at his door with an Irish letter of introduction. Sir Martin used thus to describe the interview:—"Never shall I forget the flood of eloquence which poured from his lips, as, while holding my hand, and pressing it with affectionate cordiality, he expatiated in glowing terms on the claims and glories of the art to which I was about to devote myself, and sought to kindle my ardour by the prospects of fame and distinction that might be the reward of my exertions in the honourable career which lay before me." Not content with fine words, Burke took the young man to Sir Joshua, who, it seems, had quite forgotten his former call, a year before. The President received him with more than usual urbanity, and asked him

to breakfast, begging him to bring a specimen of his art: the work met with measured but favourable criticism.

Sir Martin used to relate, what struck him as a singular fact in reference to the President's deafness—an infirmity which, as is well known, compelled, or suggested, in his case, the constant use of an ear-trumpet—while at breakfast, and during the long-protracted interview which accompanied and followed that meal, the conversation with his visitor was carried on in the ordinary tone, without any assistance from the acoustic tube, or any indication of imperfect hearing on the part of Sir Joshua. During the morning, however, they were not unfrequently interrupted by the entrance of a servant, with a message or some communication that required his master's attention and oral reply; and on each of such occasions, the appearance of a third person was the signal for the President to snatch up his trumpet, and resume a look of anxious inquiry and uncertain comprehension, befitting the real or supposed defect of his auricular powers.*

HARLOW'S SIGN-PAINTING.

G. H. Harlow, having quarrelled with his master, Lawrence, annoyed him in an odd way. He made an excursion into the country, and took up his quarters at the Queen's Head, a small roadside inn, on the left hand as you leave the town of Epsom for Ashtead. Here the young painter stayed some time; when, burning to be revenged upon Lawrence, he painted for the landlord a sign-board, in a bold *caricatura* style, of the head of a queen, and in one corner of the board he wrote "T. L., Greek-street, Soho." Lawrence, it is well known, became apprised of such a liberty with his name and reputation; but the *caricatura* sign-board did service and remained at Epsom many years. We remember to have seen it as early as 1815. Upon the obverse was painted a queenly portrait (the face and bust), and upon the reverse the back of the head and bust. Some twenty years after, missing the sign-board from its suspensory iron (where a written sign-board had been substituted), we made inquiry at the inn as to the fate of Harlow's *Queen's Head*, but could not learn anything from the landlord of its disappearance.

* Life of Sir Martin Archer Shee. By his Son.

INDEX TO VOL. II.

Absence of Mind, 150.
Absurdities, Judicial, 235.
Actor and the Archbishop, 320.
Administration, Female, 51.
Advantage, Keeping the, 229.
Advice, good, 125.
Alchemists, last of the, 315.
Alibi, Proving, 225.
Almanacks in Evidence, 227.
Ambassador floored, 109.
Andrewes's Preaching, 208.
Animals, Humanity to, 39.
Answer, ready, 183.
Archbishop, a punning one, 158.
Archdeacon, What is one? 189.
Atterbury and Pope, 64.
Baby Talk, and Dr. Johnson, 36.
Baptismal Blunder, 174.
Bar Blunders, 224.
Bar, Chances of the, 214.
Barrow's long Sermons, 209.
Bath, Lord, his meanness, 286.
Betterton and Sancroft, 320.
Bishop, a diligent one, 171.
Bishop, intriguing, 159.
Bishop and the Premier, 197.
Bishops' Saturday Night, 181.
Black, John, and the *Morning Chronicle*, 129–133.
Black-letter, 91.
Blank Verse, familiar, 325.
Blomfield, Bishop, and the Duke of Clarence, 186.
Blomfield, Bishop, rise of, 184.
Blomfield, Dr. his Humour, 189.
Blomfield, Dr. his Preaching, 207.
Blue-stocking, a horrid one, 52.
Bolaine, Elizabeth, the miser, 296.
Booksellers, Authors, and Critics, 119.
Borrowing, Literary, 91.
Boswell, James, and John Scott, 246.
Bowles, Canon, his absence of mind, 318.
Braxfield, Judge, 231.
Broken English, 126.
Brougham at the Bar, 281.
Brougham, Lord Chancellor, 281.
Brougham, Lord, and *Morning Chronicle*, 130.
Brougham and Tenterden, 256.
Brown, Sir Robert, the miser, 288.
Buchan, Earl of, his anecdotes of Thomson, 2.
Buchan, Dr. 54.
Buckle, Thomas, his conversation, 155.
Busby, Dr. 56.
Byron, Lord, Anecdotes of, 79, 80, 81.
Byron's first Rhyme, 79.
Byron, Lord, and the *British Review*, 119.
Byron, Lord, and S. Rogers, 136–138.
Camden, Lord, rise of, 218.
Campbell, Last Hours of, 82.
Campbell, Thomas, his University Spree, 81.
Campbell and Byron, Poetry of, 77.
Campbell, Lord Chancellor, rise of, 279.
Canning, and tedious Sermons, 209.
Canon, a rhyming one, 164.

Carlisle, Lord, and Lord Byron, 76.
Carlyle, Dr. his account of Hume, 20.
Case, a clear one, 173.
Case, cruel one, 327.
Castle of Otranto, the, 17.
Catechism, Jew's, 183.
Chalmers, Alexander, 56.
Chances of the Bar, 214.
Chancellor's Purse, 217.
Chaplain, popular, 169.
Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row, 53–58.
Charge, small one, 187.
Charm, incomplete, 98.
Chartist Trials, 278.
Chevalier D'Eon, story of, 302.
Child of Nature, 49.
Church militant, 316.
Churchill, death of, 11.
Cibber's first fine, 321.
Circuit Story, by Sir John Coleridge, 276.
Claim, inexplicable, 9.
Clarence, Duke of, and Bishop Blomfield, 186.
Clark, "King of Exeter 'Change," 298.
Cobbett upon Bacon, 125.
Cobbett, by himself, 122.
Coleridge "done up," 108.
Coleridge a Light Dragoon, 102.
Coleridge, Memorabilia of, 105.
Coleridge and his son Hartley, 109.
Commentators at Fault, 37.
Contradiction, delicate, 119.
Cool Hand, 257.
"Corsican Brothers," the, 313.
Cowper's *John Gilpin*, 28.
Criminal Law, the, 230.
Criticism, positive, 323.
Criticism, vendible, 66.
Crying Scene, 253.
Cupar and Jedburgh Justice, 278.
Cure, double, 167.
Curran and George Colman the younger, 265.
Curran, Gratitude of, 263.
Curran, sketched by Phillips, 264.
Curran playing Punch, 262.
Curran's Wit and Humour, 257–262.
Cutler, Sir John, the miser, 285.
Dancer, Daniel, the miser, 298.
Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, 22.
Day, Thomas, his Model Wives, 24.
Deadly-lively, 316.
Death of Four Remarkable Men, 265.
Death of Samuel Rogers, 144.
Death of Swift and Pope, 8.
Decline of the Drama, 329.
Diagnosis, lively, 314.
Diderot and the Blind, 156.
Difference, religious, 165.
Distinction worldly, 160.
Dogs in churches, 213.
Down to the Level, 279.
Drinking on Circuit, 233.
Dubois, the French miser, 294.
Duel of Moore with Jeffrey, 72.
Dunning, Lord Ashburton, 222.
Earthquake Exaggeration, 31.
Edgeworths, the, and Edgeworthtown, 49.
Eel, a long one, 329.
Elder, cunning, 167.
Eldon, Lord, his beginnings, 247.
Eldon, Lord, his doubt, 253.
Eldon, Lord, as a Whip, 255.
Ellenborough, Lord, his humour and power of ridicule, 243–246.
Elwes, John, the miser, 289–293.
Error corrected, 65.
Erskine, Lord, his earliest success, 240.
Erskine, Lord, his humour, 242.
Escape, a close one, 113.
Escape, narrow, 252.
Eskgrove, Lord, 235.
Eskgrove and Brougham, 282.
Evasion, nice, 150.
Failings, Family, 126.
Fees, conscientious, 225.
Festivity, a Night's, 36.
Fielding's *Amelia*, 14.
Fitzgibbon, and the Fee, 271.
Flogging, benefit of, 317.
Foley, Lord, his Will, 217.
Follett, character of, 270.

Follett, Sir William, on Freemasonry, 269.
Fordyce, Dr. George, 55.
Foscue, the French miser, 296.
Fox, C. J. and S. Rogers, 138, 139.
Franklin as a Bookseller, 40.
Franklin, Dr. his only son, 41.
Free and Easy, 65.
Gainsborough and Reynolds, 332.
Gambler's Death, 313.
Games, shooting, 91.
Garrick criticised, 322.
Garrick's Eye, 325.
Garrick's first appearance, 320.
Garrick and Mr. C[illegible] 321.
Garrick and George [illegible]. 323.
Garrick's *Othello*, 3[illegible].
Garrick, Rogers's Recollections of, 324.
Garrick and Shakspeare, 325.
Garrick's Study of Insanity, 322.
Gas-lighting, prevision of, 31.
Genius, blind, 9.
George III. and Joseph Lancaster, 58.
Ghost Story, Chichester, 171.
Gibbet, the last English, 231.
Gibbon in love, 45.
Gibbon and the Publisher, 119.
Gibbon and Walpole Quarrel, 47.
Goldsmith's *Bee*, 42.
Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, 43.
Goldsmith's *Natural History*, 44.
Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, 44.
Gower, Dr. 54.
Graham, Justice, his politeness, 229.
Grant, Sir William, his living, 267.
Gray's *Elegy*, 18.
Guess, uncomplimentary, 49.
Guest, uninvited, 328.
Gulliver's Travels, 6.
Hall, Robert, and Matthew Wilks, 210.
Hamilton, Sir Patrick, the miser, 288.
Handwriting, illegible, 86.
"Hare and many Friends," 26.
Hat and Head, 175.
Haydon's Autobiography and Journals, 87.
Haydon and Talfourd, 99.
Heber, Richard, his library, 110.
Henry, Dr. Death of, 48.
Henry and MacKnight, Doctors, 211.
Hermand, Judge, convivial, 234.
Hermand and Eldon, 248.
Hill, Sir John, Vagaries of, 300.
Hill, Rev. Rowland, Eccentricities of, 179.
Hint, profitable, 282.
"Hobson's Choice," 249.
Hogarth caricatures Wilkes and Churchill, 305.
Holland, Lord and Lady, 133, 135.
Hood's Puns and Fancies, 126.
Hook, Theodore, Hoaxes by, 68.
Hook, Theodore, at Oxford, 67.
Horse, wonderful, 308.
Horse-dealing Trials, 226.
Hume, David, "the Atheist," 20.
Hummums Ghost Stories, 33.
Huntingdon Connexion, 174.
Illustration, Twofold, 221.
Improvidence of Men of Genius, 99.
Income Tax Return, 326.
Indifference to Money, 98.
Irish Gentlemen, unfortunate, 309.
Irving, the Rev. Edward, 192.
Jeffrey and the North Pole, 64.
Jeffreys, a Scottish one, 231.
Jekyll, how made a Master in Chancery, 254.
Jerrold, Blanchard, his Life of his Father, 147.
Jerrold, Douglas, and Lord Cochrane, 146.
Jerrold, Douglas, a Midshipman, 145.
Jerrold, Douglas, Table-wit of, 146-150.
"Jerusalem Whalley," 308.
Jesting by Inches, 277.
Johnson, Dr. his Authorship, 34.
Johnson, Dr. at Brighthelmstone, 32.
Johnson, Dr. last moments of, 37.

Johnson, Dr. at Oxford, 29.
Johnson's Ramble in London, 31.
Joke, Pious, 167.
Judge, courteous, 229.
Kenyon, Lord, his parsimony and ill-temper, 233.
Keppel, Admiral, and the Dey of Algiers, 305.
Killing Time, 330.
Kisses, Virtue of, 27.
Lamb, Charles, and the Comptroller of Stamps, 87.
Lamb, Charles, and Thomas Hood, 90.
Lancaster, the educationist, 58.
Late Hours, 125.
Laudamy and Calamy, 311.
Laughter, Chesterfield on, 53.
Law, Study of the, 215.
Lawyer, a bold one, 282.
Lawyer's Toast, 229.
Lending Books, 254.
Let well alone, 173.
Letter, a Misdelivered one, 59.
Libel, Law of, 227.
Literary Fund, origin of, 76.
Longbow, Wilson, 57.
Loughborough, Lord, rise of, 216.
Lunatic and Ezekiel, 216.
Lyndhurst, Lord, rise of, 239.
Macaulay and the Ballad-boy, 154.
Macaulay, Election Ballad by, 151.
Macaulay's Boyhood, 150.
Mackintosh Family, the, 280.
Madmen, Philosophical, 84.
Maginn, Dr. sketch of, 70.
Marlborough, the miser, 286.
Marriage by Mistake, 315.
Marrying for Money, 47.
Martin, William, 85.
Mathew, Father, 193.
Mathew, Father, Homage to, 195.
Maule, Judge, his Straw-splitting and Irony, 274.
Meaning it, 117.
Melbourne, Lord, and *Morning Chronicle*, 131, 132.
Metaphor, dangerous, 271.
Methodism, Opposition to, 177.
Methodism, Progress of, 18.
Mimicry, perfect, 202
Mind your Figures, 210.
Minister, a border one, 168.
Ministers, Scottish, 166.
Misers, anecdotes of, 284.
Mistake, a slight one, 114.
Mite, Sir Matthew, 304.
Monboddo, Lord, 237.
Money-matters, Ease in, 86.
Moore and his publishers, 120.
Morning Chronicle and its Contributors, 129–133.
"My Grandmother's Review," 119.
"Naboth's Vineyard," 7.
Newcastle, the Duke of, 312.
"No Judge," 225.
Nokes, Edward, the miser, 297.
Nollekens, the miser, 287.
Norbury, Lord, and his Court, 272.
Norbury's Humour, 273.
Northington, Lord, 218.
Not at Church, 198.
Novel-reading, 222.
O'Connell Ruse, 267.
One Shilling each, 274.
Opportunity, tempting, 319.
Ostervald, the French banker, 295.
Paley's text, 210.
Parenthesis, 170.
Parr's Spital Sermons, 208.
Parson Ford's Ghost, 33.
Passion, the ruling one, 226.
Patronage well bestowed, 334.
Petty Larceny, Scorn of, 317.
Phillips and the *Monthly Magazine*, 56.
Phillips, Sir Richard, and Richardson, the novelist, 16.
Pickwick Papers, origin of, 127.
Piety and Learning, 197.
Piozzi, Mrs. her Gossip, 62.
Places, proper, 36.
Plain-speaking, 317.
"Plum Turner," the miser, 284.
Poets' Invitation to Dinner, 117.
Poets in a Puzzle, 105.
Poets, three—Churchill, Lloyd, and Byron, 11.
Poetess who squinted, 52.
Poetry and Prose, 94.

Pope and Lord Mansfield, 220.
Pope and Thomson, 3.
Porsoniana, 112.
Portrait-painting, anecdotes of, 330.
Praise, parsimonious, 328.
Prayers, short, 157.
Praying by Rote, 116.
Preachers, Scottish, 211.
Preaching, benefit of, 325.
Preaching, Irish, 208.
Preaching, terrific, 207.
Presbyterianism, Scottish, 164.
Proportion, rule of, 330.
Publisher's Liberality, 75.
Publisher's Mistakes, 121.
Puns and Fancies, by Hood, 126.
Queensbury, Duke of, on the Turf, 310.
Question and Answer, by Byron, 136, 137.
Quid pro Quo, 53, 317.
Quin and Thomson, 3.
Reflection, unlucky, 92.
Richardson's Novels, 15.
Richmond, Thomson at, 1.
Righteousness, Saving, 185.
Roast Pig, Charles Lamb on, 89.
Robinson, Judge, and Curran, 268.
Robinson, King of the Booksellers, 55.
Rogers, Samuel, his Table Talk, 133-144.
Romilly, Sir Samuel, Death of, 265.
Rousseau and Garrick, 53.
Runaways, three, 27.
Russell, Lord John, 114.
Sabbath, Scottish, 169.
Sailor's Leg and Royal Society, 302.
Salmon, Surfeit of, 183.
Salt-box, Playing on the, 306.
Satire, Keen yet Kindly, 188.
"Say something Clever," 97.
Scott, Sir Walter, death of, 6.
Scott's Division of his Time, 94.
Scott's Embarrassments, 95.
Scott, how he rose in his class, 38.
Scott's Power of Observation, 96.
Scott and Miss Edgeworth, 95.
Scott's, John, first great success, 250.
Scott, John, and James Boswell, 246.
Scott, Sir John, his Silk Gown, 251.
Seal, the Great, stolen, 238.
Second Sight, 35.
Selwyn's Penchant, 26.
Serious, Worth of the, 45.
Sermon Anecdotes, 199-210.
Sermon, electioneering, 202.
Sermon, Warburton's Court, 202.
Sermons, changing, 208.
Sermons, dull, 212.
Sermons, long and short, 209.
Sermons, old, 212.
Sermons, short, 203.
Sermons at St. Margaret's, 200, 201.
Sermons, Sterne's, 203.
Sermon-making, Charles II. on, 199.
Seward, Miss, and Mr. Hayley, 18.
Shanky Williams, the miser, 287.
Shark Story, by Mat. Lewis, 118.
Shee, Sir Martin Archer, and his early friends, 335.
Sheridan, R. B. and S. Rogers, 134, 135, 141.
Sherlock, epigram on, 163.
Shoe, the gouty one, 113.
Simonism, St, 319.
Sleeping in Church, 173.
Smith, James, his humour, 113.
Smith, Sydney, and his Edinburgh friend, 64.
Smith, Sydney, and Rogers, 134.
Smollett's Hugh Strap, 39.
Smith, Sir William, the miser, 286.
Southey, Letters of, 83.
Staël, Madame de, 59, 60.
Stanhope, Lady Hester, Extravagance of, 60.
Sterne, Lawrence, Death of, 19.
Stephens, Alexander, 54.
Steward, John, 85.
Stillingfleet on Sermon-making, 199.
"Stool of Repentance," 169.
Story, Strange one, 248.

Student, an old one, 157.
Study of the Law, 215.
Sudney, the Great Sir, 65.
Swallowing a Writ, 228.
Swift, Dean, was he mad? 5.
Swift's house-keeping, 7.
Swift and Boswell, 7.
Swift and Pope, Death of, 8.
Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers, 133–144.
Table-Wit of Douglas Jerrold, 146–150.
Taking a Joke, 330.
Talfourd and Haydon, 99.
Talfourd at the Theatre, 100.
Talk, Heathenish, 163.
Talker, a good one, 155.
Talking, Art of, 34.
Tar-water, virtues of, 157.
Tenterden, Lord Chief-Justice, 255.
Theorising demolished, 49.
Thomson and his Hairdresser, 2.
Thomson's *Seasons*, popularity of, 1.
Thurlow, Lord, his start, 237.
Thurlow and the Curate, 239.
Tom Cringle's Log, 102.
Too late at Church, 197.
Trench, Mrs. Richard, stories by, 314.
Trial, curious, 221.
Tristram Shandy, the curse in, 19.
Trueman and Jones, the misers, 293.
Turner on his Travels, 318.
Valedictions, agreeable, 184.
Vanity, newly-born, 271.
Veal, Mrs. her apparition story, 120.
Very like, 125.
Village, Scotch, 235.
"Vulture Hopkins," the miser, 284.
Umbrella esteem, 329.
Use and Ornament, 60.
Utter Ruin, 312.
Walpole, Sir Robert, his temper, 312.
Walpole, Horace, his *Castle of Otranto*, 17.
Warburton, Bishop, his Marriage, 159.
Warburton and Louth, 160.
Warburton and Quin, 161.
Warburtoniana, 160.
Watson, the miser, 288.
Waverley Novels' Secret, the, 92.
"We are seven," 101.
Weather Prayer, Scottish, 165.
Weeping for want of Words, 166.
Wesley and the Moravians, 175.
Wesley, Burial of, 178.
Wesley's Reclamations, 176.
Wesley's Preaching, 206.
"Wetherell, honest Charley," 268.
Whately, Archbishop, his Wit and Humour, 198.
Whitefield's first Sermon, 205.
Whitefield's Preaching, 204.
Whitefield's Field Preaching, 205.
Who killed John Keats? 73.
Wife, a third one, 174.
Wilkie's Blind Fiddler, 350.
Winter and Summer, 65.
Wirgman, the Kanterian, 84.
Wish, sincere, 9
"With the Stream," 103.
Witnesses to Character, 228.
Witnesses, Northumbrian, 226.
Wittingamot, the, at the Chapter Coffee-house, 53–58.
Woollett, the Engraver, patience of, 333.
Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, 74.
Wordsworth on Shakspeare, 166.
Wordsworthian Dispute, 101.
Young, Dr. his poetry, 14.

THE END.

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